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MARCH 1922

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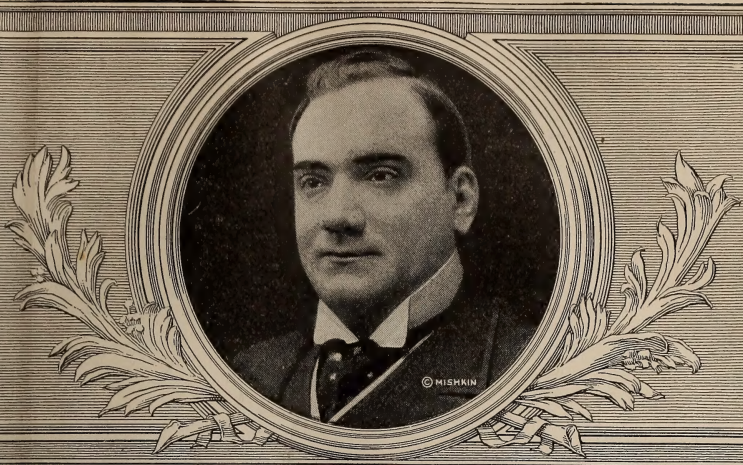

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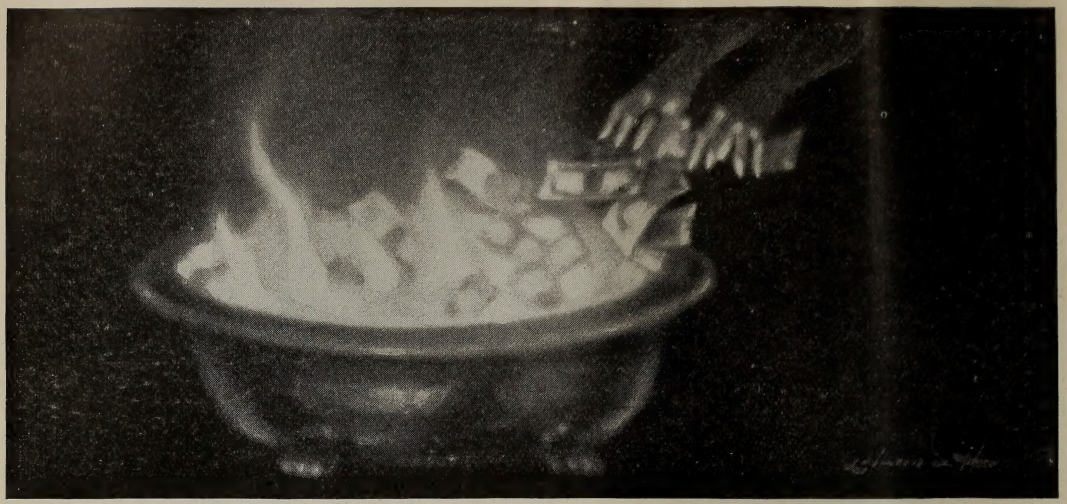

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* * * * *

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* * * * *

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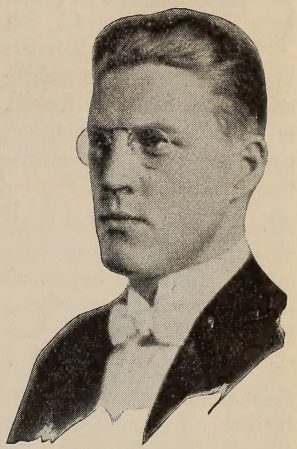

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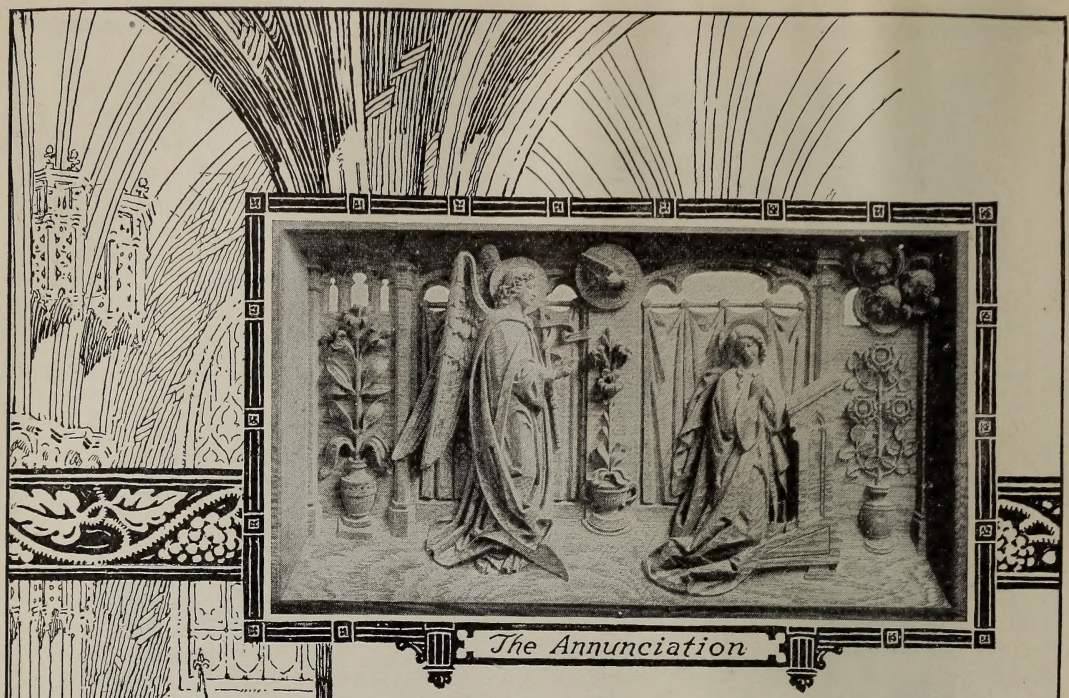

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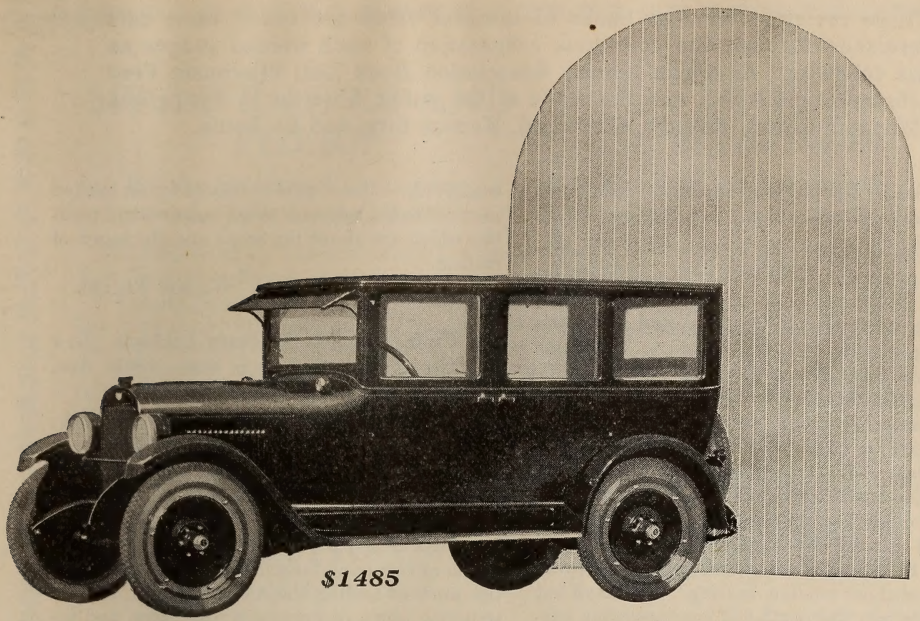

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THE ATLANTIC'S BOOKSHELF

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Cytherea, by Joseph Hergesheimer. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1922. 8vo, 371 pp. $2.50.

THIS novel ought to be considered as embodying an extremely vivid and typical modern instance. But it will be so accepted only by those who take it for what it tries to be, and who measure the performance by the intention. This seems to be, however, the last thing that current criticism is inclined to do. Novels, like other varieties of human achievement, are always being judged by criteria to which they have never submitted themselves — by the critic's preconception of what they ought to amount to. In *Cytherea* Mr. Hergesheimer has, for the first time, deliberately exposed himself by signing what can easily enough be viewed, if one choose, as a sort of problem novel about modern marriage. He has all but offered to run the gantlet of every possible misconception; and if he comes through without being made to smart for it, he will be as singular in his good luck as, ever since *The Lay Anthony*, he has been in the delicate integrity of his art.

What, and all, he offers in *Cytherea* is the story of a man. The marriage is only incidental to the man, Lee Randon; the wife, Fanny, is only incidental to the marriage; the mistress, Savina Grove, with whom Randon, in a paroxysm of revolt, runs away to Cuba, is hardly less incidental. We see the marriage and the two women with a harsh, almost unbearable distinctness: but it is only the distinctness of Randon's seeing them. There is, in the whole longish book, not the smallest implication that we are supposed to be beholding them as they are in themselves. Even Randon is to be judged, if at all, outside the book and by us. The entire transcript is frankly nothing but a record of how modern marriage strikes a certain sort of husband and father who, for a variety of reasons, palpable and impalpable, finds that marriage is getting on his nerves. There is no pretense that abstract justice is done to wife, mistress, Randon himself, or the institution of marriage. The cards are stacked against poor Fanny and for poor Savina; but this is only to say that Lee Randon looks at the one through a blackening scowl and at the other through a rose-colored mist of passion.

It is baffling, perhaps even a little sad, when the same pen that signed *The Three Black Pennys*, *Wild Oranges*, and *Java Head* applies itself, with a no less exquisitely patient fidelity, to the linked scenes of a drama of which the ultimate challenge is merely: 'Make what you will of them, these things are *so*.' Only at the last, in the episode of Savina Grove's death in the dingy hotel of a filthy Cuban village, — as moving a piece of tragedy as Mr. Hergesheimer has ever contrived, — does *Cytherea* mount for an exalted moment to the sphere of those transcendent realities which are above the scope and the touch of realism.

WILSON FOLLET.

The Craft of Fiction, by Percy Lubbock. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1921. 8vo, 277 pp. $3.00.

SOMEWHAT misleading is the title of this book; only remotely can it be classified with the numerous textbooks that undertake to tell the reader 'how to write a story.' And, no doubt, it would rather disdain to be thus classified, even remotely. Anyone who opens it with the expectation of obtaining formulas that will make easy the work of finding subjects for fiction, of constructing plots, of depicting characters, and inventing scenes, will be first bewildered and then disappointed. So far as Mr. Lubbock's book is a textbook at all, it is a textbook only for extremely advanced students.

As an essay in criticism it is a masterly performance; it sheds new light upon the methods employed by some of the great novelists. Tolstoy, Flaubert, Thackeray, Meredith, Henry James, Dickens, and Balzac are the writers whose work Mr. Lubbock analyzes, and from whose methods, failures, and successes he draws certain conclusions. These are, briefly, that the subject of the novel should determine the method of treatment — whether it shall be panoramic or pictorial or dramatic; that 'the easy way is no way at all; the only way is that by which the most is made of the story to be told; and the most was never made of any story except by a choice and disciplined method'; that, in detail, picture is subordinate, preliminary, and preparatory, whereas drama 'gives the final stroke,' clinches the matter already pending, and should not be squandered when there is nothing definitely to be gained by it.

Such conclusions, baldly stated, may not seem especially striking or significant, but the process by which Mr. Lubbock arrives at them is most interesting. One follows with fascination the course of the argument in which he presents his novelists in character: Tolstoy as the novelist who, not quite sure of his subject, vacillated in method, and, in spite of the profusion of life in his work, failed to achieve the utmost effect to which his material and his genius should have entitled him; Flaubert as the 'scenic' novelist, who, with a subject absolutely fixed, chose the pictorial method of treatment and made a drama for the sake of the picture in it; Thackeray as the 'panoramic' novelist, who avoided scenes when

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he could, and whose drama has a high-pitched, theatrical note; Meredith as the novelist who subordinates episodes of drama to the sweep of his picture; Henry James as the novelist who has carried the art of dramatization further than any other; Balzac and Dickens as the novelists who used the generalized picture as a propulsive force to drive the drama on its way.

Mr. Lubbock's study of his authors is serious and profound. Not all readers will find all his comments just; some will, perhaps, feel that he makes too much of his thesis on the importance of method, and that method is, after all, less a matter of deliberate choice than of instinct and genius — that it is inherent in the man rather than in the subject. But whether one agrees or disagrees with Mr. Lubbock in some of his principal arguments, one cannot fail to be enlightened by his book. If it does not enable the novelist who reads it to write a better novel than before, it should certainly make the layman who reads it a more intelligent and discerning reader of novels than he was before.

ARTHUR STANWOOD PIER.

The Maritime History of Massachusetts: 1783–1860, by Samuel Eliot Morison. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1921. 8vo, xiv + 401 pp. $5.00. Illustrated.

A GOOD many people have written of Yankeedom afloat, and some of them have written well. But this performance is unique.

The man who wrote it must be two people. One part of him is historian; the other part is artist. The historian is technically skilled, scientific in attitude; knows the values of documents (though, like most of his tribe, he is rather fonder of them than the average mortal), and knows what facts do and do not signify, just as a composer knows his thorough-bass. Added to this, he understands the age he is writing about — which is another way of saying that he understands his own age. Here, for the first time, so far as I am aware, this phase of New England's history has been competently dealt with by a man who understands and can make clear to the meanest order of intellect, my own, for example the bread-and-butter structure of that period. Others have painted its superficial glamour, its political intrigue, its antiquarian fuddy-duddery, or its salt-water romance. Their pictures were flesh without skeleton. This man knows the bony structure of its economics, and, without the less gracious painting of its living flesh-tints, lets you see that this flesh is draped on a skeleton — often a pretty grim one, of the closet variety.

And how fair he is. Legends are rife of New England fortunes made in slaves, rum, piracy, and its first-cousin, privateering. The temptation here is to use either the soft pedal or the muck rake. This man uses neither. He uses the scales. What facts he finds he presents with candor. With equal candor he declares that the story has, in general, been overdone.

One of my academic friends tells me that he believes that, in the age which we are entering, one of the principal functions of middle-class intellectuals of a liberal or radical stripe will be to rethink and rewrite political science and history. It has, he says, been written usually by such conservatives, that much of it is all but valueless to our generation. This new exploring squadron of historian-adventurers is already under weigh, and the present volume is one of its vessels. I cannot see the priests of Baal getting much fun out of a trip in this craft. The weather, in spots, gets intellectually rough, and I think I hear sounds of distress emanating from the state-rooms of first-class passengers. I am not suggesting that this book is very savage. It is quite demure. But it contains numerous passages which are anything but orthodox.

Yet the presentation of fact is unexceptionable. It is scrupulously fair; it is economically enlightened; and it is warmed by an obvious human sympathy. The awkward thing about such a book is that, unless you have spent more time getting up the subject than the author has, it is unsafe to attack. My advice to anyone who does not like its pronouncements is to keep quiet.

The other half of the man who wrote this history is the artist. Perhaps not yet quite half, but certainly destined to be. The work opens (after a melodious little one-page preface) with a prologue, 'Coast and Sea'; or should I say a gallant landscape painting of coastwise Massachusetts? It closes with a short epilogue — a clipper ship sailing into Boston Harbor on a spring day. Strewn throughout the book are these bits of spirited descriptive writing: character sketches, domestic interiors, harbors oriental and occidental, and pages spiced with touches of dry Yankee wit of the genuine old brew, and a dash of Rabelaisian humor in sly digs at bygone worthies about whom history has not always been as candid as this. The writing is very good, and it is going to be better. As yet the artist and the historian are not perfectly blended; but they bid fair to be.

LUCIEN PRICE.

The Friendly Arctic; the story of five years in Polar Regions, by Vilhjalmur Stefansson. New York: The Macmillan Company. 8vo, xxxi + 784 pp. Illustrated. $6.00.

No one can read this remarkable book carefully, without being impressed with the aptness of the title. In describing his experiences in an unexplored region near the Pole, hitherto supposed to be absolutely lifeless, the author shows that, with a winter temperature higher than that of towns in Montana and Manitoba, this great tract abounds with life, both in the sea and on the land.

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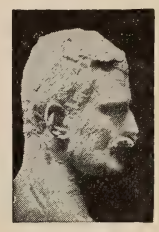

Knut Hamsun

OF special interest to lovers of Hamsun's work, introducing, as it does, the figure of "Knut Pedersen," who may be taken as representing the author himself (Knut Pedersen was his original name). The story falls into two parts "Under the Autumn Stars" and "A Wanderer Plays on Muted Strings," published in the Norwegian as separate volumes, but here because they really constitute a single story, combined as one. It deals with the problem of marriage, telling the story of the "gentlefolk" at Ovrebo in the crisis of their married life, as the poet-vagabond sees it. $2.50 *net*

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members of the expedition, who had never expected to see him alive again, arrived at a far northern base. During these months he had seen no land, but had found seals in abundance on the ice; and fresh water from the melted ice had saved the party from thirst.

His next and most important work was the search for new lands; and on this quest he explored areas amounting approximately to 100,000 square miles, in which were a number of islands, large and small. Upon them he found grass and bushes, as well as birds and numerous animals, including bears and musk-oxen; together with certain forms of abundant insect-life. Minute descriptions are given of the ways in which the party found shelter at night or when storm-bound, often in tents, but generally in snow-houses, which took but two or three hours to build. The leader evidently gave these scant intervals of leisure largely to writing his diary and preparing his scientific reports; but how his companions succeeded in passing the time, it is difficult to divine. It is amusing to notice that a favorite volume in Stefansson's limited library was the *Ingoldsby Legends*.

Our volume includes careful accounts of the work of other members of the expedition, and of the efforts of ships to reach the bases of supplies, as well as much information about the lives of Eskimo friends. While much is chronicled which seems trivial, and which can hardly be interesting to the ordinary reader, yet the general impression left by the book is very pleasant. The reader feels that he is sitting by the author, listening to a leisurely account of his adventures. Properly chronicled, there are several tributes to Stefansson by Sir Robert Borden, Prime Minister of Canada, Major-General Greely, and Admiral Peary. The latter, in his last public appearance, summed up the explorer's qualities quite admirably:—

'What Stefansson stands for is this: he has grasped the meaning of polar work. He has profited by experience piled upon experience, until he knows how to face and overcome every problem of the North. By combining great natural physical and mental ability with hard, practical common sense, he has made an absolute record.'

Much is added to the value and interest of the book by the numerous maps and reproductions of photographs of scenery and the Eskimos. The scientific reports on the work of the expedition are being published by the Canadian Government in twenty or thirty octavo volumes.

JAMES M. HUBBARD.

Here, There, and Everywhere, by Lord Frederic Hamilton. New York: George H. Doran. 1921. 8vo, xii + 332 pp. $4.00.

THEY are not literary, or freighted with panaceas for social ills; they are not too informative; they have no mission — these books of Lord Frederic Hamilton. But, to a public wearied with Main Streets and their sordidness, with problem stories and dramas, with sex triangles, and economic consequences of war, they come as a happy diversion. To the much-quoted 'tired business man,' for whom musical comedies were invented, now that this amusement is decadent, these books should prove refreshing. A book that one can open haphazard, and read in either direction with interest on every page, has its appeal.

An accomplished traveler from childhood, when his father, the Duke of Abercorn, would make the grand tour in his own ponderous coach, our author has traveled over every country and sailed the Seven Seas. As he says, 'Now he can claim the roaming freedom of the fireside muser, for he can, in one second, slip from continent to continent, and float over gaps — just as the spirit moves him'; and that is what he does in these books, filling in the narrative with personal sketches of adventures in every land: now shooting tigers as guest of a maharajah in India; then admiring Himalaya sunsets; again, telling of Lord Kitchener making a garden paradise to bloom in a desert, to entertain a garden party of 1500; then away to flowery Ceylon, to China, to the Volga, with its Mississippi River steamboats.

The three travel-books are almost equally of interest: *Vanished Pomps of Yesterday* treats of Lord Frederic's life as a diplomat in European courts, giving glimpses of him in Berlin, Vienna, Russia; sleeping one night in a close peasant cabin whose only furniture is a stove, the next night dancing at the Winter Palace. In *Days Before Yesterday* his life as the son of the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland puts us on intimate terms with a healthy normal family. The picture of the brother of Lord Frederic standing on his head to win the applause of Queen Victoria, when he was presented to her in the Viceregal Lodge at Dublin, is a typical story. Though he did not win the plaudits of the Queen, he showed the same pride in achievement that would be displayed by any Gavroche of the lower world. Though the sons of a landed proprietor of 26,000 acres, these boys had the same homely virtues as any healthy youth of to-day.

We find most attractive the story of this versatile man, who can adapt himself to making, with infinite pains, an ice-palace for his niece in Canada, and who, in the Great War, though too old to fight, yet serves as a constable in the streets of London. We like the picturesque vigor of his narrative. Such books are healthy; they constitute a 'good gesture,' and should induce some degree of toleration, even from most violent radicals.

GEORGE H. TRIPP.

Faery Lands of the South Seas, by James Norman Hall and Charles Bernard Nordhoff. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1921. 8vo, 355 pp. Illustrated. $4.00.

IT is a long way from Faery Lands of the South Seas to the great voyage of Commodore George Anson, who sailed north from the Horn to Mexico and west to Asia; and the narrative of Anson's voyage is, of course, not properly included in

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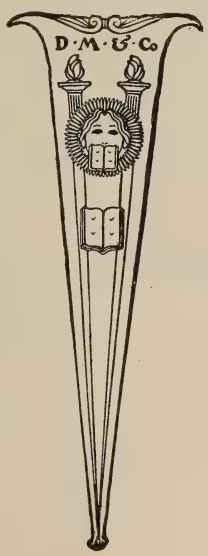

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South-Sea literature anyway. But there are worse ways to approach the literature of the South Seas than by reading Anson; for, circling the South Sea Islands in that vast bight, he gives a sailor's view of the Pacific on the eve of the greatest period of South-Sea exploration. Next read the narratives of, say, Byron, Carteret, Cook, Wilson, and Wallis, whose direct, simple stories preserve the genuinely primitive life of a hundred and fifty years ago; then, the books that our own adventurous sea captains of the early nineteenth century wrote when they left the sea to devote themselves to letters, that last resort of superannuated seamen; then the books of Herman Melville; and then, in natural sequence, the South Sea books of our own day.

The old narratives have the strength and directness of the seafaring men whose travels they record. Salt and tar preserve their pages; quaint episodes and broad, genial humanness give them lasting interest. They are the solid fare — the roast beef and plum pudding — of travel; and by the odd contrasts in which they abound, they add materially to the interest of the books that follow them.

It is not unfair to say, in comparison, that the South-Sea adventurers of to-day are dilettantes. Certainly they have not the larger imagination and resolution of the old circumnavigators, who are represented in our time by such men as Peary and Amundsen and MacMillan. But certain things that they have to offer, the older writers never dreamed of; and those things lend new interest to such a book as this.

They result partly from the changes that the outside world has made in the islands, partly from the writers' point of view. Native superstitions and traditions are more easily unearthed than in days when languages presented greater difficulties; and now, when cannibals are fewer, adventuring among the islands has become more a fashionable sport than a serious business. So, in the spirit of a summer holiday, and with sympathy and humor, Messrs. Hall and Nordhoff have sketched the episodes of their travels. Native potentates, Chinese storekeepers, peripatetic traders, whole villages of amphibious men, women, and children sporting together in the clear water, give the book color and life.

But above all, it is the wandering white men that Hall and Nordhoff met, who reveal the peculiarly modern and romantic side of island life. Crichton and his search for loneliness, the scholar in silk pajamas and gold-rimmed spectacles who lived at the edge of the taro swamps, Warner and his gallant son, the nameless Englishman and his story of buried treasure — they are figures to stir the imagination. Throughout all the islands there was no one like them in the days of Anson and Cook.

CHARLES BOARDMAN HAWES.

Wild Brother, by William Lyman Underwood, Boston: Atlantic Monthly Press. 1921. 12vo, 140 pp. Illustrated. $2.00.

HERE's a real nature story — an animal story of the Maine woods with a human story, like a double trail, clear to the end of the volume. Wild Brother, or Bruno, is a bear — a baby bear to begin with, and the smallest baby bear, possibly, ever studied and described; for Wild Brother's little eyes were not yet opened when he was found, and he weighed all told as much as twelve ounces. He was hardly bigger than a gray squirrel. Yet fourteen years later he stood over six feet high, weighed over four hundred pounds, and with one powerful smash of his forepaw felled his keeper to the floor of the bear-pit and sunk his teeth into the helpless man's arm. The story of Wild Brother is the story of these fourteen years of Bruno's life, from the little whimpering thing found in the wintry woods, to the big black angry beast standing over the prostrate form of his careless keeper, resolving life and death.

It is an almost unbelievable story. Born during the long winter sleep of its mother, the small fragment of bear is taken from the den when its mother is shot, carried to Gordon Camp in an overcoat pocket, and given to Mrs. Weldon as a curious bit out of the vast life of the frozen forest.

From this point on the story through all its one hundred and forty pages is an unbroken reel of scenes and incidents covering the fourteen years of Wild Brother's life in the Maine lumber-camp, at the author's home in Belmont, Massachusetts, and in the ample cage at the Zoo, not far away on the shores of Spot Pond.

Free from all care, fed on figs and raisins, loved and petted until toward the end of his second year when he became too dangerous to be allowed his liberty among human folk, *Wild Brother* is a study of animal life unique and altogether thrilling. It is not a child's wholly, though there is not a child in the world who loves an animal story who will not be held in Bruno's big arms to the end. It is a story grown-ups will like, and naturalists no less than those who know and who like a good story. Readers who already know *Wild Brother* will be interested to learn that the kind woman who rescued little Bruno at the lumber camp, animated clearly by a spirit of high respect and compassion for the needs of all young life, has recently given shelter to a small child who was in desperate need of care.

The book is admirably printed, beautifully bound in woodsy covers, and as simply written as Bruno himself could have wished. It is a good thing to read a book without a hint of cant or make-believe, without so much as a flourish of literary style, and to find the matter and simple manner sufficient to the end.

DALLAS LORE SHARP.

These reviews will be reprinted separately in pamphlet form. Copies may be had by any librarian, without charge, on application to the Atlantic Monthly, 8 Arlington St., Boston.

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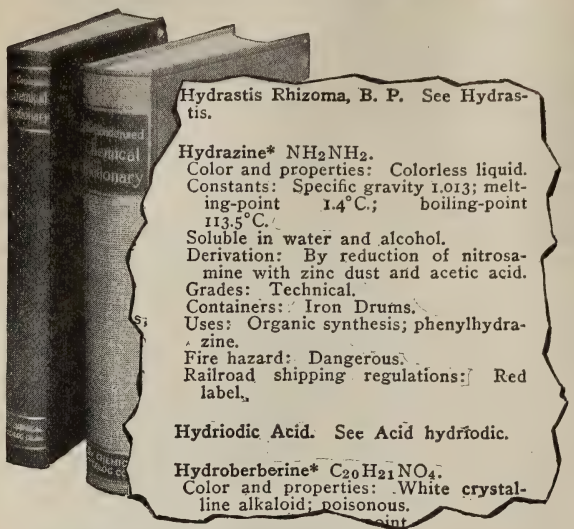
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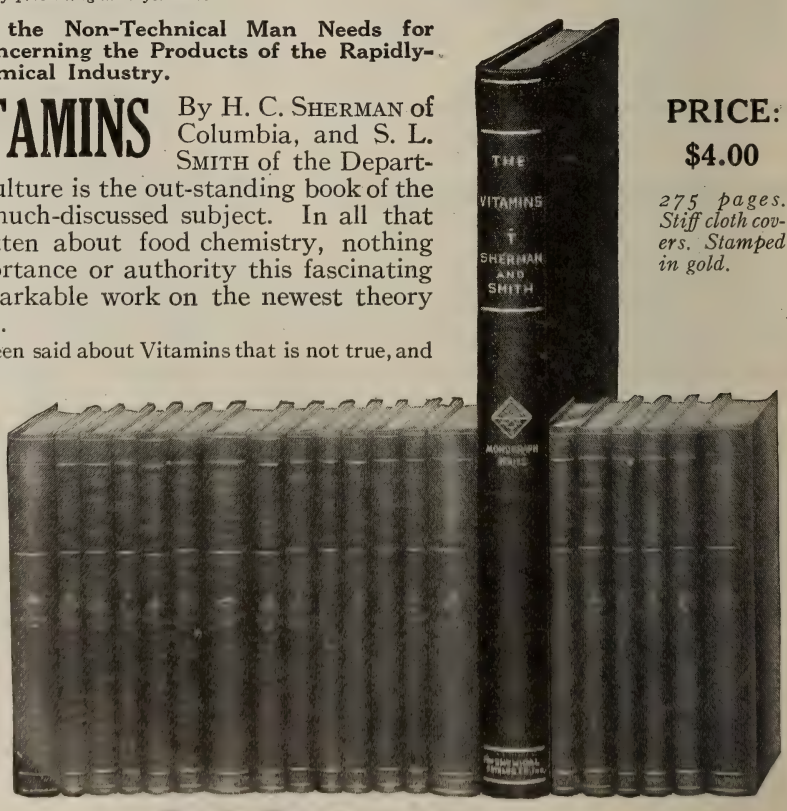

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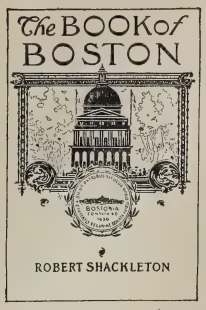

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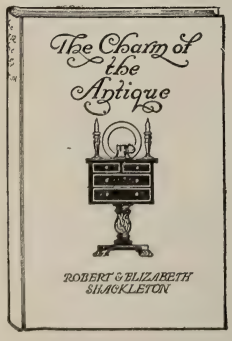

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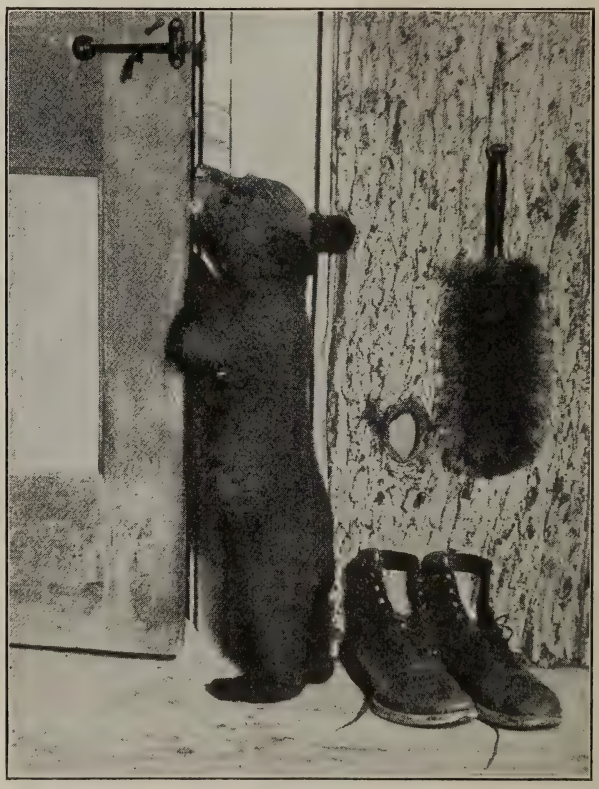

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Replied, 'An index of the great collectors.'
'Sir, am I one?' quoth Edward. 'Nay, not so,'
Replied the Boswell. Edward spake more low,
But cheerly still: 'Sir, let us have no nonsense!
Write me at least as a lover of Dr. Johnson's.'
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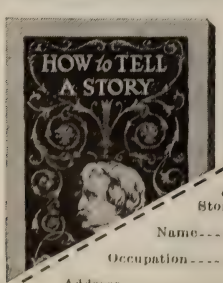

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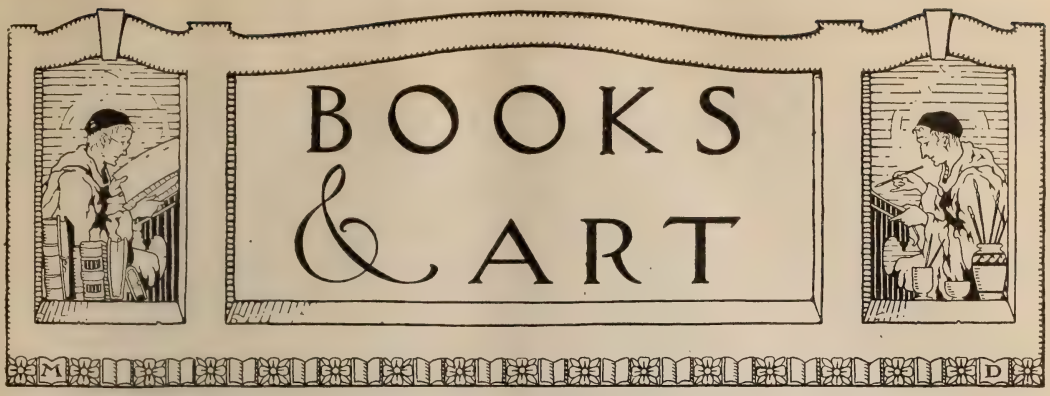

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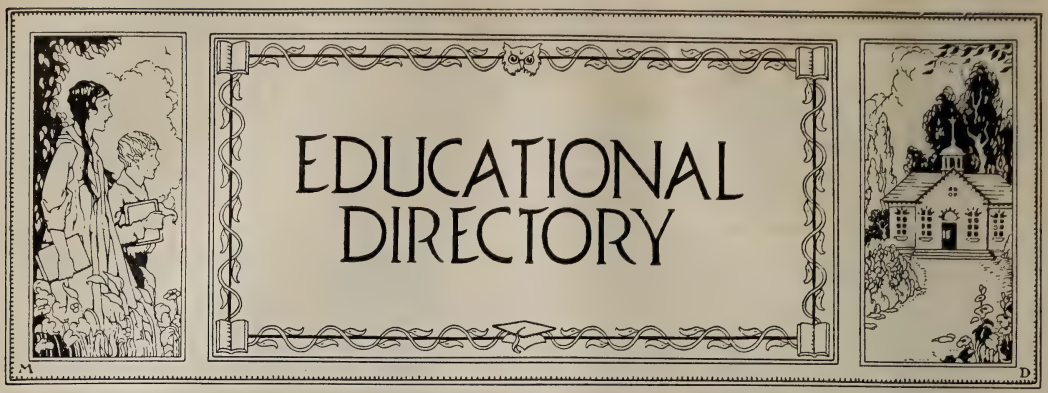

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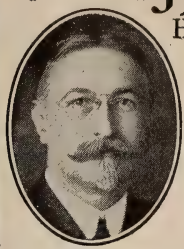

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DEMOCRACY AND THE FUTURE

BY W. R. INGE

I

THE father of political philosophy taught us that human association began for the purpose of living, and was developed for the purpose of living well. Some nations have lately been thrown back on taking thought for the bare existence of their members. It is not any kind of civilization, but life itself, which is at stake for the victims of Bolshevist or Turkish misrule. But, on the whole, we may follow Aristotle, and say that all settled states embody some aspiration to live well.

From this point of view, the history of institutions is the most pathetic of all records. Man has conquered the wild beasts; he has conquered his fellow men; he has conquered nature; but, collectively, he has never succeeded in governing himself. A good government remains the greatest of human blessings, and no nation has ever enjoyed it. There is no ruler, says Plato, who would be *unjustly* condemned by his subjects. The world swings backward and forward between the ideals of Order and of Liberty; not because anyone thinks it possible or desirable to enjoy either of these boons without the other, but because, after a brief experience of a government ostensibly based on one of them, no price seems too high to pay for being delivered from it. So the pendulum swings, now violently, now slowly; and every institution not only carries within it the seeds of its own dissolution, but prepares the way for its most hated rival.

The German Eucken found, in this tendency of all human movements to generate violent reactions, the master-key of history. Every idea and institution, he says, passes into its opposite. Greek philosophy, beginning as natural science based on the hypothesis of monism, ended in a dualism of matter and spirit. Roman imperialism was created by an intense national consciousness; it ended by destroying the nationality of rulers and subjects alike. The Church began by renouncing the world, and ended by subjugating it. In the first century, it cursed the Babylon which sits on seven hills; a few centuries later, we find it firmly seated on the same eminence.

The law of cycles, or, more accurately, of the swinging pendulum, is in fact so generally valid, that no historian can afford to neglect it; though the superstition of progress as a law of nature, buttressing itself on a grotesque misreading of the facts of evolution, has caused it to be ignored by most modern

writers. In political philosophy, it should be used as a salutary cold douche. For example, Sybel says that universal suffrage has always heralded the downfall of parliamentary government. Tocqueville caps this by reminding us that the more successful Democracy is in leveling a population, the less will be the resistance which the next despotism will have to encounter.

No doubt, in this region there are transformations which can hardly occur without an intermediary phase. It does not seem possible for Democracy, which disintegrates society into individuals and only collects them again into mobs, to pass directly into its opposite state, Socialism. Russian autocracy, now standing on its head, is more of an autocracy than ever; the little finger of Lenin is thicker than the loins of Nicholas the First. But other transformations are quite possible. We may trace the progress of unlimited competition toward a point where it destroys itself. The competing units, which began as individuals acting in isolation, become larger and larger aggregates, until they succeed in establishing monopolies, which bring competition to an end.

Or, if competition is not terminated in this way, it may end by exhausting the competitors. The conditions of success may become so severe that the ruling caste rules itself out, and is displaced by non-competitive strata of the population. This fate often befalls warlike and predatory races: they who take the sword perish by the sword. The wolves disappear; the sheep survive. Some movements disintegrate so rapidly that they live only in the reactions which they produce. This is true of all violent revolutions, especially when they include communistic experiments. Thus the Jacobinism of the French Revolution, which looked like mere anarchism and bloodthirstiness, inaugurated the bourgeois régime of the nineteenth century. Our present social unrest may issue in the emergence of a privileged section of wage-earners, and so broaden the basis of conservatism.

Sometimes the transformation is of a more subtle kind. Roman imperialism broke up the old city patriotism in the civilized Eastern provinces, and destroyed the tribal patriotism of the barbarians by substituting for it a feeling of reverence for the Empire. The ruling race itself was partly absorbed, but very largely extinguished. Yet the Empire, though it decayed as a fact, survived as an idea. It had a new and very remarkable lease of life, in an idealized form, as the Roman Church.

So, on a still larger scale, Jewish nationalism, by its uncompromising fanaticism, caused the destruction of the Holy City and the annihilation of the Jewish State; but in Christianity it had a new and boundless extension. The civilized world has adopted Zion as its spiritual capital, and David and the prophets as its spiritual heroes. In both cases the idea triumphed in the form most repugnant to its first custodians. The patriotic Jew would have regarded with horror the prospect of his sacred books being annexed by the Gentiles of the West; and we can imagine the feelings of Trajan, or Tacitus, on being told that a Christian priest would rule a world-wide theocracy from the Vatican. The ironies of history are on a colossal scale, and must, one is tempted to think, cause great amusement to a superhuman spectator.

This chameleon-like character of human institutions, these Protean changes, are, when they are once realized, a considerable obstacle to the extreme form of state-loyalty. They do not affect the love of country, for we may imagine that the innermost life of a nation persists through all changes;

but they do make it difficult to worship the State as the embodiment of a type of government which we admire; for, by the mere fact of being a successful example of such a type, it may be preparing the way for the triumph of an opposite principle, which we dislike extremely.

II

The world, as we have lately been told on high authority, is being made safe for Democracy. The Western European is half puzzled and half amused by the reverential tones in which this word is uttered on the other side of the Atlantic. For us, Democracy is a necessary step in the evolution of human institutions; or, perhaps, only a stage through which we happen to be passing. Most of us think that, for the present at all events, it is the least bad of possible alternatives; or that, for the time being, there really is no alternative. But we see no reason to sing pæans over it. As Quinet said, he could not worship *ce curieux fétiche:* he had seen it at too close quarters.

The fact is that in America the word Democracy is charged with emotional values which do not really belong to it. To a good American it suggests emancipation from the 'effete' traditions of Europe, the continent of hereditary monarchs and feudal aristocracies and prancing generals and officials in gold lace; it suggests the career open to the talents, and free-trade in religion, and other things of which he is proud. And so we find a Boston professor saying: 'You cannot separate God and Democracy. For, if we believe in Democracy, we believe in God's purpose, God's ideal, and that is believing in God.' And a writer in the New York *Medical Journal*, who is discussing the treatment of gout, exclaims: 'Uric acid is tottering upon its throne. Democracy is advancing in medical theory as well as in political practice.'

But I refrain. It is bad manners to smile at our friends when they are at their devotions. I only suggest that Democracy, by derivation, is neither an attribute of God nor a method of therapeutics; it is merely the name of a particular form of government — 'an experiment in government,' as James Russell Lowell called it.

But perhaps it would be a fair answer, that Democracy is not only a form of government: it is also a form of State, and a form of society. As a form of government, it means properly the direct rule of a nation by popular vote. This form of government is, of course, possible only in a small town or canton, like the Greek states that invented the word. 'So perfect a government,' said Rousseau, 'is not suited to human beings.' Those who have lived under it have generally agreed that it is not suited to human beings. But Democracy, as a form of State, is consistent with representation; it only implies ultimate popular sovereignty. Unless the sovereignty is retained by the voters, we cannot call the State democratic, even if the government has been established by a plebiscite. Napoleon III, for example, was elected emperor by an almost unanimous popular vote. Democracy, as a form of State, is a mode of appointing, controlling, and dismissing a government. This form of State may be criticized like any other; there is nothing specially sacred about it.

Democracy, as a form of society, rests on the idea of social equality. It is easy to say that men are, in fact, not equal, and that equality is therefore, as Carlyle calls it, 'a palpable incredibility and delirious absurdity.' But, in spite of all the nonsense that has undoubtedly been talked about equality, the right of human beings to equal consideration is a fundamental principle of

Christianity. It is the best achievement of Democracy as a form of State that it has fostered social equality and broken down the barriers between classes. The modern substitutes for Democracy, of which I shall speak presently, have on the whole the opposite tendency. It may be surmised that, when an American rhapsodizes about Democracy, he is usually not thinking of the 'Initiative, Referendum, and Recall,' but of the absence of class-distinctions, with the injustice and snobbishness which those distinctions have produced in other countries. It is a quite tenable argument that under any undemocratic governments the tendency of society to split into castes would reappear.

The other advantages of Democracy may be very briefly summarized. It has a very great educational value, diffusing knowledge of public affairs and a sense of responsibility. It rests on a broad base, and is not easily overturned. It obliges the government to conform to public opinion and to the wishes of the majority, and therefore, in times of stress, the whole nation is likely to rally round the government and support it till the danger is past. The democracies of France and England showed a greater determination and tenacity than the Central Empires, from 1914 to 1918; autocratic Russia collapsed miserably.

Whether a democracy is likely to act on higher principles than a monarchy is more doubtful. Englishmen and Americans are alike in thinking their own nations virtuous and innocent, while other governments are suspected of acting on Machiavellian principles. But I have not found that foreigners credit either of us with superior goodness, or with stupidity. The French do not claim to be either disinterested or stupid, and they are certainly neither; though, if they were more alive to the solidarity of European civilization, it might be their best policy in the long run.

The opponents of Democracy generally say that it brings a very poor type of men to the top. Lord Bryce, who is a moderate optimist, thinks that there is some improvement in this respect. My own opinion is that an incomplete democracy, like that of England before the war, brings forward a better type of politician than a complete democracy, like France or Australia. But in times of great national danger, democracies have often picked out the right man to deal with the crisis, and have trusted him, virtually abdicating in his favor. The names of Lincoln, Clemenceau, and Lloyd George will occur to everybody; and early in the war England gave a free hand to Kitchener, who was anything rather than a demagogue.

A more difficult charge to meet is that the crowd falls an easy victim to catchwords, and is swayed by rascals who have made a special study of mob-psychology. Democracies — and especially, I am afraid, democratic *societies* — are, also, no friends to social liberty; they are meddlesome and inquisitive. A man with unusual tastes is far less interfered with in an undemocratic society.

But the real danger of democracies is that, in an industrial society, the power of numbers gives an overwhelming preponderance to one class. Sooner or later, this class will begin to pillage the minority, and the minority is helpless. This danger was foreseen and predicted; but it is only lately that the forebodings of the prophets have begun to be realized. Under a parliamentary system, with no minority representation, it may easily happen that the class which pays most of the taxes returns no members at all.

There are other evils that are very apparent in democratic communities; but it is doubtful whether they ought

to be placed to the discredit of Democracy. Every government ought to be able to count on a certain fundamental loyalty and patriotism in all classes. Where this sentiment does not exist, no constitution can work smoothly. It is probably true that a democracy is less able than an autocracy to deal with anti-social conspiracies, because it is difficult for it to resort to drastic measures against a section of its own citizens; but a so-called autocrat is often quite helpless against rebellion and sedition, and may be driven to all the humiliating surrenders and acts of injustice to minorities with which democracies are reproached.

III

These charges and countercharges have been brought so often that the discussion of them seems rather academic. But it has not yet been sufficiently realized that there is a widespread and growing revolt against Democracy among the population of the large towns — a revolt which may bring this great 'experiment in government' to an early and ignominious end. It is the educated class which now sings hymns to Democracy; the workingman has no enthusiasm for it, and is more and more inclined to give it up.

The cause of this strange phenomenon is that Democracy seems to have failed in the one thing which the workingman cares about. He has no ambition to govern the country; he cares very little for equality, and still less for liberty; but he cares a great deal for the equitable distribution of the products of labor. He thinks that Democracy has failed signally to secure this equitable distribution, and he has no longer any faith in getting what he wants by constitutional means. He sees that labor-saving inventions have been introduced on a prodigious scale; and instead of making the lot of the worker more comfortable, they seem only to have swelled the fortunes of a few millionaire employers, bankers, and financiers. He thinks that he is being robbed; and since Democracy has failed to protect him, he is disposed to try something else.

All the new revolutionary parties are frankly anti-democratic. This fact is well brought out in Professor Hearnshaw's admirable book, *Democracy at the Crossways*, which every thoughtful American should study. The Anarchists, of course, declare war upon the state in all its forms. Their ideal is unfettered individual liberty; their method is ruthless destruction of every kind of social organization. England has long been the *Cloaca Maxima* into which all the *enragés* of Europe discharge their poison, because we alone have no laws against Anarchists as such; but the agitators are seldom Englishmen. Nevertheless, we are beginning to discover the danger of harboring these enemies of society. The criminal suffragettes, the 'shop-steward' movement, and other anti-social combinations, are in principle anarchical and anti-democratic, and they have many sympathizers. Similar societies, like the Industrial Workers of the World, are giving trouble in America.

Syndicalism is equally hostile to Democracy, as its leaders admit. 'If revolutionary Syndicalism triumphs,' says Sorel, 'the parliamentary régime so dear to the intellectuals will be done away with.' — 'Syndicalism and Democracy,' says another French writer, 'are the two opposite poles, which exclude and neutralize each other.' — 'The Syndicalist,' says A. D. Lewis, 'has a contempt for the vulgar idea of Democracy. The vast unconscious mass is not to be taken into account when the minority wishes to act so as to benefit it.' Pouget, in the same sense, says, 'There is for the conscious minor-

ity an obligation to act without paying any attention to the unconscious mass.'

What this means in practice we see in Russia. The Bolsheviki estimate their supporters at 600,000 out of 160,000,000, and Lenin complains that out of these there are only a few thousand whom he can trust thoroughly. Syndicalism and Anarchism have much in common, and the baffled Syndicalist tends to become an Anarchist. They both aim at destroying the democratic state. 'Democracy,' says Sorel, 'is the paradise of which unscrupulous financiers dream.' If they had their way, government of the people, by the people, and for the people would vanish from the earth. The only difference between them is that Syndicalists rely chiefly on the weapon of the general strike, while the Anarchists exhort their disciples to 'learn the use of dynamite.'

Bureaucratic State-Socialism is the antipodes of Anarchism and Syndicalism. It is a bourgeois and intellectualist movement, which aims at making the state omnipotent, by entrusting it with the sole ownership of the means of production. There is nothing democratic about this ideal; in practice it would mean a cast-iron officialdom, under which malcontents would be repressed by the simple process of depriving them of their means of livelihood and turning them out of their state-owned homes. Under a bureaucracy, every official must be responsible, not to those below him, but only to those above him; and the only persons to whom nobody would be responsible would be — all who are not officials.

It cannot be too strongly emphasized that all these new movements are fiercely anti-democratic in principle. However vehemently they may differ from each other, some desiring to make the State absolute, others to destroy it altogether, they agree in one thing — they all hate Democracy. And so it appears that the democratic idea, which was heralded not so long ago as the panacea for all human ills, the idol before which we still burn incense, and whose immortality is almost an article of faith with orthodox politicians, has few friends and many enemies, and is very far from standing secure upon its pedestal. It has never been in favor with privileged classes; it is now threatened with destruction by the proletariat.

IV

Let us now consider what possible alternatives there are for Democracy; for it is useless to complain of existing institutions unless we have something to put in their place. The answer to this question may turn out to be more reassuring to democrats than the passionate denunciations of the revolutionary parties would lead us to expect.

Two of the suggested alternatives may probably be dismissed as absolutely unworkable. Anarchism is not worth discussing. It is a purely disruptive force; no form of state could be constructed by it. Even Lenin has been compelled to shoot Anarchists, in the company of myriads of more respectable victims. But Communism, also, has received its death-blow in Russia. It is not generally recognized that Russia was an ideally favorable soil for a great revolutionary experiment. The people were accustomed to tyranny; they had never known anything else. Their country, with its wide plains and poor communications, makes any large rebellion against a centralized despotism very difficult. The mass of the people are illiterate, and have no means of combining, or of acquiring any information which the government wishes to withhold from them. The land is, under normal conditions, self-sufficing; the population can live on the produce of the soil without any foreign trade

whatever. Industrial life is very backward, and the towns are not essential to the national life; the only way to ruin Russia permanently would be to sow her fields with salt. A total destruction of commerce and industry was possible, without dissolving the existence of the nation, so long as agriculture remained intact. Lastly, the houses of the nobility and religious institutions contained vast accumulations of portable and readily convertible wealth, in the form of pearls, jewels, and gold, such as no other country, not even India, could approach. The loot of a single monastery near Moscow was valued at 400,000,000 dollars. Thus the government could maintain itself and its armies without attempting to squeeze money out of those who had lost everything.

And yet four years of Communistic misrule have turned that unhappy country into a putrefying carcass. Only a corner of the veil has yet been lifted, which covers the most ghastly tragedy in modern history. No such tyranny has ever before been exercised; no such misery has ever before been suffered. When the truth is known, the whole crazy fabric of Marxian economics must fall in ruins to the ground.

Communism is not a new experiment; it has been tried many times on a small scale. And history proves that it can succeed only under two conditions — a religious basis, and a rule of celibacy. The monasteries supply the one and only instance of successful Communism. For private property cannot be abolished unless the family also is destroyed; and these sacrifices will not be made except under the strong constraint of religious vows. The Bolsheviki aim at destroying private property, and they find themselves compelled to destroy the family. But they also wage war against religion; quite consistently, they have put up statues to Judas Iscariot. Thus they are pledged to abolish the three strongest instincts of human nature — private ownership, family life, and religion. Human nature may be trusted to make short work of these fanatics and their theories.

Syndicalism is a dangerous disruptive force; but it offers no alternative form of State in place of Democracy. It may paralyze the government by strikes and threats of strikes; it is an ominous feature of the present situation, that no effective weapon against this form of civil war has yet been discovered. It may cripple trade, and create a new pariah class of unfortunates who are unable to enter the unions. It may, and probably will, bring into existence a new and oppressive privileged class — the members of monopolist trade-guilds; but it is not an alternative to Democracy.

When we turn to bureaucratic State-Socialism, there is a different tale to tell. It is probably quite workable. In a very mild form, it existed in the German Empire, which before the war was in many ways the best-governed State in the world. Given an official class that is patriotic, hard-working, highly intelligent and incorruptible, and such a government may be far more efficient than any democracy. It would avoid the terrible wastefulness which is one of the banes of democratic government; it could deal drastically with disaffection; it could pursue a long-sighted policy of penetration and expansion, whether military or commercial. But I think its efficiency would soon begin to decay. Its citizens, especially if they had Anglo-Saxon blood in their veins, would violently resent being treated like tame animals in a farmyard. And, what is more serious still, such a nation would soon lose all initiative, all inventiveness, all that makes for progress. It would stagnate; and in human life stagnation means retrogression. In any

case, England and America are the last countries in which such an experiment is likely to be tried.

There remain the time-honored forms of government — monarchy, and theocracy, and the formidable combination of the two which has been called Cæsaro-papism. The world has not seen the last of these; but at present they are discredited. A cataract of nonsense has been poured out over the subject of 'autocracy,' especially during the World War. We need not discuss the Asiatic form of despotism, in which the ruler consumes his time and health and his subjects' money in a harem, and the power is wielded by a grand vizier whom the pout of a singing-girl may at any moment condemn to receive the fatal bowstring, with which he obediently consents to be strangled.

European autocracy is a very different thing. It is a form of bureaucracy, rendered more stable by the hereditary principle, which makes the sovereign at the apex of the pyramid irremovable, unless indeed he makes himself intolerable, in which case assassination always remains in reserve. The stability is of course increased if the monarch is also a semi-divine personage, supported by a powerful priesthood. We have only to think of the Augustan Age at Rome, the Tudor period in England, and the reign of the Grand Monarque in France, to see that this form of government is by no means to be despised. It involves, no doubt, the idealization of some very ordinary man; but this is not more absurd, or less natural, than the idealization of a very ordinary piece of striped bunting. These symbols mean whatever we like to put into them. The weakness of a 'strong' monarchy is that the monarch holds a certain amount of real power, which he is seldom competent to use. In Germany, for example, all was in perfect order till one came to the top; and then all was weakness and indecision. In the rare instances when the monarch is not an ordinary man, but a Napoleon, this type of government shows a tremendous and formidable efficiency.

The theocratic type seems at present quite obsolete in Europe and America. Theoretically it might appear to be the best; practically it is almost the worst, having no virtue except extreme stability. A deified ruler must be kept in absolute seclusion, since he cannot behave like a human being without compromising his dignity. So the only thing to do is to shut him up. But a ruler who is shut up cannot govern. A good example is the position of the Mikado of Japan before the Revolution. All the real power was in the hands of the Shoguns, of the Tokugawa clan. The Mikado kept a phantom court, surrounded by a few high-born officials. A theocratic state inspires fanatical loyalty, generally shown in hatred and contempt for other nations; it is stable, but unprogressive, and the priests, having no material force behind them, are compelled to foster and exploit superstition. In most cases, however, they establish a concordat with the civil power; and we have the Byzantine type of government, which till lately survived in Russia.

V

This brief review of alternative forms of State leaves us with the impression that Democracy still holds the field, for want of rivals. But it is no longer worshiped, or even highly respected. Of late years democratic governments have shown an astonishing weakness in face of sectional treason and anarchy; they can no longer appeal to the people at large with any confidence of support. This is obviously a very grave symptom.

Many people will say that Democracy may save itself by taking up in

earnest the task in which it is accused of having failed — the distribution of wealth. Andrew Carnegie was doubtless right when he said to Sir Charles Macara shortly before his death: 'The day of the multi-millionaire is over; the people will not stand it.' But experience shows that it is very much easier to destroy wealth than to redistribute it. The British Government has, in fact, confiscated inherited wealth in the most sweeping fashion; nothing like it has ever been done before, except after a violent revolution. Take the case of a duke who dies, leaving his heir a fortune of £100,000 a year. The heir has, to begin with, to pay about £800,000 in death-duties, which reduces his income to about £60,000. This income is again reduced by income-tax, super-tax, and local rates, to about £25,000. The inflation of the currency, which is of course a disguised and very dishonest form of taxation, diminishes the purchasing power of £25,000 to about £12,000. It does not seem that this treatment of the rich has either benefited the workingman, or mitigated his discontent. What it has done is to seal the doom of the old stately country-house life — a feature of English society for many centuries. Some of the mansions of the nobility have been sold at a derisory price; others are derelict; in most of them the owners still live, occupying a few rooms and trying, with a pathetic loyalty, to keep the old place in repair.

This revolution, for it is no less, is perhaps not to be regretted from the point of view of the old families themselves. It is not a good thing that a man should be condemned to be a mere territorial magnate, when nature may have intended him to be a university professor, or an engineer, or a skilled mechanic. But Americans who have visited English country-houses, and have observed the wonderful beauty of the historic mansions and parks, with their galleries of family portraits and collections of art treasures; who have admired the gracious courtesy of the true aristocrat, and the perfect smoothness with which his great ménage works, will feel some regret at the disappearance of one of the very few unique and beautiful things which England has to show to a visiting stranger. And I repeat that this spoliation does not seem to have done any good as a remedy for social unrest.

More and more I am driven to the conviction that social unrest is an ineradicable disease of town life. The war is between town and country; between the countryman, who lives under natural and wholesome conditions, and the townsman, who lives under conditions which are neither natural nor wholesome. Allow me to quote from an American writer, Mr. Alleyne Ireland. 'The average voter in a large town brings into politics a mentality utterly different from that of the country voter. It is the mind of the propertyless wage-earner; of the clerk, of the shop-assistant, of the day-laborer; of a man herded with other men and profoundly affected by the herd-instinct; of a man of weak individuality; of a man who spends his working hours doing things for other people, and his leisure hours in having things done for him by other people; of a man whose life is passed in surroundings entirely created by machinery, and in circumstances where his free will is perpetually constrained by the contagion of an artificial environment; of a man who knows (or at any rate, of whom it is known) that, if he drops dead while at his work, he can, in normal times, be replaced in an hour by another man who will do just as well.'

Mr. Ireland goes on to show that such a man, whose whole existence is passed in the feverish occupations of

earning wages and spending them, who is never brought into contact with the real origins of things, and is incapable of realizing the mesh of causation in which he is entangled, naturally looks to government to supply him with all that he needs, and to redress all his grievances. The 'two nations' of which Disraeli speaks in *Sibyl* are not, as he supposed, the rich and the poor: they are the town and the country. And industrialism has thrown the balance of power into the hands of that section which, through no fault of its own, is stricken with an incurable malady.

This is what my medical friends would call a sombre diagnosis. It is very sombre indeed, as regards my own country, with its congested towns and limited rural area. It does not seem to be a disease which any form of government can cure. A Russian revolution would cure it in a way — by killing the patient. The evils of industrialism might, no doubt, be terminated by exterminating the industrialists. But the townsman of Europe and America has no mind to commit suicide, and, unlike the Russian, he is capable of sane reflection. In America he will probably come round to the policy which has long found favor in Australia and New Zealand: he will stop immigration from the backward races.

New Zealand has escaped the evil of large cities, and has kept its population almost exclusively British. This policy has retarded the development of the country; and those who, like many Americans, are affected with a pathological worship of mere numbers, will think that the New Zealanders have not made the most of their opportunities. The case is arguable on both sides. Personally, I am disposed to think that the old American stock, which, until the disastrous Civil War, was the finest in the world, has been too much diluted during the last half-century with infusions of inferior blood. But America, the most fortunate of countries, may make with impunity mistakes which would be disastrous in older nations.

In this short paper I have tried neither to defend Democracy nor to assail it. It is probably not the final form of State; it is easy to imagine something better. In America, the tendency to make the representatives mere delegates is said to be increasing; it is safe to predict that few self-respecting men will care to occupy this position. In England, the most notable change is the loss of prestige which the House of Commons has suffered since the days of Disraeli and Gladstone, and the absence of public interest in its proceedings. Fifty years ago all the leading newspapers reported the parliamentary debates at great length, devoting several columns to them; and every good citizen ploughed his way through those pompous and wordy harangues, almost as a religious duty. Now the debates are very scantily reported, and few people take the trouble to read them. The Cabinet has gained greatly in power; the Commons have lost. This is, in a sense, a movement away from Democracy; and the present Prime Minister completely dominates the Cabinet. His position is at least as powerful as that of an American President. The new status given to the Dominions in all imperial questions is not provided for by the Constitution; practically it puts the Prime Minister, when supported by the Dominion Premiers, above Parliament.

I have made a diagnosis of the malady from which all civilized nations are suffering. I have suggested no remedy, because I do not know where the remedy is to be found. If the disaffection of the town-dweller continues to grow and fester, Democracy may fall, and civilization with it.

THE LAST DAYS OF LEO TOLSTOY

WITH TRANSLATIONS FROM HIS DIARY AND LETTERS

BY ALEXANDER KAUN

I

ELEVEN years ago, on a dark November night, the sage of Yasnaya Polyana gave the finishing touch to his life's work. At the age of eighty-two, Tolstoy found that his indefatigable striving for inner harmony, for consistency between word and deed, could not be triumphant as long as he lived on his family estate. His personal simplification, his personal relinquishment of private property, his personal vegetarian diet, bore the aspect of a whim, condescendingly tolerated amid the conventional surroundings of a Russian 'nobleman's nest.' A hater of sham and compromise, Tolstoy felt keenly the artificiality of his position; and to his close friends he expressed his hope, a number of times, that God would make him strong enough to break away from the roof of cozy lies. This spiritual strength came to him with the ebb of his physical strength: during the night of November 10, he fled from his home, in quest of harmony and truth; and ten days later the tortuous path of his earthly quests came to an end.

Tolstoy's flight was greeted with joy by his friends and followers, as the crowning pinnacle of his significant and instructive life. But the circumstances immediately connected with this event were known only to a very few persons. Tolstoy's last secretary and devoted disciple, V. F. Bulgakov, in his most interesting *Diary* for the year 1910, had an enthusiastic entry on the morrow of his master's exodus, which he concludes thus: 'But precisely what were the mental motives that impelled him to this deed? What did he experience in the hidden depth of his soul at the moment of leaving Yasnaya Polyana? Of this we are unable to speak as yet. And not a little time will pass before men will arrive at a more or less correct solution of this unusually complex question.'

At that time it was difficult to foresee that a revolution would take place in November, 1917, which would sweep aside many conceptions of space and time. The unfastidious Bolshevist commissars have shocked not a few sensitive natures by unearthing and proclaiming, *urbi et orbi*, various secret documents, treaties, and memoirs, letters and diaries. Thus we now have access to the contents of former state and private archives, supervised at present by a group of specialists, who publish from time to time their discoveries. The chairman of the 'Glavarchiv,' — which is the abridged title for the main Administration of Archives, — A. S. Nikolayev, has made public two sets of documents *in re* Tolstoy, found in the archives of the former Ministry of Education and of the Holy Synod, respectively. These docu-

ments illuminate the circumstances of Tolstoy's last days, and incidentally enable us to fathom what Mr. Bulgakov considers an 'unusually complex question.'

II

As is generally known, the Russian Church, through its governing body, the Holy Synod, excommunicated Tolstoy by a decree issued in March, 1901. The decree contained a provision to the effect that the Orthodox Church would not regard him as a member 'until he repented and renewed his communion with it.'

Tolstoy replied to this act in a dignified statement, summarizing his religious views, and emphasizing his conviction that his disloyalty to the Church emanated from his loyalty to what he regarded as true Christianity. 'I began by loving my orthodox faith more than my repose,' ran the conclusion of his reply to the Holy Synod; 'then I came to love Christianity more than my Church; and now I love Truth more than all else in the world. And for me Truth still coincides with Christianity, and in the measure in which I profess it I live calmly and joyously, and calmly and joyously I approach death.' [1]

The official Church, however, did not abandon its hope of bringing Tolstoy back to the fold. A report to the Holy Synod, now published for the first time, states that Father Dimitri Troitsky, of Tula, 'undertook, with the blessing of Bishop Pitirim, the task of exhorting Count L. Tolstoy.' He performed his mission from 1897 till the very death of the Count, visiting him twice a year, conversing with him, and even partaking of meals, though Tolstoy 'declined to talk on religious questions.' In October, 1910, learning of Tolstoy's illness, Father Dimitri wrote to him a letter, exhorting him to seek succor and healing in the Church. Two days later, Tolstoy replied. This characteristic letter appeared recently among the published documents of the Archive of the Holy Synod: —

October 25, 1910,
YASNAYA POLYANA.

DEAR BROTHER DIMITRI, —

I am a very sinful person, and my *only* occupation consists in mending myself, in the measure of my power and ability, from my numerous sins and sinful habits. I beseech God to help me in this cause, and He helps me. Though at the pace of a turtle, still I advance with his help.

In this advancing I find the sole sense, purpose, and benefit of my life. The Kingdom of God is within us, and the Kingdom of God has to be won by force (that is, by effort). I believe in this, and exert all possible efforts for this; and here you come to offer me the performance of certain rites and the utterance of certain words, which would show that I consider as infallible truth all that which men who call themselves Church consider truth, and in consequence of which all my sins would be pardoned — pardoned somehow and by someone; and that I shall be not only exempt from the inner, hard, — but, at the same time, joyous, — spiritual work of self-improvement, but that I shall be somehow saved from something, and shall receive some kind of an eternal bliss.

Why, dear Brother Dimitri, do you address me with such a strange proposal?

Have I tried to convert you, have I counseled you to rid yourself of that, in my opinion, pernicious delusion which you profess, and into which you painstakingly lure thousands and thousands of unfortunate children and common people, perverting their minds? Then why do you not leave me in peace, a man who, by his age, stands with one foot in the grave, and who calmly awaits his death? My conversion to the Church-faith might have had sense, were I a boy, or a grown-up atheist, or an illiterate Yakout who has never heard about the

[1] I am using the English version of Professor G. R. Noyes's admirable work, *Tolstoy*. — THE AUTHOR.

Church-faith. But I am eighty-two years old, was brought up in the very same deception which still dominates you, to which you are inviting me, and from which, with greatest suffering and efforts, I freed myself many years ago, adopting a Christian, not ecclesiastic, point of view, which gives me the possibility of a peaceful, joyous life directed toward self-perfection, and the readiness for as peaceful and joyous a death, in which I see a return to God of love, out of whom I issued forth.

With brotherly love,
LEV TOLSTOY.

To this characteristically Tolstoyan letter of loose, hurried, long periods, came a lengthy reply from Father Dimitri, which began with apologies but proceeded to admonish softly the recalcitrant heresiarch. He tactfully reproached Tolstoy for presuming to have found the true path, and in conclusion pleaded for frankness: 'A candid exchange of opinions is always agreeable for sincere people; and therefore I hope that I shan't disturb your peace; but, if I do disturb it, then I say that there will be plenty of peace after death, but now we need ever more and more disturbance.'

To this Tolstoy answered, five days before his flight, with the following brief but kind note:—

November 5, 1910,
YASNAYA POLYANA.

I have received your letter, Dimitri Yegorovich, and thank you for it. I perfectly agree with you that humility is the greatest and most needful virtue. As I always say, man is like a fraction, in which the denominator indicates his opinion about himself. It is best for this denominator to be zero (complete humility), and it is terrible when it is augmented to infinity. In the first case, man has a true significance, whatever the denominator; but in the second case — none.

I am sending you my books *For Every Day*, in which the reading for the 25th day expresses my opinion about this greatest of virtues. One point on which I do not agree with you is where you advocate hope in external help for determining one's perfection and one's nonentity, in place of relying on one's inner effort, which must never weaken, and which alone brings us a little closer to perfection, or at least delivers us from depravity: the Kingdom of God must be won by force. Again I thank you for your good letter, and greet you brotherly.

LEV TOLSTOY.

As soon as the news of Tolstoy's flight became known abroad, the official Church instructed its emissaries to watch every step of the fugitive, and to report everything he said or did to the ecclesiastic authorities. Bishop Benjamin of Kaluga communicated to the Holy Synod detailed information concerning Tolstoy's doings, from the reports of his subordinates.

On the evening of November 10, Tolstoy arrived at the Optin Hermitage, where he stopped at the inn of the monastery, and said to the keeper: 'Perhaps you are displeased with my arrival — I am Lev Tolstoy; was excommunicated by the Church. I have come to discourse with the old monks, and to-morrow I shall go to Shamordino, to see my sister.' In spite of his opposition to the established church, Tolstoy had visited the Optin Hermitage several times after 1877, conversing with holy hermits and ascetic monks. About eight miles from Optin lay the convent of Shamordino, where Tolstoy saw occasionally his favorite sister Maria, a nun.

On this last visit of his to the hermitage and to the convent, his every step was recorded by the watchful clerics. On the thirteenth of November the Count, accompanied by his daughter Alexandra and his physician, Dr. D. P. Makovitsky, suddenly left Shamordino, boarded the train at the station of Kozelsk, was taken ill on the train, and removed, on November 15, to the station house of Astapovo, where he died five days later.

On November 16, Metropolitan Antony and the Procurator of the Holy Synod telegraphed to Bishop Benjamin of Kaluga and Bishop Parphenius of Tula, and to other dignitaries of the Church, instructing them to hasten to Astapovo, and exert their efforts for the salvation of the soul of the sick man. The only cleric who arrived at Astapovo before the death of Tolstoy, was Abbot Barsonophius. From the moment of his arrival, on the evening of the eighteenth, he endeavored to see the dying man, in order to carry out the instruction of the Metropolitan, namely, 'to offer the ailing Count Lev Tolstoy a spiritual talk and religious consolation, with the aim of reconciling him with the Holy Orthodox Church.'

The Count's son, Andrey, promised him to employ his best efforts to enable him to carry out his intention; but Dr. Nikitin categorically refused to admit anyone to his patient, even the Countess. Yet with Tolstoy remained constantly his daughter Alexandra, Vladimir Chertkov, his biographer Segeyenko, and of course, Dr. Makovitsky. The Abbot's written request to Alexandra for an audience was rejected. The Abbot's statement is corroborated by Bishop Parphenius, to the effect that, in the words of Count Andrey Tolstoy, his father was, in his last days, 'surrounded by persons extremely hostile to the Church.'

On the death of the Count, at five minutes past six in the morning of November 20, 1910, Abbot Barsonophius called on the widow and her sons, and was informed that the wish of the deceased was to be buried without church rites and ceremonies. On the evening of the same day, an extraordinary session took place at the home of the Petrograd Metropolitan, attended, besides himself, by the Metropolitans of Moscow and Kief, by the Archbishop of Stavropol, the Bishop of Samara, the Procurator of the Holy Synod, his assistant, and secretary. The assembly resolved to send throughout Russia the following laconic telegram: 'The Synod has decreed to forbid all services or prayers for Count Tolstoy.'

Thus ended the long conflict between the Church and Tolstoy. As on many other occasions, the Russian Church acted in opposition to the sentiments of the majority of the Russian people.

III

In the report of Bishop Parphenius to the Holy Synod, there is a curious and illuminating passage: —

> On September the 16th [1910] the wife of Lev Nikolayevich, Countess Sophia Andreyevna, invited into the Count's home the parish priest, Father Tikhon Kudryavtsev, and requested him to serve a *Te Deum* with consecration by water, and to sprinkle the house with holy water, in order, as she expressed herself, to drive out the spirit of Chertkov. The priest complied with her request.
>
> Count Lev Nikolayevich was visiting at that time with his elder daughter Tatyana Lvovna Sukhotin, in the Novosilsk county, while at Yasnaya Polyana remained the Countess and some of her sons. After the service, Father Kudryavtsev learned, from his conversation with the family of Lev Nikolayevich, that they were indignant at Chertkov, who, in their opinion, had held Count Tolstoy for more than ten years under his strong, almost hypnotic, influence. In their opinion, almost everything which the Count had written during the last years was due to Chertkov's influence. If Chertkov changed or rewrote Tolstoy's works, when publishing them, the Count had no strength of will to protest against it. In order to save him from such an evil influence, the family refused to receive Chertkov, and decided to resort to the prayers of the Church, in order to drive out of the house the very spirit of Chertkov.

Vladimir Chertkov was a devoted friend of Tolstoy, who published abroad those of the Count's works which were either altogether forbidden in Russia, or were mutilated by the censor. Chertkov also maintained a depositary in England, where he kept originals or copies of Tolstoy's manuscripts. He and Alexandra were the persons in whom Tolstoy had the most confidence, and whom he entrusted with his intimate thoughts and plans. In his will, signed August 4, 1910, Tolstoy explicitly transferred the property rights in all his printed works and manuscripts to his daughter Alexandra. She found in Chertkov an eager and devoted co-worker during and after the death of her father.

It was only natural that Countess Sophia Tolstoy, for forty-eight years the devoted wife of the Count, should feel hurt at the preferences her husband showed in selecting his trustees. She was particularly hostile to Chertkov, resenting his influence on the Count as well as on her daughter Alexandra. She contested the right of Alexandra to those of Tolstoy's papers and documents which her mother had collected for years in a special room of the Historical Museum at Moscow. A controversy arose between the mother and her daughter, Chertkov presenting the interests of the latter. The case came up before the Minister of Education, before the Emperor, before the Senate. It appears that sympathy for the widow prevailed against the uncontestable legality of the daughter's claims, and in December, 1914, the Senate ruled in favor of the mother.

Among the documents of this case, which had been kept in the Archives of the Ministry of Education, there is a long memorandum by Vladimir Chertkov, presenting arguments in favor of transferring the papers from the Historical Museum to Countess Alexandra. He cites the testimony of fourteen persons, to the effect that the Countess Sophia had no right to keep these papers. Among the fourteen we find Countess Olga Tolstoy, Countess Tatyana Tolstoy, and Count Sergey Tolstoy; which goes to show that the 'family' of which Father Kudryavtsev reported was not quite unanimous in its support of the mother. Of the other names, it is worth noting those of Tolstoy's secretaries (Gusev and Bulgakov), of the secretary of the Countess (Mlle. Feokritov), of Professor A. Goldenweiser, and of two family physicians, Dr. Nikitin and Dr. Makovitsky.

It appears from most of these testimonies that the Countess systematically tried to remove her husband's manuscripts from his study to the Historical Museum, mainly in order that they might not fall into the hands of Chertkov, as she stated to various persons. Furthermore, Chertkov expressed his anxiety in regard to some of Tolstoy's diaries of an intimate nature, concerning which Alexandra received from her father secret instructions. The Countess, who, even during the life of her husband, had modified his writings on several occasions, might be suspected of tampering with the contents of the diaries. Chertkov accused the Countess also of having secretly appropriated Tolstoy's pocket-diary, which he did not show to anyone, but kept as a personal secret.[2] He further stated that, in the last ten years of his life, Tolstoy did not trust his wife with his diaries, but deposited them at the State Bank of Tula, with the explicit instruction that they be delivered to no other person than his daughter Alexandra.

The morbid jealousy of the Countess

[2] In Bulgakov's *Diary*, for October 7, 1910, the loss of this diary is mentioned. He quotes Tolstoy: 'My regular diary is read by Chertkov and Alexandra; but this was a most secret little book which I do not let anyone read.' — The Author.

was evidently a symptom of her mental derangement. Both P. A. Bulanger, a close friend, and V. F. Bulgakov, Tolstoy's secretary, mentioned her illness in their testimony. Her elder daughter, Tatyana, wrote in a letter dated August 7, 1910: 'One must regard her as altogether sick and irresponsible. . . . If you look up in the *Encyclopædia* the word "paranoia," by which her illness has been defined, you will see how all this suits her.' In Tolstoy's diary for August 20, 1910, we read: 'Read in Korsakov's (book), "paranoia." Just as if drawn of her.' Professor Rossolimo, a famous psychiatrist, diagnosed the condition of the Countess in July, 1910, at the request of the family. To Alexandra he wrote: —

My opinion about the state of Sophia Andreyevna, which I expressed personally both to the late Lev Nikolayevich and to you, is that, under the influence of the declining period of her life and its concomitant exhaustion of the regulating mental forces, the basic peculiarities of the character of the Countess began to appear more and more on the surface. Her character presents the combination of two degenerative constitutions: an hysterical and a paranoiac. The first manifests itself in an especially bright emotional coloring of all her experiences, in the concentration of all interests on her own personality, even to the point of sacrificing truth and fine feelings, to the point of utter unscrupulousness in means for the achievement of her aims. Her second constitution reveals itself in her excessive suspiciousness, and in its resultant wrong conclusions, in everything which concerns Lev Nikolayevich — his teaching, her relations to V. G. Chertkov, and so forth.

Tolstoy's own attitude to his wife is clearly shown in his letter written to Alexandra the day after his flight: —

November 11, 1910,
Optin Hermitage.

. . . will tell you everything about me, dear friend Sasha. 'T is hard. I cannot help feeling a great heaviness. The main thing is, not to commit a sin; here is the difficulty. Of course I have sinned, and shall sin yet; but if only a little less of it!

And this is what I chiefly and foremost wish for you, too. The more so, since I know that a terrible task has fallen to you, beyond your strength and your youthful age. I have not decided anything, and do not wish to decide. I am endeavoring to do only that which I cannot help doing, and not to do that which I can avoid doing.

From my letter to Chertkov, you will see how I regard the matter, or rather how I feel. I rely very much on the good influence of Tanya and Seryozha [his children].

The main thing is that they should understand, and should persuade *her*, that such a life, with spying and eavesdropping, with perpetual reproaches, disposing of me at her will, everlasting control over me, capricious hatred for the man who is my closest and most useful friend, with obvious hatred for me and simulated love — that such a life is, for me, not disagreeable, but simply impossible; that it is I who should think of drowning myself, if anyone should; that I wish only one thing — freedom from her, from the falsehood, pretense, and malice, with which her whole being is permeated.

To be sure, of this they cannot persuade her; but they may persuade her that all her actions toward me not only do not express love, but appear to have an obvious purpose to kill me, in which she will succeed, since I hope that with the third attack which threatens me, I shall release both her and myself from this terrible position in which we have lived, and to which I do not wish to return.

You see, my dear, how bad I am. I do not hide myself from you. I am not asking you to come to me as yet, but will do so very shortly, as soon as possible. Write me about your health. I embrace you.

L. Tolstoy.

This illuminating document simplifies the problem, and disperses the doubts of Count Ilya Tolstoy, who, in his *Reminiscences* of his father, queries in bewilderment: 'Could my father really have fled from home because the wife with whom he lived for forty-eight

years had developed neurasthenia and at one time showed certain abnormalities characteristic of that malady? Was that like the man who loved his fellows and knew the human heart so well?' Were it not for his filial partiality toward his mother, Count Ilya might have found an answer to his question in his own book, a few pages farther on. On November 11, 1910, he asked his sister Alexandra, who was about to join her father at Shamordino, whether Count Leo was aware of the pain he was causing his wife. He quotes her answer: 'Yes, he has considered all that and still made up his mind to go, because he thinks that nothing could be worse than the state that things have come to here.'

Tolstoy looked upon himself, his words and actions, as belonging to humanity, and he knew that every utterance of his would be recorded for eternity. Hence his letter to Alexandra is inestimable for the understanding of the manifold tragedy of his life. Perhaps still more precious may be considered the following pages from Tolstoy's diary, also found among the Archive papers: —

November 7, 1910. — Sophia Andreyevna continues to be restless.

November 9. — Rose very early. All night long saw bad dreams. The heaviness of our relations is increasing.

November 10. — Went to bed at eleven-thirty. Slept till after two. Woke up, and as on previous nights, heard the sounds of opening doors and of footsteps. On previous occasions I had not looked toward the door of my room: this time I looked, and noticed through the cracks a bright light in my study, and heard rustling of papers. Sophia Andreyevna is searching for something, and reading, probably.

Last evening she begged of me, — demanded, — that I do not close my doors. Both of her doors are left open, so that she can hear my slightest movement. Both day and night all my movements, my words, must be known to her and be under her control.

Again footsteps, cautious opening of the door, and she passes.

I do not know why this provoked in me an irresistible revulsion, indignation. Tried to fall asleep, could not, tossed about for nearly an hour, then lit a candle, and sat up.

The door opens, and S. A. enters, inquiring 'about my health,' and wondering at the light which she has noticed here.

My revulsion and indignation grow. I suffocate, count my pulse: 97. Cannot lie still, and suddenly make a definite resolution to go away.

I write her a note,[3] begin to pack the most necessary things, just enough to depart with. I wake Dushan, then Sasha; they help me pack. I tremble at the thought that she may hear the noise, come out — a scene, hysterics, and then I shan't depart without theatricals.

Toward six o'clock everything is somehow packed. I go to the stable to order the horses harnessed. Dushan, Sasha, Varya finish up packing. Night, pitch-dark; I lose my way to the rear court, wander into the thicket, get caught and bruised by trees, fall, lose my cap, cannot find it, with difficulty disentangle myself, go to the house,

[3] The Countess gave this letter for publication. I am citing it in the version of Professor G. R. Noyes: 'My departure will grieve you. I am sorry for this, but pray understand and believe that I could not act otherwise. My position in the house is becoming unbearable. I can no longer live amid those conditions of luxury in which I have been living; and I am doing what old men of my age usually do. They retire from the life of the world, in order to live in solitude and quiet the last days of their lives. Please understand this, and do not follow me if you learn where I am. Your coming will not change my resolution. I thank you for your honorable life of forty-eight years with me, and I beg you to forgive me for all the wrong that I may have done you, just as I with my whole soul pardon you for whatever wrong you may have done me. I counsel you to be reconciled to the new position in which my departure places you, and not to have any unkind feelings for me.'

This letter confirmed the general view of Tolstoy's flight as being an act motivated by ethical principles, and not by any personal reasons. On the basis of precedents, it is not improbable that the Countess 'revised' her husband's note.

take a cap and a lantern, reach the stable, and give the order. Sasha, Dushan, Varya arrive. I tremble, expecting pursuit.

But lo, we depart. At Shchekino we wait one hour, and every minute I expect her appearance. But lo, we are in the railway car, have started.

The fear passes. And pity arises for her, but not doubt as to whether I have done the right thing. Perhaps I am mistaken in justifying myself, but it seems that I have been saving my *self*, not Lev Nikolayevich, but that which at times abides in me, in however small a measure. . . .

November 11.—Shamordino. . . . While traveling I have been thinking about some way out of my position and hers, and could not think of any, and yet, to be sure, there will be one, whether you want or not, and not the one which you foresee. Yes, the main thing I must think about, is how to avoid committing a sin. And let there be what will be. This is not my affair. I have obtained at Mashenka's the *Circle of Reading;* and, opening the reading for the 10th, was struck by the direct answer to my problem: I need the trial, it will be beneficial for me. . . .

It is worth while consulting the *Circle of Reading* — that remarkable collection of thoughts by various men, which Tolstoy arranged into special readings for every day of the year. The material set for the tenth of November is gathered from the works of Marcus Aurelius, Thomas à Kempis, Pascal, Kant, Schopenhauer, and others, including his own thoughts. The keynote is struck by his words: 'As the sensation of pain is a necessary condition for the preservation of our body, so is suffering a necessary condition of our life, from birth till death.' From Schopenhauer he quotes the famous passage about the need of adversity in men's life, lest they be 'swollen with arrogance' and go mad. The other passages also exalt suffering, and they conclude with Tolstoy's aphorism: 'As just as the legend of the Eternal Jew, condemned in punishment to everlasting life without death, would be the legend about a man who, in punishment, was condemned to a life without suffering.' It is a curious coincidence, that Tolstoy undertook his last trial on the very day for which he had arranged the reading advocating suffering. 'And let there be what will be. This is not my affair.' What profound resignation, combining the fatalism of the Slav with the firm conviction of the Believer, that the will of God must be done.

Thus we are brought a little closer to the personality of Leo Tolstoy. Interest in his life is remote from curiosity for scandalous gossip. One must take Tolstoy's life, art, and thought as one gigantic mosaic, no single particle of which is dispensable. His eighty-two years are revealed for humanity, entirely and instructively, through his largely autobiographical works of fiction, through his religious and ethical writings, through his letters and diaries. In all of these expressions Tolstoy sought the one 'hero,' who had attracted him since his *Childhood, Boyhood, and Youth* — Truth. Every detail in his life and work illuminates the difficult road which he followed in his quest of this 'hero.' His unreserved candor and profound introspection leave not one recess of his mind hidden or veiled. He fixes the powerful searchlight of Truth at his self, and we see revealed with even clearness his greatness and occasional smallness, his harmony and his discords, his achievements and failures, his happy moments of peace and mutual love, and his multiple tragedies of being, now the cause, now the victim, of misunderstanding, enmity, persecution. And amid these tragedies his family tragedy, his personal Golgotha, is not the least significant and instructive.

THE COMPENSATIONS OF POVERTY

BY VERA TOLSTOY

Who are the worse off — those who have been poor all their lives, or those who, having been rich, suddenly lose all their fortune?

I have often heard this discussed, and have taken part in these discussions, but have mostly remained alone in my opinion. The general voice says that, if you are bred in poverty, you do not feel its hardships and privations as much as when, habit having accustomed you to the good things of life, you have suddenly to do without them. With this reasoning the whole question is exhausted for the majority. I do not gainsay that the transition from riches to pauperism is a rough one, and that, of course, this phase is spared the born poor; but I assert that there are other experiences of poverty, where the former rich score over the poor of class.

Let us analyze the transition period. It is the case of Humpty Dumpty having a great fall, and must, of course, be recognized as a painful plunge; but, if 'all the king's horses and all the king's men' cannot put Humpty Dumpty on the wall again, why should Humpty Dumpty not do something for himself, and adapt himself to living happily at the foot of the wall? So many do. Having always had a bird's view from the top, an outlook from below is not without vivid interest.

In the beginning the fall stuns you, and there is this to say for it: you are so hard hit that you do not realize what has happened — there being a wide difference between knowing a fact and realizing it. You are dazed by a feeling of unreality, and the edge is taken off your suffering by the impossibility for you to grasp the exact meaning of the situation. How can you understand what it is to be a pauper — you, whom want never touched? How can you realize the consequences of a complete overturn of fortune — you, who never gambled, never risked, never knew material uncertainty or anxiety? This gives you a respite and slows down the suddenness of the mental shock — of the overwhelming consciousness of disastrous reality. Certainly you feel the material privations, the mean surroundings, the new squalor and discomfort, the nausea of your uncleanliness. You feel hunger and cold, the absence of privacy in the shared room, the hard, makeshift bedding. You feel it all, but as in a dream. You are not yourself, but a phantom dreamer passing through a dream. You will awake, and all will be well. When, at last, the awakening comes, fitfully, gradually, an inner process has been accomplished in us — we have gained our equipoise, we can stand erect.

The born poor are crushed by a lifetime of squalor and privation. They do not believe in the possibility of rising out of the grip of poverty that has held them down ever since they can remember. They may now and then revolt, but they do not hope — that blessing is mostly denied them. We, on the contrary, — the former rich, — have hope: the hope born of knowledge of better things; the hope belonging to experience, to retrospection; the hope that

lies in ourselves, not in mere indefinite surmises or expectations. We mean to thrive, to obtain; and that is our immense privilege, because, where there is conscious resolve and effort, a resolute fight with adverse circumstances, there we have also inner satisfaction, the content of self-respect, pride in the accepted challenge of fate. We learn a lesson in real values, and it is worth paying for. There are all the reserves of a lifetime of unhampered leisure, of unstinted energy, to fall back upon. Else of what use all our privileges, our spiritual and intellectual attainments, if they are not to serve us now at the supreme moment of our life? Surely, *noblesse oblige*, and if the *ci-devants*, the martyrs of the French Revolution, showed their butchers how nobles die, we, the victims of Bolshevist crime, who have yet escaped with our lives, shall show them how to live.

The poor as a class are hampered by ignorance, by false notions, by envy of the rich. We who have been rich know the exact value of riches. Much as we may appreciate their advantages, for us they offer no illusions. We know that what is most worth having in life cannot be bought or sold — it stands outside the material plane. Therefore, the venom of envy, the aches of covetousness, such as tantalize the poor, need never be ours; we need not carry this load and be handicapped by it — we can make the start in our new life unshackled. And our recollections of bygone prosperity, far from being a reason for present repinings, ought, in justice, to be the reason for present thankfulness. We have had, we have known, pleasures uncountable, which more than half of humanity goes without. Ought not that make us humble and grateful, and compel us to reflection? Why, having already enjoyed so much, should we consider it a reason for our continuing always in an abundance of which so many others are deprived? Why should we think ourselves ill-used by fate for having lost what we were allowed to enjoy for so long? What we have once made ours in spirit, by conscious appreciation, is ours for always: nothing can really take it from us but our own discontent and repinings, which mar our memories and blur our inner vision. The poor of class have never had, have never known. Theirs is the dull void, the aching pain for something longed for but never attained. We are richer than they, — and not poorer, — in that we have possessed and lost, if only we will understand the object lesson our present life can teach us.

Life is made up of fleeting moments — gone as soon as born; leaping into existence only to sink away directly into the depths of time. The present of to-day — to-morrow, already the past. We cannot hold back a single moment. We live in thought-pictures, which alone give connectedness and permanency to our unstable fleeting existence; mind-pictures, which gather up the transient moments into abiding memories. Alike the moment filled with the plentitude of joy, as of sorrow, disappears with the rapidity of the falling star — ephemeral, both of them. The supreme moment of love's first avowal, so vivid and real for us at the moment, fades with time, just as the indifferent greeting of mere acquaintance. If the one outlives the other, if the first stands forth in undying glamour through the long years while the other leaves no recollection, it is but the resurrecting power of memory that gives enduring life to the one supreme moment which, in reality, was as transient as the other.

The longevity of a moment depends on the degree to which it pierces to our inner consciousness, and is appropriated there. In fact, it is no paradox to say,

that *only that exists for us that finds a response in our inner consciousness.* No luxury, no beauty, no love, can properly be said to exist for us, if they do not awake in us a conscious appreciation. The beauty we do not understand, the love we do not requite, the luxury we have grown indifferent to, are no real possessions of ours because, though we have them, we know them not, and no quantity of red tape can ever make them ours. No act of possession can make us enter into our heritage, if the inner appropriation fails us. No law and no force can bind to us possessions alien to our spirit. Possessiveness is a spiritual process, the result of spiritual assimilation. We want the transubstantiation of spirit before the alchemist's stone can turn to gold. We must assimilate in spirit, be conscious in our mind and feelings, before we can claim whatsoever for our own. Therefore, *not every one who possesses riches is rich, but only he whose inner consciousness is awake to the gift and blends with it.*

Are there many of whom this is really true? If so, then why are there so many discontented among the rich, and why is it just among them that we find the blasé, the 'spleeny,' of all sorts, and that there *weltschmerz* and *toska* hold their sway — every country having its special appellation and type of the same degenerate species of the rich? What numbers of these envied wealthy ones are sick with satiety — bored by the sameness of gratified whim and desires! Nowhere so many hypochondriacs — misanthropes — as among those for whom their great wealth is an hereditary state, a privilege of centuries. It is as if Nature had set a limit to the hoarding of unbounded wealth in the same hands; as if it had put a price to be paid, which nullifies a too great advantage.

We see that families possessing unusual wealth are liable to die out sooner than others, and that, after a few generations, the members of such families degenerate bodily and mentally. It is different with big fortunes earned, not inherited. Here the possessor has every chance to get enjoyment out of his riches, because the moral conditions are here present that make for a conscient appreciation of the attained. There has been effort, struggle, strenuous exertion, a gradually developing understanding of the advantages gained. Here there can be no satiety, no boredom; here all is movement, progress.

In America, the land where perhaps the greatest fortunes in the world are made and lost, where money is in a rolling state, and not held, as with us, by possessors occupied mostly with their rent-rolls, afraid of any diminution or risk to their capital — in America, the millionaires who make their fortunes may well enjoy them; for have they not often risen from deepest poverty, passed through all the successive phases of penury, and competence, only finally to wrest crowning success from feeble fate? They can well appreciate the riches they have stamped with the value of their own personality.

Shall we Russian *ci-devant* rich not learn something from the American millionaire, who loses fortunes as superbly as he makes them, overhauling them, perhaps, not once but twice or thrice in a lifetime, while with us the enormous sums they represent would probably lie barren, in safe but unproductive seclusion? Shall we not emulate some of the American pluck in losing, of their energy in gaining, and refuse to accept our present destitution as irretrievable? Of course, we need not all of us expect to become millionaires; neither should I say is it necessary. I dare say we can manage very well with a little less. The thing is, to do the start in the right spirit, with the

right thoughts. It is that which chiefly matters and decides, whether our life is to be miserable or not. We can achieve nothing by vain regrets, and by allowing our energies to fritter away in sorrowing and lamenting. If we want to achieve, we must take our stand resolutely, and act.

We have a double work to do — one on the outward plane of life, the other in ourselves. We fail so often in our endeavors toward success and achievement because we concentrate only on the outward effort, and ignore the most important one of inner preparation and adaptation. There is a law that rules our mind and consciousness, as there is a law that rules acoustics, and electricity, and the like. It gives us the means to shut out from our consciousness the thoughts that sadden and weaken us, and to put in their place thoughts that give us strength, and that carry us forward by their impetus. Only we must have recourse to our spiritual faculties and power of will to utilize this law. We often do so intuitively, but we can learn to do so with understanding and system; and then, of course, our success will be all the greater.

When we are freed from the burden of vain repining, and have lightened our load of sorrow by throwing off dismal and disintegrating thoughts, we experience a great relief, a great recuperation of energy, and we make the new start, a liberated being. Buoyant in resolve; determined to win the race; heart and mind open to all the chances; grateful for every result — how much satisfaction, how much enjoyment, do we not glean on the way! Humble joys, perhaps, but how genuine. The satisfaction of a set purpose; the exultation over the first work found and of a task well done; the thrilling joy over an unexpected extra job that opens out the possibility for some long denied comfort. Pleasant anticipations, planning absorbing projects, hopes — does not all that tend to make our life intensely lived every minute, full of a vivid interest, which our former uniform existence, running in fixed grooves, never gave us? All is relative, nothing has fixed, unchanging, intrinsic value, but only that worth which circumstances stamp into it, and the individual is capable of deriving from it. No gift in the time of our riches gave us such pleasure as we now, in our destitution, derive from every small acquisition, from every small bargain successfully concluded.

Puerilities, you may think. No, nothing is puerile that helps us fight the good fight and claim the victory; makes us the masters of life, not its slaves. Not by despising the material, but by assigning to it its right place of subordination and correlation to the spiritual, can material values give us true satisfaction; and the material world once approached from this standpoint gives us wealth of enjoyment undreamed of by those who have only the materialist's perceptions.

If thus, in our poverty, we are buoyant and strong and hopeful, instead of chronically discontented and fretful; if our soul is singing, our pulses throbbing to the exigencies of a new life of work and exertion — then, surely, this is our privilege: the privilege of the former rich — not of the broken-hearted, long-suffering, exhausted poor, who have never known joy nor expected it, who have been crushed from their cradles, and are a terrible reproach to the social organization of humanity, a sad object lesson of the deficiency of that system of grasping covetousness, of egotistical self-love, of force and violence, which has led humanity into the bondage of materialism, of loveless competition and crime-stained possession.

THE MYSTERY OF STELLA

BY E. BARRINGTON

This paper have I wrote for certain grave considerations which make me suppose it well it were one day placed in the hands of the Dean. 'T is, however, possible I may destroy it, but this time shall determine ere my death. (Writ an: 1727 by me, Esther Johnson.)

I

When the Dean paid his last visit to London, an: 1726, he writ thus in a letter directed to Mrs. Dingley, but for her and me: —

'Farewell, my dearest lives and delights. I love you better than ever, as hope saved, and ever will. I can count on nothing but M. D.'s love and kindness, and so, farewell, dearest Md. Presto.'

So he signs himself, and so it seems the old screen will still be kept up and the letters to me wrote to her also, and in the child's talk that pleaseth him, lest any in the world suspect the famous divine hath a man's heart. But hath he? This I have not known, nor shall. Yet let me tell my own heart yet again how deep my debt to him, remembering the sickly child of Moor Park to whom he brought not alone learning but companionship, and all the joy known to her childhood. And Dr. Swift hath since been pleased to acknowledge that, having instilled in this poor child the principles of honour and virtue, she hath not swerved from them in any passage of her life.

Yet have I not? Again I question my heart. 'T is the most I can hope that the woman hath repaid the child's debt. On this I will be judged.

A keen remembrance begins not much before the age of eight, nor can I recall a time when I did not love him. My mother's time was took up in making her court to my Lady Giffard, sister to our benefactor, Sir William Temple; and Rebecca Dingley's (a kinswoman of the Temples) in making her court to all; and the child Esther might run as she pleased, chid only when she was remembered. And this young man took pity on her. I remember very well Dr. Swift's face in youth. 'T was extraordinary handsome and commanding, the eyes blue and piercing, the features strong, and a something that very early distinguisht him from others, so that great persons coming of errands to Sir William Temple were not seldom drawn into intercourse with his secretary.

Mr. Swift was not then so prudent as he became later. What need with a child? He permitted his fancy to range in all he said; and seated by the lake at Moor Park, with this child at his knee looking up into his face, he would discourse of things in heaven and earth, forgetting his hearer. For he who could charm all charmed himself no less, and often hath said to me laughing: —

[1] The letters in this story to or from Dean Swift are authentic. — The Author.

'There's no company so good as Jonathan Swift's — and he himself would choose it before all others!'

Of this I am not certain, for the Dean hath been and is very partial to the company of the great and famous of either sex.

'T was thus, sitting by the lake and gazing down the great perspective cut in the trees, he saw the peasants going homeward up the hill, no greater than ants, and looking into my eyes (from which and my name he called me Star, and later, Stella), he said: —

'What say you, Mrs. Star, if these folk were really no bigger than now they seem? What if this country were peopled by a race of little creeping Hop-o'-my-Thumbs?'

'O rare, rare!' I cried, and clapt my hands. 'Tell me the history of them, Mr. Swift, and their little homely ways and houses like bees' cells for size.'

And as I looked up and the words came from him, truly all was visible before me. 'T is a gift Mr. Swift hath had from the beginning, that men should see what he would. And women, — O Father Almighty, — women!

If I ask myself when this harmless love did change to a woman's, I cannot tell, because with my growth it grew. But the first pain it brought (and sure pain is love's shadow) was an: 1697, when I was sixteen years of age. For I sat by the housekeeper's window, and Sir William and Mr. Swift were pacing the path, their voices coming and going. Mr. Swift was now dressed as the young Levite he sometimes called himself since he returned from Ireland a clergyman; and he walked with his eyes fixed moodily on the ground, listening to Sir William.

'Why, as to that, Jonathan,' said he familiarly, 'I ever thought it behoves a parson to marry when he hath got preferment. There is room for Mrs. Parson's help with the women and children of the parish and 't is meet she should set an example with her neat parsonage, and be a notable woman with her possets and cordials for the sick. Now what like is this pretty Varina that Dr. Holmes hath brought news of from Belfast?'

'Miss Waring,' says Mr. Swift, very grave, 'is a commendable young lady, but I design not for marriage as yet, sir, nor for a long time to come.'

They past out of hearing and, returning, I heard but the last part of Sir William's words: —

''T is a cruel thing for a man to raise hopes he means not to be answerable for, and I am told the young lady grows very melancholy upon it. True it is, a man must sow his wild oats even though he honour his cloth; but 't is not well to sow them in a harmless girl's acre, Jonathan. Sow them by the wayside, and then they come not up to her confusion and your own.'

'A sound precept, sir; but better still to sow none. This shall be my care. As to the connection you speak of, 't is long broke off, and was at all times impossible, the lady having no portion, and myself — as you know!'

His brow was like a thunder-cloud ere it bursts; but, looking up, he catcht sight of me, and continued with no pause: —

'As for that matter of the publishers, sir — they have writ to say that they wait your commands anent the Letters of Phalaris. Asking your pardon, time goes, and we should be speaking of this and not of child's toys.'

I knew by the black blink of his eyes that I had heard what he would not; and as they turned, my heart beat so that I laid my hand on it, as if that poor fence might hide its throbbing. And for the first time in my life I knew I had in this world an enemy, and that was this Varina; and from that hour mine eyes waited on him.

Mr. Swift was now grown very cautious. In public he addressed me as 'Mrs. Johnson,' or, when Sir William rallied him, as 'Mrs. Esther,' affecting an awful distance, which was not in his heart, for therein was still the tenderness for his child and pupil, as he had used to call me. And he was good enough to signify to Mrs. Dingley, who carried it to me, that he found me grown to his liking; 'beautiful, graceful and agreeable,' says he, and condescended to praise even my black hair and pale face, after which I would not have exchanged it against the golden hair of Helen. But still held aloof except when I was in company with others. And I took note that, of all the ladies that came and went at Moor Park, there was not one but hung upon his talk, and held up her head when he came near, spreading out all her graces. Mr. Swift had always that power with our sex and, if he used it, 't is but what all men do. Providence made us fair game, to our undoing and theirs. 'T is not all men who have this gift, and never have I seen one who, having it, spared to use it, whether from liking or policy.

Yet he used it strangely. I remember, when the fair lady Mary Fane came to Moor Park, — a widowed beauty and toast, — the look of scorn she cast from her fine eyes on the young secretary.

'I marvel, Sir William,' says she, 'that you will have your servant ever at your elbow, so that a body hath never a word with you alone. I would not presume to censure, but certainly my father's chaplain does not so intrude himself into company; and 't is difficult for persons of quality to speak their mind in such underbred society.'

'Why, your ladyship!' says he laughing, 'be gracious to my young Levite. He is not of the common sort of creeping parson, but I dare venture will yet be heard of. Simple as your ladyship thinks him, he is at home in all company, be it great or little; and I had not known him three year when I sent him to London on a secret errand — and I was not mistook.'

'Such persons,' says the lady, very haughty, 'are paid to exert themselves in our service. We may expect no less.'

So it passed; but a busybody carried this, with other tattle, to Mr. Swift, who questioned me also. I looked to see him mighty angry, and first his brows frowned, and then he laughed, as if a thought pleased him.

'Said she so, the painted jade! What, Madam Stella, shall not a stinking pride be taught its place by the Church? I'll give the hussy her lesson.'

That very day my Lady Mary sitting to embroidery on the great terrace in the shade, and I holding her threads, she threw Mr. Swift a word as he past, to ask the name of the nymph that was turned to a bush to escape the pursuit of Apollo; for that was the subject of her needle.

'Daphne, madam,' says he. 'Have I your permission to look upon your work? Oh, fie! — this bush — 't is a rose-bush, and Daphne became a laurel. Sure, a lady with your ladyship's reputation for wit will not be in error.'

She stopped with the needle in her hand and lookt at him angrily.

'Sir, if you know better than Mrs. Weyland who drew my pattern, instruct me. I am not too proud to learn from my — betters.'

She made the word an insult, and went on: —

'Have I done amiss to give Apollo wings to his feet?'

'Why, indeed, madam, 't is Mercury carries the wings. In another lady's I had said 't is Cupid, but from some ladies love cannot fly.'

So it began. In a moment more she had bid him be seated, and tell her stories that a lady might paint with

her needle. And presently her hands dropt in her lap, and her eyes fixed on his face, and presently also I was dismist.

That evening he came into Dingley's room, where I sat with her to repair the household linen, and rattled on, full of wit and good humour; and when Dingley went out to fetch a cordial for him, he says: —

'Well, Mistress Stella, did we give the lying slut her lesson to-day — did we? Sure, 't was a pure bite!'

And says I: —

'I have seldom heard your Reverence more entertaining.'

And he, laughing hugely: —

'A cat may be choked with cream as well as fishbones, Mrs. Stella. Keep your pretty little eyes open, child, and thou shalt see.'

In a week she was his humble servant. 'T is scarce credible, but I saw her once lay her hand, sparkling with jewels, upon his, and he shake it off as if 't were dirt. Pity — 't is a flower that grows in the furrows of a heart ploughed up by sorrow, and my day was not come.

Yet for all his caution we met sometimes, when I would be gathering flowers and lavender, or fruit for Mrs. Groson the cook. And I knew he loved to talk with me. He loves it still. Many was the jest we had — jests with their root in childhood and folly to all but him and me.

So came the day that changed all.

II

'T was a fair sunset, with one star shining, and I stood in the copse far from the house, to hear the nightingale; and, though I thought of him, did not see that he leaned against the King's Beech, until he stirred and made my heart to flutter.

'I watch your namesake, Stella,' says he, 'and wonder if in that sweet star are plots and envyings — a Marlborough intriguing against his King, a Burnet plotting for an archbishopric, an ugly Dutch monsterkin on the throne — and a naughty rogue called Stella, that hath forgot her old tutor and loves him no more. Yet if that love should miscarry, I know not —'

'If it miscarry,' says I, trembling, 'there will be many to succeed it. But I think, Mr. Swift, it cannot.'

'Many?' he answered, and up went his brows. 'Such as my Lady Mary and such-like? But that is no love, Stella-kin. 'T is only thy innocence could mistake it. The true name is none so pretty, and not for thy lips. Get thee to a nunnery, child — the world is not for such as thee.'

So I faltered out: 'What is love?'

'A thing that hath no existence between man and woman in this world, so mixed is it with lust and hatred and jealousy. True, there is love, but it is not that one. 'T is the loves filial and paternal, and friendship, better than all the loves the rhymesters hang with their namby-pamby. The love between the sexes — 't is a game wherein the weaker loses, and then — *væ victis!* Hast forgot thy Latin, child?'

And then I broke out into a great sobbing, as if my bursting heart would break; for, I know not why, but this cut me like a knife. And he took my hand with anxious kindness to soothe me; and at the bird's rustle in the tree, dropt it and stood apart. He lived in the eye of the world even in such affections as he owned. But I sobbed on.

'Pray, pray, don't sob, Stella,' he says. 'This is mighty, mighty ill and like a child. Dry those pretty eyes, — prettier, gadso! than any Lady Mary's of them all! — and tell me wherein I have offended. 'T was not willingly.'

So, drowned in tears, I lookt up, and

having lookt, turned away weeping, and could say no more. For what skill had I to argufy with a man of such infinite parts? And yet well I knew that in this matter of love, I was the wiser, though but a simpleton. But he caught my hands.

'Have I hurt thee, Stella? I were a devil if I did. What ails my girl at love? What is it to thee? Keep away from that raging fire. Souse it with every stream of reason and honour. Heap the ice of the Pole on it, for it is not only hell itself but feeds the flame of hell eternal.'

He so wrung my hand that it pained; and I saw his face work like a man most desperately sick and ill. It dried the tears in my eyes, and I stood trembling and staring upon him, and the twilight was sweet about us with a smell of grass and growing things and flowers; a night for lovers — and I most miserable.

'I doubt,' — he began and stopt; and then, with a cry that choked in his throat, he put his arms about me and I laid my head on his breast.

Should I blame myself for that half-hour? Should I blame my Dear, the Desire of mine eyes? 'T was but a step to take across the line that parts innocence from — No, no, never will I say guilt! 'T was not guilt, if all the tongues of men and angels should so preach. 'T is in the later denial of love that guilt lay hid. But these things I did not then know, and I thought in my simplicity the world changed and the foolish girl become a woman and beloved, and our lives together in a fair prospect before us.

And suddenly — 'Go — go!' he cried, rejecting me and thrusting me from him. 'Go, and never again let me see your face. I sicken — I sicken at what is done. No — no! Speak not, utter not, lest I strike you and myself dead. Leave me, for God's pity's sake. Go!'

So did the Angel with the flaming sword drive our first parents out of Paradise. I drew apart shuddering, and he cried after me in a loud whisper: —

'Let none see your face. Go in by the covered door, and so to your room, and plead headache if Dingley see you. Go.'

What woman in giving all met ever so sorry a return — and why? I broke my brain with thinking, and at that time found no answer. Later, I knew.

I washed the tears from my eyes in the morning, and so to the housekeeper's room. And he was there, reading in a great book, and my heart leapt like the last leap of a hare with the dogs on it.

'Why, Stellakin — saucy-nose!' says he, laughing, but his face was pale. He could cheat with his words, but I saw his face bleacht like a linen clout behind his laugh, and I swear at that time he loved me, though he loved advancement better. 'You are bright and early, young woman! Are you for the garden, to get you a stomach for breakfast? Well, so-so! and pray for poor Presto as you go; for in honour and conscience, his Ppt is the child of his heart.'

How could I endure this? I closed the door, and left him laughing with white lips.

So went the day, and now I saw his drift. He would hold the little language of childhood for a shield betwixt us. I should be nothing more for ever than Ppt — poor pretty thing, Stellakin, the pretty rogue. He would not fail in this, but only in all my hopes. He would give me all but that I longed for.

And next day a new thing. Dingley and I sitting together, he came upon us, and in all he said included her. She was his second Md. He was her poor Presto, also. I saw his will and knew he built a fence about himself.

So gradually the days covered that sunset, and 't was impossible that I

should speak, and life went by, and still I studied with him, but Dingley always present.

III

Hath he a heart? I know not. That sunset was a grave between us; and had the corpse risen and stared him in the face, I think he had run mad. In my solitary hours, I would imagine I spoke. Sometimes I would kneel before him entreating, and he would raise me up, as a certain king did another Esther. Sometimes he would fall at my knees, and I would bow my head upon him, weeping for joy. But yet always I knew that, if we glanced near that secret, he would rise and stare upon me with a ghastly face, and I would see him no more. Yet at that time he loved me. To himself he will not lie in reading this.

'T was in 1699 Sir William Temple died, and the household at Moor Park was broke up. Mr. Swift took the kindest part in my settlement and the laying out of my little fortune. 'And be easy about money, you nauti-nauti, dear girls,' says he to old Dingley and me; 'for what is mine is yours, and were it my blood, 't is all one.'

And so laid his plans that we should come to Ireland, where he had preferment at Laracor near Dublin, and the prebend of Dunlavin in St. Patrick's Cathedral. And, God forgive me, I asked myself if the thought to keep me under his guidance mingled not itself with all his kindness.

So I, being twenty years old, and Dingley a kind bustling woman, we went, and Ireland was a kindly home, for 't was near him, and I might see him. Not as I would — oh, never that! but as a friend, provided 't was with caution. For as he now mounted in the Church and his ambition strengthened on him (and sure Cromwell himself did not more suffer from that failing of noble minds), caution grew to be his main thought; for he said the adventure of our coming looked so like a frolic that censure might hold as if there were a secret history in such a removal; but this would soon blow over by circumspect conduct, and this too was used to put a distance between us.

We lodged near him and met as friends. And this I thought the more, when Mr. Tisdall, his friend, made suit to me. I was cold, — what else, — for I thought myself a wife, if a forsaken one, and Mr. Tisdall imagined that Dr. Swift opposed his suit, objecting that his means did not come up to the expectation he formed for me, who was, he said, in a manner, his ward.

Poor Mr. Tisdall writ in haste on this, and brought me Dr. Swift's reply (who had not broke the matter to me) and thus it ran: —

> My conjecture is that you think I obstruct your inclinations to please my own. In answer to all which I will, upon my conscience and honour, tell you the naked truth. [The naked truth! O God, if it were told!] If my fortunes and humour served me to think of that state, I should certainly make your choice, because I never saw that person whose conversation I entirely valued but hers. This was the utmost I ever gave way to. [But once — but once!] And this regard of mine never once entered my head as an impediment to you, since it is held so necessary and convenient a thing for ladies to marry, and that time takes off the lustre of virgins in all other eyes but mine.

This Mr. Tisdall offered on his knees, declaring it must remove my last objections, since the worthy friend of my childhood supported his suit. I received it sedately, and dismist him with the compunction so worthy a gentleman merited. Was this letter honest to his friend? I say not.

Henceforth he disliked Mr. Tisdall. Could I impute this to jealousy? Why not? Truly, there is a something Oriental in the passions of men; and if a

woman break through this, 't is at her peril.

So stood matters when the Doctor went to London, an: 1710, on his errand of obtaining the First Fruits for the Irish Church from the Crown — and he chosen from all others to this, for his commanding talent and presence, though then but forty-two years of age, and many dignitaries older yet not wiser. It created much envy.

I missed him, and yet took a sad ease in his going. 'T was the easier to talk with Dingley, to play at ombre with the Dean and Mrs. Walls; for when he was in presence, my heart waited upon his speech, and he wounded with many a word and look he thought not on. And he writ often in the form of a Journal to Dingley and me, saying: —

'I will write something every day to MD., and when it is full, will send it; and that will be pretty, and I will always be in conversation with MD, and MD with Presto.'

IV

'T was near a year since his going when Mrs. Coleburn came to Dublin, full of London talk, and her friendship with the great Dr. Swift, the hope of the Tories. Indeed, it made her a great woman with the clergy in Dublin, that she knew so much of his sayings and doings and in what great company he was got and the clutter he made in London. Much was true, as I knew under his own hand. Much was idle twattle and the giddiness of a woman that will be talking. Now, one day, she visited me, dressed out in the last London mode, and talked as I knotted, and presently says she: —

'And, Mrs. Johnson, what will be said, the Doctor being made a Bishop as he now looks for, if he bring home a fine young bride from London. Sure he lives at Mrs. Vanhomrigh's, so often is he there, and Miss Hessy is as pretty a girl as eye can see, in her young twenties and a bit of a fortune to boot. I have ever said the Doctor was not on the market for nothing. He is not the man for a portionless beauty. Hath he wrote of this? for all the tongues are wagging, and the lady in such a blaze with the tender passion that she can't by any means smother it.'

'Doctor Swift hath often writ of Mrs. Vanhomrigh and her hospitalities,' says I, smiling. 'Also of the charming Miss V. Her name is no stranger here.'

So I baffled the woman, and could see her petty malice dumbed. I held the smile on my face like a mask.

'Well, 't is a charming creature, and the Doctor commends her wit in all quarters; and 't is certain he should be a judge, for he tutors her in Latin. There's many a man would gladly tutor the seductive Miss Hessy.'

When she took leave, I writ to the kind Patty Rolt in London. When her reply returned, 't was but to confirm Mrs. Coleburn. Then I turned over all his letters — yet did not need — for mention of this woman, and found but three, though of the mother and her house he writ in almost every letter, but making somewhat too light of it. 'T was a raging pain that he should be her tutor — I had thought that was mine only and not to recur — a memory stored where neither rust nor moth might touch it. Well — what could I but hate the girl? And to hate is a bitter thing: it saps the life and breaks the strength, and so no escape night or day. I must then fancy his letters cooling, and later says Dingley unprompted: —

'The Doctor is took up with his fine friends and his business. La! — for sure he writes not as he did, but is plaguey busy. Two simple women can't expect so much of his time that duchesses go begging for.'

He stayed long away, and Patty Rolt

writ often, discreet and willing to serve me; and one day comes a packet from her, and when I cut the seals, out falls a letter — his. I read it first.

Miss Hessy, I am so weary of this place ['t was Windsor] that I am resolved to leave it in two days. I will come as early on Monday as I can find opportunity, and will take a little Grub Street lodgings pretty near where I did before, and will dine with you three times a week and tell you a thousand secrets, provided you will have no quarrels with me. I long to drink a dish of coffee in the sluttery, and hear you dun me for secrets, and 'Drink your coffee — why don't you drink your coffee?'

So he writ, and more — much more could I read unsaid. For him, this was much — I knew it. Then, another letter — a woman's hand.

It is inexpressible the concern I am in ever since I heard from Mrs. Lewis that your head is so much out of order. Who is your physician? Satisfy me so much as to tell me what medicines you have took and do take. O what would I give to know how you do this instant. My fortune is too hard. Your absence was enough without this cruel addition. I have done all that was possible to hinder myself from writing for fear of breaking my promise; but it is all in vain; for had I vowed neither to touch pen, ink, or paper, I certainly should have had some other invention, and I am impatient to the last degree to hear how you are. I hope I shall soon have you here.

The two were wrapt in a sheet from Patty who had writ thereon: — 'Dropt by the Doctor when in a giddy attack, visiting me.'

I think she was shamed. So was not I. As well ask the hound if he is shamed when tracking the deer. Had it been to save my life, instead of lose it, I had less eagerly read. 'T was clear they understood one another. With me, in his caution, Dingley must be joined when he writ. With her, not so. Her happiness was a knife turned in a bleeding wound.

So I writ him, in a letter of many matters, somewhat scornfully of the family as marveling a little that he whom all solicited could be satisfied with such inconsiderable people. In time he replied thus: —

Sir A. Fountaine and I dined by invitation with Mrs. V. You say they are of no consequence — why, they keep as good female company as I do male. I see all the drabs of quality at this end of the town with them. I saw two Lady Bettys there this afternoon. Rare walking in the Park now. Why don't you walk in the Green of St. Stephen's? What beasts the Irish women are never to walk.

Men hide not matters so well as women. They say too much or not enough.

Much later he writ: 'I found Mrs. V. all in combustion with her landlord. Her eldest daughter is of age, and going to Ireland to look after her fortune and get it in her own hands.'

So I was to think it concerned them not to be apart. Immediately I set my wits to discover where was her estate, and 't was not long ere I knew 't was Marlay Abbey, near Celbridge; but the lady would reside in Dublin while making her dispositions, being Mrs. Emerson's guest, and was like to be at a rout at her house. 'T was long since I attended a rout, but I intrigued to be bidden as courtiers intrigue for an inch of blue ribbon; and in such a fever and anguish as I think I had died of it if not successful.

So, when the day was come, I went with Mrs. Stoyte; and the first person I saw was a young lady on the stair-head as we went up, and Mrs. Emerson presenting her to many. A fine young London madam, who curtseyed to me, taking no more heed than of any other.

Shall I admit her beauty? I did not think her charming, despite fine sparkling eyes and a luxuriance of brown hair. Her lips were full and her chin

round, but she looked full her age, and between the brows was a line that I would call the Doctor's sign-manual. I have it myself — I have seen it in others — 't is the claw-foot of care, care never-ending and cruel unrest, and hope that sickens the spirit and fades the bloom; and in her, though but just of age, the first bloom was gone that is like morning dew in a young girl's eyes. He loves to tyrannise over women and show his familiarity by a certain brutality of address, and the line comes not slowly.

I caught sight of her person with mine in a long glass — she in her sea-green sacque flowered with pink, and myself in gray, — 'an angel's face a little cracked,' — that was the best he could say for Stella! She gave not a thought to the faded Dublin lady that would have given all but her eternal hope to read in that girl's soul. Oh, the mask of the human face behind which none may look!

V

So she went, and after a year he returned, now Dean of St. Patrick. He was kind, but 't was a kindness that stood apart and viewed itself carefully lest it diminish my due. 'T was easy seen he was engaged in thought. Well — shall a woman expect more from a man in the world's eye? Let her be humbly grateful for the crumbs he lets fall.

Also for the crumbs from her rival's table; for Miss Hessy following, and now an orphan, was established soon after at Marlay; and whether I would or not, I knew when the Dean's rides took him that way, my Mrs. Prue being courted by his man Samuel, and all he did trickling through that channel. 'T was at this time also that copies were handed about of his poem 'Cadenus and Vanessa,' and 't was the very top of talk and admiration. Many might guess who was the lady, and the Dean was mighty angry, and said 't was but a jest, and no friend to him who took it otherwise. He asked me with a feigned carelessness if I had read it, and I, replying carelessly that I thought it extreme fine and could wish he would write oftener in that vein, he smiled and looked pleased and so it passed. But again and yet again I conned the lines: —

'T is to the world a secret yet
  Whether the nymph to please her swain
  Talks in a high romantic strain,
Or whether he at last descends
To act with less seraphic ends.
  Or, to compound the business, whether
  They temper love and books together,
Must never to mankind be told,
Nor shall the conscious Muse unfold.

I knew the meaning of that passage where others guesst. I read it by the light of a sunset many years gone, and lived in hell.

'T was when Mr. Dean was next in London, came a letter to me.

Madam, I have great and urgent reason to wish the honour of meeting you and a half hour's conversation. Any place you may condescend to appoint will be perfectly agreeable and the favour prized by

Your obedient humble servant,
ESTHER VANHOMRIGH

(who would not ask it unless it concerned Mrs. Johnson as nearly as herself).

I broke my brains thinking, should I or should I not? Nor can I now unravel all the motives at work. But in two days' time I writ: —

Madam, I have a difficulty to come at the reason for your request, but am compelled by courtesy to appoint three o' the clock at the rooms of Mrs. Dew, my old servant, at Kidder Street, No. 12. Your obt humble servant,

ESTHER JOHNSON.

Strange our names should be alike!

She was the first at the meeting. I ensured this, delaying my chair at the corner of Kidder street till I saw her enter.

The room was small and poorly decent, and her hoop and mine filled it. She curtseyed low, as did I, and though she aimed at composure I could see her lips work. The line between her brows was eight years deeper, her face pale, the bloom faded, and her mouth droopt. Had she been any other, I had pitied her. His friendship is fatal to my sex, though I have wore it like an honour. For me, I was composed. It's not for nothing I have spent my life in that school — she was a newer pupil.

Being seated, I asked her to favour me with her commands, and she came straight at the business with a kind of directness pitiable enough.

'Madam, all the world talks of the goodness of Mrs. Johnson. I am not long a resident of these parts, but am no stranger to your merits. 'T is my confidence in them causes this explanation. May I ask pardon for plain speaking?'

'Madam, if the subject is one I can admit of, speech cannot be too plain.'

'So I have been told. Accept me therefore as a plain-dealer, madam, and have the goodness to read what I cannot speak. But first,' — she put her hand to her throat as if she might swoon, and so closing her eyes for a moment, opened them clearly on me, — 'Madam, between a certain gentleman and myself have been love-passages tending, as I believed — hoped — to marriage. A passion that, with due regard to honour, hath been the ruler of my life hath brought me to Celbridge as I did think for the happiness of both. Being arrived, I have the happiness to see this gentleman often, and he hath had the goodness to say that no person hath ever been so loved, honoured, esteemed, ADORED by him as your humble servant. Yet I am told that a former attachment doth so constrain his honour that little can be hoped.' — (Her voice broke.) 'Madam, will you read this paper, and say Yes or No?'

I opened it, and thus read: —

Madam, of your angelic goodness be pleased to answer, are you indeed the wife of one I name not? If it be true, I will utterly withdraw my intrusive presence. In pity, answer me.

It seemed many minutes I sat with this in my hand, and she dropt on her knee at my feet, looking up in agony. Time passed and I heard my voice as if it were another's, and strange to me.

'Madam, am I expected to disclose my secrets to one of whom I know not if she tells truth? What are you to the Dean, and what proof do you give of what you are, that I should answer?'

She said very low: —

'I had not thought of that. But 't is very true.' And, trembling and looking fearfully about her, she put her hand inside the whalebone of her bodice and drew out letters. 'I thought not these would be seen by any, but buried with me when I die; but 't is impossible you should know me for honest, and because honour speaks in your face — read these.'

I took them, trembling inwardly. She, poor wretch, was newer to her trade, and was like to faint. I knew the writing.

I will see you tomorrow, if possible. You know it is not above five days since I saw you, and that I would ten times more, if it were at all convenient. — Cad bids me tell you that, if you complain of difficult writing, he will give you enough to complain of.

'Cad'? Then I remembered — 'Cadenus and Vanessa.' So — *she* might call him by a little familiar name, but I, never. I stopt there.

'Madam, have you thus writ to him?'

'Always of late, madam. With a dash before it, as here you will see the cause.'

She pushed a letter into my hand, eager, as I thought, to convince not

only me but herself of his regard. And thus it read: —

I wish your letters were as difficult (cautious) as mine, for then they would be of no consequence if dropped by careless messengers. A stroke thus — signifies all that may be said to Cad at beginning or conclusion.

'So,' says I, 'a stroke means endearments. Otherwise 't is difficult to conclude these sentimental letters.'

'Madam,' she broke out, 'it means more than tongue can tell. And since you still doubt, have the condescension to read this letter of my own which he returned to me in rebuke. 'T will show you our terms.'

— Cad, you are good beyond expression. I thought that last letter I writ was obscure and restrained enough. I took pains to write it after your manner. I am sorry my jealousy should hinder you from writing more love letters. Pray tell me, did you not wish to come where that road to the left would have led you? I am now as happy as I can be without seeing — Cad. I beg you will continue happiness to your own Heskinage.

I read, and was silent — reading this letter by the light of a dead sunset. I never dared so write. There was that between them that he had never shared with me, and yet all his old caution, as with me. I thought not, however, so much of his feelings as of hers, for I think his care for women is but skin-deep at best. He was ever willing to take the tribute of their hearts — nay, of their lives; but should they incommode him, or trespass across the line he hath marked — this careless liking is changed to hatred, and he will avenge himself brutally on the weak creatures that love him.

Who should know this but I — I who have lived beside him and retained his friendship only because I have in all things submitted to his will — silent to death? Had I anything to lose to this unfortunate woman? No, I had lost all many a long year ago. She still had hopes; I, none. Why torture a wretch so miserable?

She kneeled before me, pale as a corpse. 'T was, sure, the strangest meeting. I could scarce hear her voice.

'Madam,' says she, 'I have put my life in your hand; for if Mr. Dean knew that I had come here — that I had dared — O madam, he can be cruel to women!'

I strove to collect my thoughts; then heard my own voice as a stranger's: —

'Madam, to your question, the answer is No. There is no marriage between Mr. Dean and me. I have no claim on him that obstructs your own.'

She looked up like one in a stupor of amazement — so dazed and white that I repeated my words. Then, suddenly, she gathered herself into composure like my own, but her poor lips trembled. I saw in her my girlhood long dead.

'If I say I thank you, madam, with all my heart and soul for thus opening your mind to a most miserable woman, I say little. What is left of my life shall be a study to deserve your compassion. What would you have me do?'

I replied: 'I think you will not fail in what honour and conscience dictate. 'T is not for me to say. 'T is between you and Mr. Dean. And now, madam, will you give me leave to withdraw, for this hath been a painful meeting for us both.'

'Not before I bless you with all my broken heart,' she cried, and took my hand. 'For I will now tell you that, for all these letters, I know he loves not me nor any. I may please him better than another in moments, but there's no security. He hath a contempt for women that scorches, and to hurt them — but 't is not this I would say. I feared to find an exulting rival when I came to you, madam, and instead I find an angel of compassion. Sure I

read it in your eyes. In this life we shall meet no more; but in my prayers you will be present, and I beseech you, as the last favour, to give me an interest in yours, that I may know myself not utterly forsook. My one sister is not long dead — I am utterly alone in the world.'

She could not continue, but kissed my hand, and her tears fell on it. I told her that this meeting should remain secret, but she needed not assurance. We embraced, and so, curtseying, separated, she departing first. A good woman, if I have known one. 'T is of good women men make their victims. When I reached home, I found her paper still in my hand.

I must now be brief. Mr. Dean returned, and all was as before; but I wearied yet more of the child's play and prattle he still continued for my amusement. He was much engaged with writing. I thought him ill at ease.

I was seated by the window on a day he will recall, when he entered pale and furious.

'What hath gone amiss?' I cried, starting up.

'This,' says he, in a voice I scarce knew, so awful was it; and laid before me the poor Vanessa's paper that I believed I had destroyed weeks agone. O, what had I done? 'T was another paper I had burned, and this had lain in my pocket. 'T was most certainly Mrs. Prue — But what matter? He had what for her sake and mine I had died to hide.

'Hath that vixen dared to come anigh you?' he cried. 'Hath she ventured to disquiet my friends, the wanton jade, the scheming —' and so on, pouring horrid words upon her that chilled my blood. 'T was terrible in him, that he could so swiftly change to these furies with one he had favoured and to a rage frightful to see. I tried to moderate him, to speak for her; but nothing availed. Finally I rose to withdraw, for he would hear nothing.

'But I'll break her spirit,' he said with clenched hands. 'I'll ride to Celbridge and face her with her crime —'

I held him back. 'For God's sake, no. Have patience. She hath done no harm, and no eye but mine saw the paper. I pitied her — we parted friends.'

'Then you saw her? She came?'

But I can write no more. He tore his coat from me, and so down the stair like a madman; and I heard his horse clatter down the street while I prayed for a soul in agony, and that she might not think I betrayed her.

Hours went by. He returned, still riding furiously, and told me how he had dashed the paper on the table before her, and how she had sunk down speechless when he so spoke as satisfied even his vengeance. And so continued: —

'But I am resolved. Such sluts, such tongue-snakes shall not cross my path. You have been obedient, Stella, through good and ill report, and merit reward. I will speak with the Bishop of Clogher and he shall marry us forthwith, though privately. And we will live apart, for I cannot bend my will to live with any woman; but Stella shall know she is my wife, and the knowledge pierce that ——'s heart.'

So, at last, the words I had once died to hear came and found me cold. Indeed, I despised them, though still I honour my friend. I mused, while he leaned against the window, breathing heavily and waiting my reply.

'It comes too late,' I said. 'There was a time when it had been welcome, but not now. Also, my sympathies are engaged in a quarter where I think a little mercy had become you. With your permission, Mr. Dean, this is a subject that shall detain us no more.'

I pickt up my knotting as Dingley

entered. He stared upon me and went out, nor was it ever again mentioned.

After, she writ me a word: 'Madam and my friend, I know 't was not your doing. That needs no words. I am very ill, and were it possible we should meet, 't would be my solace, but 't is impossible. May the happiness the good should enjoy attend you, as do my prayers. Your grateful humble servant, E. V.'

I answered thus: 'Madam and my friend, God be with you in life and death. The question you put to me I shall for ever answer as then. Comfort yourself, for sure there is a world that sets this right, else were we of all men most miserable.'

She was dead in three weeks, of a broken heart. For me, my own hour draws on. I have writ this paper, yet think to destroy it, and know not what is best. No happiness lies before him in old age, for 't is a plant he pulled up by the roots for himself and others — alas! how many. Should I then cause him to suffer more? He hath had the mercy of my silence for a lifetime. 'T is not so hard to be silent in the grave.

(*Stella died in the year 1727.*)

CLEARNESS

BY FANNIE STEARNS GIFFORD

I HAVE loved clearness. Sea-tide over shoal —
Sky before sunrise, purer than its star —
Green light of ferns — a spring's steep silvery bowl —
Blue halo of a candle-flame — the far
White emptiness round midnight moons.

All these
I have loved, hoarding. And clear simple minds —
Children with thoughts they do not know are dreams —
Men with straight eyes that no bad shadow blinds —
Women whose laughter has no barb. It seems
Such are most precious of Life's largesses.

Only the blurred and tangled things I fear.
O Death, I shall not care how strange you seem —
How far from Life — if you are only clear:
Not the sick crowded darkness of a dream,
But clear — clear — clear — like dawn's cold verities!

WARRIOR ANTS AND WHITE ANTS

BY HANS COUDENHOVE

I

It occasionally happens, in the hot parts of Africa, that one's attention is attracted by the following occurrence. One may be sitting, say, in front of one's tent, or on the verandah of one's house, when one suddenly notices a quantity of the ordinary, harmless brown ants, which are to be met with everywhere, approaching in disorderly, headlong flight, many of them clutching their pupæ to their thoraces, like babies, just as the women of German villages, in the Thirty Years' War, might have clutched their babies to their breasts when they fled from their homes at the sounding of the dreaded cry of alarm: The Swedes are coming!

One would imagine that a superior human being, unless he happened to be an entomologist, would bestow but momentary attention on the distressed insects, and, after a passing glance, return to his occupation. Not so, however, the experienced old African. He will rise, in greater or lesser haste, according to his temperament, call his servants, and say to them: 'Siafu are approaching; look about everywhere, and stop them if you can.'

The servants need not be told twice, however easy they may take life as a rule: they will start running, and search the surroundings of the tent or house in extending circles, until one of them will sing out: 'There they are!' and as likely as not these words will be accompanied on the spot by jumps into the air, kicks, and clappings of the palm of the hands on the naked feet and calves — a behavior which, to the uninitiated, would appear unaccountable as well as ridiculous. He has met the *avant-garde* of the enemy's column!

Siafu is the Swahili name for the smaller of the two common kinds of warrior ants. The larger of the two, conspicuous by its odious smell during the rainy season, although a sharp biter, is a *quantité négligeable* compared with its smaller cousin, whose ferocity, determination, and pluck are unimaginable. Their bite is very painful — that of the soldiers, with their disproportionately large heads and mandibles, particularly so; and so bloodthirsty are they, that, rather than let go, they will suffer their bodies to be severed from their heads. The bite, however, is fortunately non-poisonous, and leaves no ill after-effects when the assailant has been torn off; but this does not prevent the Siafu from being a very real danger to living beings. Caged birds and mammals are killed, if not rescued in time. I remember a case in which they killed, during the night, a caged wildcat! I have known them to kill pigs in their sties, by crawling into their brains through the snout. It has happened that babies, who had been temporarily deposited on the ground by their mothers and left alone, have become their victims. The little brother of a servant of mine, in the Tahita mountains of British East Africa, was killed in this way.

This sort of death, as is generally known, was a capital punishment for certain crimes, in use with many native races.

Although the European ant, as regards ferocity, cannot be compared with the African warrior ant, it, too, was used occasionally, and not so long ago either, as an instrument of torture. During the Polish insurrection in 1863–64, the insurgents killed prisoners by hanging them from trees, head downward, into ant heaps; and the same horrible torture was, until not many years ago, a favorite way of retaliation used in Slavonic countries by poachers against obnoxious gamekeepers.

The rapidity with which Siafu spread over the body of animate beings, whether man or beast, is amazing. Old residents in Zanzibar will remember the sensation that was created when the wife of a foreign consul, walking with her husband on the *Muari minoja*, — the 'Rotten Row' of the African Ceylon, — having inadvertently stepped into a procession of warrior ants, was so rapidly infested by the enemy that, wild with pain and disgust, she tore off her outer dressing until she stood there, *coram publico*, in night attire. It was, fortunately for the poor lady, not the fashionable walking hour.

People are apt to lose their heads completely under these circumstances, the moral effect being at least as strong as the physical one. A friend of mine, who lived near Lake Victoria, once told me how a guest of his, who was sleeping in the same room, near the window, was attacked by Siafu in the middle of the night, and already covered with them when he awoke. He jumped out of bed, tore off his pyjamas, and started dancing about, yelling for his boys to come and pick off the insects. But when they arrived running, he, instead of standing still, began boxing their ears, whereupon they, believing that their master had gone mad, ran out of the house again, terrorized, leaving him to shift for himself. My friend, heartless fellow, told me that he nearly died with laughter, as everybody else would have done in his place, I suppose.

It was in Zanzibar that the writer's own first acquaintance with Siafu was made. He was walking in the country with a friend, an old resident, when the latter suddenly called out: 'Ants! Ants!'

'Do they bite?' the writer naïvely asked.

'You will soon know!' was the reply. And, indeed, a few minutes later, he had gained experience for a lifetime.

H. G. Wells has foreshadowed a sinister possibility — the evolution of the African ant to tiger-size! One imagines the path across the continent of an army of a million tigers, so fierce that, rather than release the cow they have seized, they will allow their heads to be cut off!

Siafu are worst just before the rainy season, when, in dry, hot weather, they go in search of water, and during the rainy season, when their underground dwellings become flooded. They do not walk during a heavy downpour; but their appearance is generally the presage of rain.

There are several ways of preventing Siafu from entering a house in the daytime, when timely notice of their approach has been gained. That most commonly used, and of slowest effect, is the strewing of ashes in their path and the beating on the head of the column with firebrands. So great is the Siafu's pluck and determination, that the rear keeps moving on and on, while the head is being destroyed — advancing over the bodies of the slain; and it is not until the ranks of the column are entirely disorganized, that the separate individuals will alter their course.

But, fortunately for mankind, if those invincible warriors fear not death, they have their idiosyncrasies in point of smell, like Henry of Navarre, who fainted at sight of a rose. One of these aversions is known to all native tribes from the Juba to the Limpopo; they cannot stand the smell of a smouldering rag, but it must be the rag of a garment which has been long worn by man. This remedy is fairly effective: the rags are twisted into a kind of rope, and pieces of it are deposited, with due regard to the prevailing wind, either in such places as the column, on its way to the dwelling-place, is likely to pass, or all round the latter. They are then lighted. Sometimes, when these rags have been deposited round about the house, or tent, a native, running with a stick which he presses firmly down, connects the different pieces by a line marked on the ground. The object of this does not seem quite clear, but some natives consider it to be an essential part of the defense.

It is amusing to recollect, in this connection, that the late Maurus Jókai, the great Hungarian novelist, states in one of his books, that a sure means to make a herd of cattle stampede is to smoke, to windward of it, a pipe into which the 'sediment' of an old hat has previously been scraped!

The natives of the Livingstone Range use the bulb of a plant which they call *kirago:* they chew it, and then spit in front and on the head of the advancing enemy. This remedy is very effective. The natives who use kirago also say that warrior ants will not pass where kirago has been planted; but I have never had occasion to test the truth of this assertion.

All these measures make it comparatively easy to avoid being rushed by an army of Siafu during the day; but the question assumes a much more serious aspect when the fiend, having avoided detection during the daytime, succeeds in penetrating into the habitation, or the stables, at night, either by entering through such apertures as offer or by burrowing. Natives, when their huts have been thus invaded at night, simply bolt, and spend the night elsewhere. But Europeans, unless they happen to live in houses with several rooms, have, as a rule, nowhere else to go, and have therefore no other choice but to help their servants fight the invader, or else go for a nightly walk of several hours' duration — an alternative which, in the rainy season and on moonless nights, is anything but a pleasure.

To get rid of Siafu in a house, whether of mud and wattle or of brick, is a complicated affair, unless you happen to live in a country where kirago grows, and where the natives are familiar with its use. In a house with a thatched roof one has to be exceedingly careful when handling firebrands or ashes; besides, in the nature of things, unless they happen to strike an open door or window, these predatory pests penetrate into a house only in driblets; and, in proportion as you destroy those that appear, others take their place. I have emptied a 300 centigramme bottle of sulphuric acid, practically without effect, on the head of an army of Siafu, which was entering through interstices in a mud wall.

It is sometimes a good plan, in a tent, to remove from the path of the ants all things that might attract them and stop their march: they then may simply march through. When they come up, as also happens, through the chinks between the bricks of a badly cemented brick floor, the difficulty increases, as the only way to reach them is through those very chinks — a narrow channel; they then keep making unexpected visits at all hours of the day and night. In a case like that,

Cooper's or MacDougal's Sheep Dip and Jeyes's fluid, are the only remedies, provided they are used unsparingly. The same applies to those occasions when the ants have dug up from underneath, in stables.

It also happens, occasionally, that either part, or the whole, of the invading army climbs the wall of a house and settles in the thatched roof for a time, the duration of which depends on the amount of prey that they find there. Nothing can be done in such a case but to wait patiently until they leave, and destroy, in the meantime, the small detachments which climb down the walls inside. I remember one time, when this happened to me. I had a cat, with three kittens, living on the roof, to reach which she had to climb a tree and then jump across. She carried her children down, one after the other and saved them all; but I had to pick out Siafu afterward from the skins of the lot, including the brave mother.

All the remedies above mentioned, however, are only makeshifts without permanent effect, as the ants will always return, from time to time, to a place once visited. There is only one radical way to avoid this, and that is to find out, by following their path, where their nest is and destroy it. This establishment lies, as a rule, a few feet below ground, among the roots of trees. It is necessary first, to uncover as far as possible this dreadful sink of iniquity, — one dark, seething mass of the most bloodthirsty creatures in creation, — which looks like a single huge, glossy, twitching and shivering monster coiled up. Then, where this is practicable, quantities of boiling water are poured upon it; where it is unpracticable, owing to the distance from house and water, heaps of dry wood are piled into the openings and then set fire to. A great many are killed, and as many, perhaps, escape; but the nest is invariably deserted within a few days; and, if it was the only one in the neighborhood, one may be safe from similar visitations for years to come.

II

White ants, as everybody knows, are not really ants, chiefly because, owing to the beautiful long wings of their females and males, they have been classed in the order of *Neuroptera*, to which ants do not belong. Nevertheless, they are very hymenopteric in their habits and in the constitution of their monarchies, and their appellation, 'ants,' is certainly not a case of *lucus a non lucendo*.

As objectionable pests and sources of annoyance, they run their warrior cousins very close, although bloodthirstiness does not form part of their character. They stand, in relation to the warrior ants, as a gang of thieves working in the silence and darkness of the night would stand in relation to a band of highway robbers and murderers. All the same, their workers, when your skin happens to come into contact with them, inflict severe pain; but it appears to be a secretion rather than a bite, as they do not get hold with their mandibles; also, the pain is instantaneous, like the burning of a very virulent nettle, and spreads over the whole area of the contact. All animals carefully avoid treading among white-ant workers. Unlike the females and males, which, when they have shed their silky mantle of wings, are merely ugly brown beetles, these workers, of two sizes, are extremely pretty insects, with amber heads and thoraces of pearl; imitated in these materials, they would make beautiful breastpins and hatpins.

These workers have a peculiar habit: although they avoid, as a rule, the light, and prefer moving and working

in darkness, one frequently meets them, during the rainy season, in the forests, trekking along in single file. Sometimes two lines are marching parallel to one another, in opposite directions, at a distance of one to two inches; whenever two ants meet abreast, they stop, bow head and thorax deep to the ground, and then continue, each on his way.

But, however courteous the termites may be in their intercourse with their own kith and kin, the fact remains, that, in their relations to mankind, they are incomparable destroyers of property; they are even an element distinctly inimical to culture, as well-to-do planters in the Tropics, who could afford to adorn the walls of their countryseats with pictures of value are deterred from doing so by the certainty that termites respect an original painting no more than a chromo, and that a single night is sufficient for the destruction of both.

When invading a house, termites always move underground and then dip up in the night like a Jack-in-the-box. Sometimes, they emerge underneath a mat, which is soon hopelessly spoiled; sometimes underneath a box; and, unless one looks under the boxes every day, the contents, say, books, may be hopelessly destroyed below, while the top still looks intact. It is true that they give a warning signal, but it is of so weak a kind that, unless one lives in a tent, or in a very small room, or unless they happen to make their final preparations just underneath one's bed, it must always be missed. This signal is a sound which closely resembles the noise that a basket of small seed would make if it were emptied on a hard polished floor: it is the danger-signal; if you hear it in one night, you know that, in the course of the next night, the white ants will appear — never in the night during which the noise is first heard. This latter detail, confirmed by the writer's experience, is well known to natives; they say that the white ants, in the night of their arrival, first want to make sure if everything is all right, and that it is only when they are satisfied on this point that they emerge in the night that follows. To move along the walls and gain the rafters, they make ingenious covered ways. In these, however, personally, I have never met any but the smaller kind of workers, never the large ones, who would appear to move inside the walls, as they, too, undoubtedly reach the roofs of houses.

White ants yield easier than warrior ants: sheep dips, Jeyes's fluid, paraffin poured into the holes through which they come up, always chase them away *pro tem.*, and their visits grow less and less frequent, unless by misfortune the house has been built just above their city. In the latter case, there is no help, and they will soon gain the roof, and slowly destroy the wooden parts. I have known of solid brick buildings, with corrugated iron roofs and cement floors, which had finally to be abandoned and pulled down because they had inadvertently been erected over a nest of termites.

Tolstoy has written, in *The Invaders*, this beautiful sentence: 'All evil feelings in the heart of men ought, it would seem, to vanish away in this intercourse with nature — with this immediate expression of beauty and goodness.'

One may be allowed to doubt whether the great philosopher, if destiny had taken him to tropical Africa, would not have caused to be erased from future editions of his book the last two words of the sonorous phrase. For nothing in the world conveys more forcibly to one's understanding Mother Nature's ruthless extravagance, and absolute disregard of the individual, than the annual nuptial flight of the termites.

A scourge to African mankind as termites are, it is impossible, for anyone but a native, to ignore the pathos — the word is used deliberately — of these hymeneal festivities. As most people know, every year, at the beginning of the rainy season, the males and the females of the white ants emerge winged from their underground dwellings, generally during the afternoon, and fly out into the mild light of the evening for a short flirtation and honeymoon, which does not last much longer than the day itself, followed by a return to the earth, the shedding of the wings, hastened by roundabout movements of the insects themselves, and, in due course, by the organization of new monarchies under the sway of the now pregnant queens, who soon develop into monstrous receptacles of eggs. One supposes that the occasion must be one of rejoicing for the two sexes, which crawl out of their tunnel, trailing their long silky wings behind them, accompanied and surrounded by a highly excited crowd of amber-headed workers. Others, however, rejoice in an equal degree, and these are the legions which prey on them!

There does not appear to be a single creature indigenous to Africa, from the Negro downward, which does not appreciate the winged termite as a delicacy. Natives catch them in cunningly devised traps, devour them alive, devour them dead, raw or fried or roasted, or dried in the sun, or pounded to a paste. They pack them in bags like beans, alive or dead, and sell them on the market. It is a surprising fact, not only that termites which have been tightly packed in a canvas bag for a whole night are still alive in the morning, but that those among them which have not shed their wings are still able to fly; it shows what a wonderfully elastic texture those wings are made of.

Besides natives, monkeys, apes, dogs, cats, mongooses, and lizards, all kinds of ants feed on termites voraciously, although they leave the workers religiously alone. Even the large black warrior ant, which carries away the males and females without difficulty, when it inadvertently finds itself face to face with a worker, immediately turns tail — a behavior which gives support to the opinion that the latter's defense lies in a secretion rather than in its mandibles.

And the birds! It is amazing how the news spreads among them, that a flight of termites is taking place at such and such a locality, often completely hidden by trees!

Yet they all get the news, and birds turn up, of the existence of which in the district one had no idea — rare and strange species, like those equivocal human apparitions which emerge, nobody knows whence, in large cities, at times of stirring events. On these occasions, the birds — which would appear to form a sort of truce among themselves; for I have frequently noticed birds of prey in the assembly — sit down on the trees surrounding the termites' heap, and, whenever one or more insects rise on the wing, a sharp competition for the capture ensues. It all looks just like a game, in which the participants are so keen, that they even lay aside, to some extent, the fear of man — of the white man.

I have never seen any written computation of the probable proportion between slain and survivors; but the percentage of the latter must be infinitesimal. Naturalists call this 'the keeping up of the balance of life.'

PRISON PROGRESS

BY BRICE P. DISQUE

I

THE first time I entered a penitentiary, — or state prison, — I faced some twelve hundred men in gray uniforms, and addressed them as their new warden. The inmates had been assembled in the chapel, in order that they might see and hear the man under whose command they were to live.

As I had been a regular army officer all my life since leaving school; as I had no political friends, and only one or two others of any kind, in the state, the announcement of my appointment as warden — one of the attractive, if not the best, appointive jobs in the state — caused much comment in the press.

I did not even then know why the Board of Control, not a single member of which had been among my acquaintances, had selected me. The offer of appointment was cabled to me at Manila, where I was on duty with my troops. The Governor had not been consulted and, when advised of the appointment, frankly said he did not approve; but the members of his Board of Control were not politicians and he bowed to their judgment and confirmed the appointment. That portion of the press which can think of such jobs only as rewards for the faithful had told their readers that my army record was that of a harsh, cruel disciplinarian; in fact, I was a cold-blooded martinet, who would soon require the output of an iron foundry to supply balls and chains. The inmates would again appear in striped uniforms, and the rawhide would be worked overtime.

No scene of my entire life has left such an impression upon me as that first meeting with those men who had come under my charge. Those twelve hundred upturned, pale faces showed so clearly that the souls back of them were again facing sentence, that I had difficulty in getting started.

My talk was along the same lines that I had so frequently employed in addressing the soldiers of my troop whenever any new work was to be undertaken. Men always perform better when they understand what is to be done, and how, when, and why. They can act so much more intelligently, and since no manager can foresee all the details, it renders it so simple for the subordinates to use the human intelligence, which most of them possess, when anything slips a cog.

Well, it was an experience of a lifetime to watch the general and gradual change in expression — first confusion, then doubt, then hope, and finally contentment, as far as that expression can be registered upon the faces of convicts.

I made no promises and offered no threats. I aimed to establish a man-to-man recognition of a relationship through which future events could be interpreted and understood. The gratifying response of the men when I finished left no doubt in my mind that I was understood and would have the coöperation of the vast majority.

I have been referring to an event in the Michigan State Prison, at Jackson, in December, 1916. My predecessor had rendered splendid services, and when I undertook to succeed him, the prison at Jackson had been improved far beyond the average American institution in almost every phase of its management and methods. This made my job doubly difficult; and I was one hundred per cent novice in penology.

The war came; the War Department offered me an assignment, and I returned to the army after directing the affairs at Jackson Prison for nine months. Those nine months do not qualify me to speak as an expert; but I can speak with at least that much more experience than the average man, who is wondering what is wrong.

I relinquished that job at Jackson with the greatest regret. I went there because I had confidence in the possibility of showing the way to another and better method, the beneficial effects of which I believed would be felt in every factory, office, school, and home in America. I left Jackson believing that great things could be accomplished and with some very definite ideas as to how it could be done.

Fundamentally, I believe it wrong to regard a prison as a place of punishment. It is absurd for a judge or jury, who probably never saw the accused before his trial, to fix the period of his incarceration. It is just as ridiculous to release a thief, pickpocket, forger, robber, burglar, or any other criminal, just because he has served a fixed number of years, as it would be to release a raving maniac because he has been in an asylum a certain period of time.

I believe that it is not possible to treat a man as a caged animal for months and years, and then expect him to conduct himself as a normal being after sudden release, permitting him to circulate freely in society.

No convicted criminal should be set free, regardless of his offense or the time he has been held in restraint, until he has been prepared to earn a living, has acquired habits of industry, has the desire to become a useful member of society, and has proved to the satisfaction of the head of his institution that he has the will-power to realize that desire; and finally until suitable employment has been found for him, in a place where he has opportunities equal to other men.

The reputation, success, and worth of the head of a state prison should be measured by the number of men that he graduates out of his institution who prove they are qualified to remain outside.

The head of a penal institution is more important to the progress of society than the president of a university. His task is more difficult: he must be more resourceful; he must have a combination of culture, education, business ability, and personal character of the highest order; all backed up by a physique that will carry him through continuous experiences such as will break the health, vision, and optimism of most men.

The time has come to do away with the title of 'warden' and the designations of 'prison,' 'penitentiary,' and the rest, and to start a new and enlightened era with a 'President of State Industries.'

In 1910 there were 2823 penal institutions in the United States, from which 476,468 persons were discharged. The records indicate that more than sixty per cent of those discharged soon find their way back into prison. Of course, many of the remainder repeat their crimes, and do not get caught.

Measure the cost if you can. Probably more than sixty per cent of the cost of our police forces, criminal courts, jails, prisons, losses due to theft, murder, and so forth, is avoidable.

Certainly, this is a subject worthy of the time and effort of our best minds.

II

I approached my problem at Jackson with a wide-open mind. I knew that I had been in contact with men all my life, here and there, who had committed crimes, probably as many and as serious as the men under my charge at Jackson; but they had not been caught. My first decision, therefore, was to treat the inmates just as I would any ordinary individuals who had work to do inside the prison, except that, since it was my sworn duty to keep them inside, I had to enforce such regulations as would accomplish that result.

I knew that a sound and healthy body is essential to mental health and development, and, naturally, I gave this subject my first attention. I was shocked by the pale complexions of those faces that I saw the first day. By the very simple expedients of ventilating the cell blocks, exercising the men out of doors, and giving them a forty-minute period of complete relaxation in the open air after the noon meal each day, the great majority, in the course of two weeks, were so much improved in appearance and cheerfulness, that members of the Board were surprised on their next visit, and commented upon it.

The next effort toward better health, mental and physical, was to give the men the freedom of the yard on Sundays and holidays, instead of keeping them in their cells. Then they were encouraged to read all newspapers and magazines, and restrictions on correspondence were removed, as to volume. Later on, a scientific diet was provided in the mess hall.

As soon as possible, the bathing facilities were increased, so that each man could have his daily shower bath; and it was so close to his bunk that he could get there without dressing, put on his night clothing, and get to bed.

Later on, a tuberculosis colony was started on a farm about four miles from the prison, and every man who had that disease was sent to live there. These men were not guarded, but were on their honor not to run away. Suitable fresh-air dormitories were provided, and the medical officer visited the colony daily. The least disabled cared for the farm, live stock, cooking, and other necessary work about the place.

The sick report of the inmate population fell to an average of 1.3 per cent of the whole.

When I went to Jackson, the institution was on a self-supporting basis, having been brought up to that condition by the admirable work of my predecessor. All inmates who were able to work were paid for their services, the pay ranging from ten cents to $1.50 per day. Considering that this was in addition to shelter, bed, heat, light, clothing, food, use of library, entertainment, schooling, religious services, and medical attention, it was not a poor rate of payment. But any rate of payment was opposed, and relentlessly fought, by powerful interests from several directions.

Approximately half of the inmates attended school regularly five evenings each week, and I need only say that 363 of the students — more than one fourth of the entire population of the prison — were enrolled in the first, second, and third grades, to indicate one cause of crime: ignorance.

It was my purpose to continue and perfect the system which I found in operation, and of which I thoroughly approved.

The prison owned approximately 3000 acres of farm land, and I purchased 2000 more. There were some nine colonies of farmers (convicts) living permanently on the farms and operating them — an average of 350 men

were so employed. The farms were equipped with modern machinery, and afforded all phases of agricultural training for the men.

We had hundreds of cattle, hogs, chickens, horses, and sheep, and 200 colonies of honeybees. We operated three dairy barns, of fifty cows each, and bred excellent strains of horses, cattle, hogs, and chickens.

Our farms provided for our mess-hall requirements in the way of eggs, milk, butter, meat, fruit, and vegetables; and a very fine cannery packed thousands of cases of peas, beans, beets, corn, kraut, and fruit, all of which was either used in the prison kitchen or sold to the public at attractive prices.

Other industries under the entire ownership of the prison and constituting a part of the warden's business responsibility were: —

A monument works, in which some fifty or sixty men were profitably employed carving granite monuments, made to order.

A brick-and-tile works, where common building-brick and farm-drain tile were made in large quantities.

A tannery, in which the hides from steers butchered for the kitchens were made into belting and leather, for use in the making of inmates' shoes.

Then there was the twine factory, making 14,000,000 lbs. of binder twine each year, and profitably employing over 300 men.

In service departments, necessary to the maintenance of all the above, we had the laundry, tailor-shop, shoe-shop, machine-shop, creamery, power-house, planing-mill, and carpenter-shop. The engineer, with his drafting rooms, gave excellent opportunities to a considerable number of men. The inmates' store, the factory offices, the general storehouse, and the business offices, were all largely manned by inmates, and the labor turnover was low.

It must be a poor business man who cannot pay expenses under such labor conditions; and our statement for the fiscal year, ending June 30, 1917, showed a net profit of $156,000. This after paying *all* the expenses of the institution, making proper allowances for depreciation of buildings and machinery, paying wages to all inmates, providing them with food, clothing, schooling, shelter, medical service, entertainment, and religion, and also after paying the salaries of all officers employed.

The operating profit for July, August, September, and October, 1917, was over $300,000; and there is no reason whatever why the institution should not make a good big net profit each year, and give a reasonable part to the inmates, to add to their stake when they are discharged, or to distribute to their dependent relatives while they are in prison.

III

From the above it might seem that the problem of prisoners and prisons had found its solution.

There were no idle men; all were employed at a useful occupation, all participated in the profits, and had a fair incentive to give an honest effort; their health was improving; over twenty-five per cent of them were almost free men, working on farms several miles from the main prison; some 200 men lived in a dormitory, in large rooms of three or four beds each, had their toilet facilities in each room, and could talk and play games, as any normal men might care to do. The spirit of the men was good, and everywhere there was as good a feeling as we ordinarily find among large numbers living in restraint.

But we were a long way from a solution of the prison, or crime, problem.

The officers were not very useful in

setting examples to the inmates, and it was extremely difficult to interest the right class of men, — intelligent, courageous, and strong natural leaders, — to take employment as officers.

Every now and then some fellow would get into trouble, just as they do in churches, colleges, or business houses. He was already in prison; sometimes his sentence was for life. What are you going to do with a man facing ten years or more in prison, who sticks his knife in the side of a fellow convict? Or suppose he only strikes another man with his fist, and he is given a good talking to, and shown how he can get along better if he attends to his own business and keeps out of trouble; and within twenty-four hours he is caught breaking another convict's skull with a brick — what are you going to do? The only criticism I have to make of Mr. Tannenbaum's article is that he parades all the punishments before his readers, but he does n't give any answer to that question.

In my opinion there are but three possible methods of dealing with such cases: —

If the man is sane, healthy, and merely a trouble-maker, he should be paddled until the impression left upon his memory will be sufficient to deter him when he is again tempted to take advantage of his superior strength, to injure another. Sometimes a dark cell, or bread and water, get better results than the paddle. But that is the only language such fellows understand; and if you want peace in a prison-yard, and to protect the decent fellows, you have got to talk the language that the bully understands until he learns a more polite one.

Possibly the man is mentally weak and unbalanced. If so, he belongs in a sanitarium, and should be sent there and not punished.

Then we have the hardened, confirmed, deliberate criminal, who has a good mind, appreciates the gravity of his acts, and, doing so, would kill a man for twenty-five cents. That sort of a chap, when found out, belongs in a separate place, from which there is no chance of escape, and in which he cannot interfere with the great majority of convicts, whose regeneration seems hopeful.

This brings me to one of the big steps which I believe must be taken in the solution of the crime and prison problem: —

Under existing laws and customs, our courts convict and sentence with very little knowledge of the character or mentality of the man. Very little, if anything, is known of the environment, opportunities, or underlying reasons for the criminal tendencies of the man. I have seen men convicted of the same crime, in the same state, by different courts, and sentenced to six months in one case and two years in another. If there was any difference in the degree of the offense, the man who got six months was the worse offender.

One judge made a specialty of 'soaking them' for that particular crime, and the other one had no particular feeling about it.

One of those convicts might have been a deliberate and hardened criminal, and the other might very easily have been an accidental offender, who would never again become involved. The two are thrown into the common hopper, to serve as many months or years as they might draw from the lottery.

It would be difficult to devise a less scientific or more harmful method of dealing with a vital human problem. Men commit crime from various motives, and accidentally. All who do so immediately become dangerous to society, and upon proof of guilt they should be rendered harmless by setting them

apart, for the protection of society. As soon as they are no longer dangerous they should be returned to society. With crime always increasing, it is not sound reasoning to discuss the deterrent effect of long sentences. They do not deter, to any great extent. As stated above, sixty per cent of those who have served sentences go back to serve other sentences.

IV

I believe that men convicted of crime should be *committed* to a state institution, just as the insane are committed to an asylum — to remain until cured.

The management of the state institution, charged with the custody and safe-keeping of criminals, should be of such character as to enjoy the respect and confidence of the community, and should be capable of developing and testing the convict, and determining when he may be released without danger to society. The entire responsibility for the length of time a man should remain confined should rest with the management, and it should be held responsible for the conduct of men after release. And, as stated above, the reputation and success of the management should be made to have a direct relation to the percentage of men released who become useful members of society.

In order to protect against possible unfairness and incompetency on the part of the management, any man, after serving one year, who believes that he is being held longer than is proper, and who can convince any state court that there are good grounds for such belief, should have access to a jury selected for the purpose, before whom he can present his case and to whom the management must give its reasons for detaining him. If the jury agree with the applicant, it should have the power to release him, and by so doing become responsible for his future behavior.

The average pardon board is not fit to perform the functions assigned to it; and my experience leads me to the belief that it is one of the worst and most dangerous instrumentalities connected with our present penal system.

With the matter of sentences arranged as outlined, I would then like to see all sane convicts sent to a central receiving station for observation and segregation.

The authorities of such an institution should be qualified experts, capable of prompt distribution of the men to one of the two following classes of institutions:

A. — Hospitals for detention of mental and physical defectives. This would take about fifteen per cent of all convicts. As cured in the hospital, the men would be transferred to the other class of institution.

B. — Industrial institutions, equipped with a variety of industries capable of producing goods and merchandise required by the country.

Of those sent to the latter, about twenty per cent will turn out to be hopeless, hardened, and deliberate criminals. Their presence in the place will greatly increase the difficulties of developing good results. Their example and influence will be bad on the other men, some of whom may be wavering between weakness and strength of willpower.

Additional restrictive and disciplinary measures will be necessary to guard them, and it will be desirable in every way to segregate them, just as our modern schools segregate the normally bright children from those who are dull and slow to progress.

I would, therefore, send the hopeless, hardened, and deliberate criminals to a third sort of institution, in which they

would be forced to earn their own living, and from which there would not be the slightest possibility of escape, except after unquestionable evidence that they had qualified for the B institutions again. Not many of such fellows would qualify, but all should have a chance, and be encouraged to try. If they never take advantage of that opportunity they should remain in the third class for life, regardless of the sort of crime of which they were convicted.

The B institutions should be conducted along lines similar to those followed in the Service Corps of the army. The men should be housed in dormitories, and required to assemble for roll-call morning and night. The discipline should be about the same as that controlling our military organizations. There should be large farms, and a variety of other industries in which the men could be employed to learn a trade or other useful occupation, of their own selection. The employment should result in a profit to themselves and the institution.

The population of the B institutions would be composed, in the great majority of cases, of men who offered good prospects of development to the stage where they could be returned to society with safety and with beneficial results to all concerned. A pickpocket might be kept there for twenty years, and a highway robber might be released after two years; the time-limit would depend upon their real progress toward a condition which would justify their release.

All men would be encouraged to do the normal things that men usually do. Opportunities to go wrong would be confronting them all the time, in ever-increasing degree. After a time, they would be sent out to the farms; and later on, they would be tried out where their duties brought them into contact with the city and all its temptations. Illiterates would have to acquire an education before release. All would be taught the duties and responsibilities of citizenship.

When there seemed no reasonable doubt as to the man's desire and capacity to go it alone, he would be paroled for a period of a year or so, after a suitable position had been secured for him. His conduct while on parole would be followed, and every encouragement and assistance given him to overcome those periods of mental depression which come to all men, and which are so often responsible for crime.

All institutions should and could be made entirely self-supporting; and not only that, but the profits that may result from their operation should go toward paying the entire criminal expense of the state, including criminal courts, special officers, and so forth.

It has been and will be said that the sale of convict-made products leads to unfair competition with free labor and private industry. My answer to that is that at Jackson we had every incentive to get all we could for our products, and in no case did we under-price the products of private producers; but, in some cases, we actually sold our goods, on their merits, for higher prices than those of some of the best merchandise produced in the country.

So long as the institutions holding men in confinement are operated under a plan of self-support, with a profit to employer and employee, there will be little chance of unfair competition.

Contract prison-labor is an abomination, and labor leaders and non-political manufacturers have had just cause to complain of competition from such sources. But I never found a situation where, when the facts were known, anyone complained about competition of the products of the Jackson prison.

Of course, we shall never bring our prison system into such a position as I have outlined under a system of passing

the jobs around as political rewards. Neither shall we ever secure competent men to manage such institutions until the pioneers in the effort prove to the public that the man in charge — and who deserves to be in charge — is the mental and social equal of any university president.

Then, if we are to secure men competent to direct great business enterprises, — and that is the only kind who can keep the average population of a modern prison busy at useful and profitable work, — we must be willing to pay the market price for such men.

If we are to judge by the present distribution of ability and brains, man today regards financial reward as the great objective, and a business career as the route to that sort of success. But behind that material reward, the real fellows will value far greater the self-satisfaction which comes from a knowledge of having influenced in a helpful way the progress, contentment, and happiness of others.

I have permitted these observations to take the form of a description of what has been done in one prison, because I believe that such a method removes the discussion from the realm of theory, and that thereby we may eliminate many doubters and bring the consideration of the subject to the next stage.

Such ideas as I have expressed as to what that next step should be are my own; they have not been tried, but are they not worth a trial? We all know that the old system is a failure.

WELL-REMEMBERED

BY VIOLA ROSEBORO'

THE caprice of memory is unduly celebrated. Its reasons are better than ours, if we grade importance and unimportance by any 'general consensus of opinion'; for we remember what counts to our ownest selves — even though it be but the picture in the bottom of our first porridge bowl.

My memory holds fast — and often has held fast for a lifetime — numbers of the slightest possible transitory contacts with people usually seen but once, and often never seeing me at all. But if I clear my mind of cant, I know it would be strange — and worse — if I forgot one of a long procession of babies, boys, maidens, and plain grown-ups, who all thrilled me more or less in their varying ways; who were all somehow 'significant of much,' and may mean not the less to me when I can least tell their message.

As you would guess, children outnumber all the rest among these enriching unknowns.

The grimiest city streets are the likeliest places I know for seeing children when they are best worth watching. There are staged continuously the prettiest, the darkest, the most heavenly, and the most humorous bits of the human drama, for there children are always living out their unconscious selves.

But it was in a seashore village that I was blessed with a glimpse of John; and John the Great is in his natural place heading my little string of pearls — pearls I bring, whatever my stringing may do to them.

A son of man built for an Homeric hero was John, going-on-five. Men and women who never in their lives unlimbered to talk about thrills yet thrilled at the sight of John dominating the beach, or the village street, or, above all, the great harbor. He stayed as unself-conscious and single-minded as a bull calf or a baby faun, and paid no more attention to the tributes of all ages and both sexes — for John needed only to be seen, to be known for a masterpiece.

But on the water, alone in a little dory, it might happen that John would wake up to a passing moment's conscious pleasure in his own prowess.

Black-haired and crop-haired, clothed only enough to pass muster with Mr. Small, — our policeman, — big and simple and strong, John was all of a piece, 'went together' like a work of art, from his biceps and his wide straight gaze and the faint dark hairs down his baby spine, to his conduct on all occasions. He was unified like Porthos or Hotspur. Porthos's well-loved name may turn you to fancying him a little Porthos; but John was not stupid — he was only great. Garibaldi is the only other so harmonious human actuality I have heard of. Let John get far out and alone on the wide water, pulling his oars from those darling square shoulders, and that speck was more royal than the great black-hulled fishing schooners themselves.

Oh, yes; with a glass you could see just how he looked, and many a glass would be turned on him whenever he was out there; Portuguese fishermen and our local 'old captains' — all our sea-going population and their women and those descended from the sea-going — have the habit of keeping a glass handy, and it is little they miss of any harbor doings. There is a stage whose continuous performance means things to their very life-cells. But even the dull eyes of summer-folk took note of John when he hitched my dory to his and rowed away with us both. And that is when he took fleeting note of himself. Before he started off with both boats and his passenger, he twisted around far enough to give me half a prideful look — and then back he turned and bent to his oars.

It belonged to his lordly size and noble style to be magnanimous; but what stirred me in his magnanimity to Rupert was something bigger and rarer than magnanimity. Coming 'down along,' I saw John and Rupert ahead of me, John frantically dancing with pain, — that must be it, — and that big sneak Rupert watching him from the inner side of somebody's little white gate. As much as nine years old was Rupert, rightfully distrusted among his mates; and I knew him in very unengaging aspects. John, as he danced, was clapping first this paw and then that to one ear, and kicking out and striking out between whiles toward the safely barricaded and coolly observant Rupert.

Hurrying up, I heard, from John the silent, spurts of what our fishermen technically differentiate as 'language.' It got no rebuke from me. Without waiting to know more than I saw, I felt for John. Rupert did not mind the language either; nothing about this trouble was any trouble of his. John could n't and would n't tell me much — he had other calls on his breath; but he met my good-will by lifting for an instant that comforting paw, and letting me see a shockingly bruised and mashed ear, a hurt that was enough to make a grown man dance. 'He did it,' came like a curse; and sniffing back

the tears, again he danced and again struck out at the criminal.

I turned some language of my own on the inscrutable Rupert, without getting a word or a wince out of him; his highly displeasing air of detachment made him guilty in any case, and I felt it a pious deed to tell him so.

But John had his idea of piety too. John who could not talk to tell me what happened must speak now. 'Aw — ow — anyhow he did n't go to do it!' And John jerked out his defense of the hated one between dancings and kicks, kicks that gestured his feeling.

Maybe Rupert was guilty of nothing worse than indifference to the torture he had caused; I give up Rupert; but did I ever see a moral triumph I liked better than John's? I did not. What was there here beyond magnanimity? Fair-mindedness! To see and grant and stand by the innocence of your enemy — that is a bigger thing than forgiving him.

His the impartial vision of the great
That sees not what it seeks, but what it finds.

Fair-mindedness was not an early tribal virtue, alas; and early tribal virtues seem the only ones that men have half-way acquired. We called John primitive, but the nobility that bloomed in him is still so rare, and flowers so slowly, that the white man's civilization totters to-day for lack of it. Its nations are like shipwrecked folk in an open boat in a storm at sea, and still even the instinct of self-preservation can't make them stop their mad fighting and greed.

Men rise reluctantly even to admiration for the godly beauty of fair-mindedness. They are still so bovinely muddle-headed that they take it for a sign of coldness, and a sound instinct warns them that heat is life. Was John coldly judicial? What idiocy has married those two words in the habits of language? John's passion for justice and truth outburned the passions of egotism, and that when egotism, fanned by pain and pugnacity, burned fierce. Fiery judicial — that was John; and enough like him, and the kingdom of Heaven would be close upon us.

The idea of looking 'at the horizon of circumstance,' without regard for one's personal or tribal standing in the midst, scares tribal instincts; but withal, being gregarious and coöperative by nature, men have long been driven earnestly to cultivate certain strictly limited, artificially bounded ideals of fairness; and to hold them up more or less steadily before law-made judges, and more steadily before sport-made judges. So the sporting peoples, above others, have achieved, in spots, a mental honesty far beyond the natural man's. When once, out of a horse-car window, — yes, young folks, a *horse-car* it was, — I saw two angry truckmen fighting, I recognized that I was beholding one of the triumphs of civilization. To be sure, civilization was not needed to start them fighting; it was in the way they did it that an iron discipline showed, a mental discipline in fairness and squareness. Perhaps only a woman, who sees fist-fighting hardly twice in a lifetime, could have been so stirred by the miraculous decency of these two raging brutes. When I hurried to talk over with a man the beauty of their fidelity to a code, he looked blank, and opined that I must be wrong as to their possession of a code. So far out of nature had biting and kicking and hitting below the belt come to seem to a member of the New York Athletic Club.

In the boxing nations his sex keep busy clamping down and drying up in our young, our male young, all such spontaneities of nature, while training fists to their high calling. More social than are the birds in teaching merely their own fledglings to fly, this masculine

concern about the making of men may crop up any time a man sights small boys — anyone's small boys; just as any American will go out of his way to teach any child — male or female in these days, thank God! — to throw a ball.

I always love these chance-born pugilistic drills; but the prettiest one I ever saw was on a grubby downtown back street entirely roofed by the Elevated Road. Two 'kids,' breeched, yes, but smaller than the smallest I ever saw selling papers, were idly and foolishly pushing and cuffing each other about the sidewalk. A big boy, twelve or thirteen, comes along, — a stranger lad, a white-faced tenement-house product, like the little ones, — and for the sheer love of God, he stopped in his tracks to give those babies a good boxing-lesson. Properly grateful were the babies, flattered and eager and anxious to learn, of course. All three set to work with the ardent attention that blooms in all of us when education really starts us functioning. Such an intelligent clutch after manhood as they were making there in the twilight of the Elevated Road! The community was bludgeoning the red life out of them with one hand, and what it gave them with the other — was it as vital to them as this boxing-lesson and its like, the services and trainings which, under a splendid racial urge, their kind are always brave set to give each other? If, when my boxers grew bigger, they banded themselves with their kind in wicked gangs, whose the blame for the wickedness, whose the glory for such daring and resource and venturesomeness as keeps us a proud people? We are a little too near a great war for any but the pathological pacifist to go back to foolish prattle about 'mere animal courage.'

I dare say it was thanks to no labeled uplift work that I once beheld a little Italian bootblack start a fist fight — for cause, his bearing assured me. His tongue still had a foreign twist to it; but he set down his box and attacked an Irish rival in a style that showed excellent manual training — and licked that scion of royalty, too. I thought of the knife his father carried; and after plenty of shame over the way we treat his kind, for once I was a bit cheered for my country.

But more beautiful than any fighting are such juvenal enterprises as you can see along our water fronts in summertime. I have watched one ten-year-old on the North River whom Columbus or Nelson or Stevenson would have been glad to keep an eye on. He had contrived to nail three or four driftwood boards together — ramshackle they looked, but withal he had done no slouch of a job; he was no fool; on his raft he had more or less secured a soap-box, and bare-headed, bare-legged, ragged, and kingly, he mounted that soap-box, and, I give you my word, with a bit of board he paddled himself a fourth of the way to Jersey! The water sloshed all over his raft; but, I repeat, he was no fool; when he got too near the track of the big vessels, he paddled back to shore.

I stayed to see that much, but not long enough to see him land, come down to earth; for long he hung off shore, silent and exalted, not ready to drop to the prose of speech, even though his mates were eagerly waiting for him, with a half-veiled worship that spelled fame. It was a heady draught, that fame, but he had known a headier out there alone on the vast bright river. There was one of the breed who first proved the world was round by sailing round it.

Oh, what is there in our romantic race more blood-stirring and heart-warming than the way boyhood holds to the oldest romance of all, the romance

of adventure and danger, the romance of barbarism? If anyone could release in music the emotions of a feeling heart, when even little-mannered French and Italians play Red Indian, you would hear a far-lifting lilt of a tune.

And these barbarians — sometimes they show a little higher than the angels. There was the Boy with the Baby.

It was a sweltering hot summer, long ago. We have not suffered such heat now for many a year. At sunset time, day after day, for near a week, getting out for a breath myself, I passed the Boy with the Baby. Ten or twelve years old he was, and though he could not play, he kept with a dozen rough mates about the same age. The gang preëmpted a stretch of pavement for their unruly fun, and the wilting law let them make themselves a nuisance. In packs they drove on and off the sidewalk and milled up and down it, and pedestrians betook themselves to the other side of the street.

But threading his way securely among them, went the boy who cradled carefully, carefully in his arms, a silent, motionless, waxen, death-doomed little baby. It was doomed, but, like the mother who sent him there, he yearned to ease it with a breath of that street air, though the heat came up from the softened asphalt as from a stove; he brought it from worse. Love curved his arms, and love measured his steps, and the pity that knifes the heart bent his cropped head now and again, to search the baby's awful and patient mask. But he was a dozen years old, and it was something to watch the other boys play. He could do it only because the other boys, down in their dumb hearts, so felt for him and the baby that they united to work a miracle, a highly troublesome miracle. They made sure that in all that running and pushing and scrimmaging the boy with the baby should not get bumped. They were a committee of the whole, evening after evening, to see that no one forgot, that no one took too big a chance. So up and down, up and down the block he went, as one protected by enchantment, while the others weaved around him and shoved each other and lost points in their game for him, for him and the dying baby — and not one note of conscious righteousness anywhere! They knew babies, those boys; and, alas, dying babies were not strange to them.

There was education for you — made too bitter costly; but though they must pay a shameful excess price, yet the old first discipline still worked, and that care for our young, which first made us human, made them near divine.

Time was when, for exercise in town, I rode a wheel. A 'strange ingenious compound of dullness and danger,' this activity was made tolerable only by going to Central Park very early on summer mornings. Since then, Central Park has changed as much as I have. Then it was a beautifully cared-for place; Tammany provided an army of voters with work in the Park, and it was such an advantageous way of corruption!

One June day, getting out there close to six o'clock, I seemed to have to myself all that dewy green world, where leaves danced with little wandering winds and the sunlight fell straight across the world and the moving shadows were long. But I was not the only refugee from the stark city-desert. Going between the Mall and the sunken fountain, I saw two dots down there on the fountain's piazza: a boy as small as even the tenements ever turned loose on the world, and by the hand he held a little sister, smaller yet — his charge. To see them was to feel a little smiling humor warm one's breast. They looked

like those kindly comic pictures of street children which diminish them to the size of a caseknife. All alone out there, they seemed hushed, spellbound with all that beauty. And then I, trundling along unseen above, saw little brother, softly, absently, lift little sister's hand and kiss it.

Exquisite? No tenderness of color and curve and perfume can make any flower that blows better than a symbol of that passing caress. How can the world stay so wicked when divinity so haunts us?

But when the world ceases to be wicked, some wonderful throbs will be lost. Heaven will have to pay for its heavenliness by never knowing anything like my Black Tiger Father. He was a Sicilian; and if he were a Black-Hander he made that notion look unimportant, probable but insignificant, in the blaze of his own personal power for wickedness.

I am habitually skeptical of time-defying, exclusive, and constant passions. That a creature dependent on food and drink should burn up years in sleepless hopes of revenge, or in yearnings for love, or in dreams of a novel application of hydraulic pressure, does not square with my knowledge of life's honest carnality. But I once saw a caged leopard, who did indeed seem forever entranced in a dream of murder. A fearful uplift carried him beyond the stale circus smells and his narrow cage and the base crowds, and he sat still, with half-shut eyes, and dreamed of killing, killing us all. But when one certain man came in sight, while the creature never moved, you could see his passion gleam higher.

'You'd all be safe till he got me,' was his keeper's hushed, half-hypnotized reflection; and he was sympathetic enough to hope that the way the beautiful tragic beast 'was so taken up with his feelings helped him pass away a weary lot of time.'

'Amen,' said I.

The leopard, too, is one of the beings I shall not forget.

On one side of his soul the Black Tiger man was own brother to the leopard. It grips the heart to think what cruelties, what wrongs suffered in helplessness, had shaped him. Such hates as his and the leopard's are born only of helplessness. Now he was out of his terrible, beautiful, peasant-starving Sicily, but his nature was hard-set. He, though, was not all of a piece, like the leopard: below the hate, the core of his being was something never to be seen, never to be guessed, but by the chance that there, on the open Third Avenue car, his own beautiful little crippled daughter, a child perhaps eight, perhaps ten years old, lay prone like a baby in his arms, the shapely little dark head upon his breast tight clamped in an iron brace.

I guess her age, but she had been born further along than are the offspring of younger, cruder races. She was all Italian, and a racial grace and gayety and play of mind brought out the gracious nature of her. She was wonderful as she lay there — coquetting with low-toned jests and little laughs up into her father's face. You felt that you could hear his heartstrings crack over her. I don't know how he lived at such a tension of devotion. And now this love sharpened his abiding hatred of the world in general. It was bitter as death that we should see his stricken starry One. Yet he must smile down answers to her sallies — anything to give her a moment's pleasure. And a cruel God added this wrong to the intolerable rest — that from the facing seat we looked on and lived on! We did not need to understand the child's words, to be spellbound by her; and he drew the gaze like a magnet. But, of course,

one tore one's eyes away the best one could — and, beside the child, it was like being forbidden to look at Tomasso Salvini in a greater part than he ever played.

Ah, well, God was better to them both than the father could take in — one puts no such insights into mysteries beyond the light sweet wisdom of that merry, scourged little daughter. But thanks to his love and his pain, the Black Tiger was all alive; more life surged through him there on the Third Avenue car, than suffices to keep many a respectable citizen responsible for his bills for fifty years; and beneath all our babyish illusions about the sweet and the soft, that is what we really want — to live.

A life intense and full enough makes men half grasp a vanishing perception of the meaning of death.

Glad did I live and gladly die, —

but there is more there than even the poets have snared in their nets. All is awry in the actual; but look from afar at the plan and there glimmers death's noble and unfathomable rightness.

With the Dreadful Man we are back in the Park. The Dreadful Man would hardly get that name from me now; but I was a girl then, and again it was early, so no one else was in sight, and it was too plain that he was going to speak to me.

I had a natural and also a mother-taught trend to friendliness with fellow beings; but the Dreadful Man was an uncouth and dirty young shambler, of a kind whose youth can look alarmingly brutal. I was rowing a boat, and he leaned over a bridge that I must pass under. He looked at me, he waited for me to come near. There was nowhere else to go but under that bridge — Oh, well, I could get out of earshot in a moment! I rowed on, my eyes down-fixed on some fluffy yellow goslings who were riding those waters in the gayest, silliest illusion that they owned the earth. Then came the expected — the unexpected voice, eager, warm, fairly curling in curves of delight, — 'Lay-dee, Lay-dee — see them little ducks!'

I had been marking that I saw nothing else — the more reason why I should meet his yearning need of communion about the marvel and delightsomeness and funniness of those arrogant swimmers. He was 'getting' them better, getting more of the paradisaical joke of them than was any other appreciator of goslings in the world at that minute; and the experience lifted him to the simple brotherly manners of the New Jerusalem or a barroom.

In the Park I once made a friend. For my sins the world rushed in between us, and we knew each other but an hour; but we got to the best that the seers have told about friendship. There are others and others of these cherished unknowns, but none I love like him. I must have asked his name, but that was so external to our intimacy that I did not remember it when I got home. I had forgotten to come down to that detail. But I can pledge the perfect accuracy of every word I quote from him. I could not do that precisely about any other of such remembered speeches — except the Dreadful Man's. I made a record of my friend at once, because I wanted to keep the very turns of some of his talk.

I stood on a bridge over the bridle-path looking about.

'What is it? What you looking at?' came a friendly little voice at my elbow — friendliness making it eager. A shabby little boy was looking up at me, with dark eyes like those of a faun that had learned to say its prayers.

'Oh, at everything.'

''T is nice, is n't it?' And he sniffed the spring air and looked about him in

the most sympathetic comprehension of why everything was worth looking at.

'There's trees here has nuts on,' — he confided this awesome sweet wonder hushedly, — 'nuts like you buy.'

When I said I must go on — 'Which way you going?' he asked anxiously, and was cast down at the answer — one of us must go East, one West! I, the shallower-hearted, cheerfully proposed to say good-bye, but, God bless him! he found that intolerable; he brightened with his decision that he could get home to West 67th Street by 'going a piece' with me toward Fifth Avenue. At that I rose to the decency of abandoning my goal too, and we went off to see the animals.

That experience brought him to heaving a great sigh of satisfaction. 'I love animals,' he breathed; 'I mean all animals — even — even a hippopotamus.'

We sat a while under a beflowered arbor of wistaria, expanding with the same emotions. The perfect blooms were shattering and carpeting the place; I picked some up and we toyed over them together.

'They walk on 'em, walk right on 'em,' he plainted, under his breath; and when I said I wished I could carry some home with me, he longed to find a way. He was returning from school, — circuitously, — and turning aside, he surreptitiously searched his lunch-basket for a piece of paper that might help me harvest some of this treasure. But his paper was greasy; you could not give a lady a greasy paper, and his hope passed unmentioned.

We wandered on, and he pointed out, with a connoisseur's discernment, where the bushes opened underneath and over-roofed the best 'houses.' And he was agog with the prideful romance of showing me, hidden away behind a tool house, a little bench, a regular park bench, only way under size, a little boy's park bench — a profoundly gratifying miracle of a bench. Then he must turn homeward, and I went with him — but the moment of parting drew near.

I begged him to come and see me, and I gave him my card with my address. 'One Saturday or one Sunday, one of those days,' he would come; his promises were murmured while half his attention clung to the care of the card. 'I must n't get it dirty, I must n't,' he told himself, and finally hesitatingly wrapped it in a grimy snip of a handkerchief. The Lord knows what far reach of distinction or devotion it symbolized to him; but he found it precious, and in a moment must pull forth the wad and look at it again. Shyly, eyes on me and then askance, 'Do you always give these to little boys?' he asked; and I am glad now that I could emphasize that I never gave one to a little boy before in my life.

A feeling silence was broken when the 65th Street entrance and our parting came close. 'The enduring factors of life are deep and trembling things,' and at last he must loose his heart about them; abrupt and sharply moved was his cry: 'I get mad at the other boys! The trouble with me is I try to be a better boy than I can be!'

'What has friendship so signal as its sublime attraction for whatever virtue is in us!'

No, I never saw him again. Maybe without favoring winds, the cares of this world and the deceitfulness of surfaces would have come between our hearts another time. We had our hour. But I don't think of him and his nature and his soul less as the years go by, and I wish a too conventional respect for his manhood had not kept me from kissing him. The other boys were not by, and if I had, we should both have been the happier.

THE IRON MAN AND THE JOB

BY ARTHUR POUND

I

In *The Bronze Woman* the plutocrat's wife says: 'Social unrest! Indeed, if the laboring classes want more rest, why don't they take it?' Escorting a more charming, but equally sheltered, representative of the fortunate class to luncheon, I once met a picket line of cooks and waiters at their moment of impact with the police.

'What are they fighting for?' asked my companion.

'Their jobs,' I replied. 'Cooks' and waiters' strike.'

'Strange,' she observed, 'that any one should fight for the chance to stand over a cookstove.'

Later, in a 'serve-self,' I tried to enlighten her; but it was love's labor lost. Indeed, I am sure the job is something of a mystery to most of us — an impenetrable mystery to those who never have known insecurity, and hardly better understood by those who live by and for their jobs every day of their lives.

In a list of the things men fight for, the job ranks well toward the top. Many a man who must be drafted to fight for his country rushes to the defense of his job with clenched fists. Tame men, who have to be spurred by oratory and propaganda to throw themselves into great causes, come up bristling like terriers for the job's sake. Men who actually hate their jobs nevertheless fight for those jobs, risking broken heads and jail sentences. No fiercer hatred can be roused in human breast than that which flares in the heart of the common man against his enemy on the job — the 'scab.' I once heard a union leader give his complete opinion of the scab, and, for searing hate, it outdid war profanity.

A man will leave his job on strike, for reasons which appear absurd to the calm observer; and yet will rage like mad at whoever steps into his shoes. In his calm moments he may subscribe to the theory that every man has a right to work; but he never concedes to anyone else the right to work at a job that he considers his, by reason of recent occupancy and willingness to return under certain conditions.

He who depends upon a job vests himself with a proprietary interest therein. Instincts remaining immune to legal distinctions, he speaks of 'my job,' when he may be tossed out of it within the hour. No ordinary human ever doubts that he is entitled to the means of life; therefore, the wage-employee instinctively assumes proprietorship over that which is essential to his life. In industrial civilization the job is essential to the common man. His defense of his job, his reaction against the invader who comes between him and his job, is as instant as his defense of his life, his home, or his woman. His job, indeed, is the first line of home-defense. Job gone, the home is in sore danger; unless another job can be found before the savings go, the home is ruined.

Moreover, unless he can keep the job up to standard, he cannot keep his home

or himself up to standard. The job is the measure of his social fitness, of his standing in the community; by it the common man rises and by it he falls. Hence the apparent anomaly of a man fighting for that niche in the workaday world which he walked out of is no anomaly at all. The striker leaves the job not of his own free will, but impelled by a conviction that the job needs improving. It is still, in his view, his job; but not worth keeping on existing terms, except as a last resort, under pressure of necessity. When he strikes, he expects to return.

Carleton Parker goes the whole way to accepting the job-man's point of view. The job, he says, is the worker's property, because the latter has nothing else. That is sophistry; property is based on possession, not lack. And the jobless worker has something else: his time, his arms and legs, muscles, nerves, powers of will and mind, all of which may be taken into the market and sold, as preliminary to the setting-up of another job on such terms as the market offers. Property, on the contrary, is tangible, transferable. Two men can trade properties without the consent of a third; they cannot so trade their jobs. The job in short, is not property, but is, instead, a personal relationship, which, like so many others, is fast becoming a social relationship.

In a time of depression, large numbers of jobs vanish into thin air. Within a week, a thousand jobs may depart from a community, because of the market's unwillingness to take the produce of the jobs at the terms offered. The employer must retrench; to delay brings danger of bankruptcy. The men so laid off have n't their jobs, and the employer has n't them, and cannot hope to recreate them until he can induce the market to take his accumulated stocks. He would much prefer to have his plant working full time; each slack day costs him, or his corporation, dearly for depreciation, interest charges, and overhead expense. But for the life of him he cannot revive those jobs until the market, properly courted, comes to his rescue. Until then, all he possesses is the mere shell of the vanished jobs — the work-places, standing-room, and the tools of production upon which the market of consumers enforces temporary idleness.

So the job, having departed from both employer and employee, awaits the commanding touch of the market before it can live again. What, pray, is the market? Nothing other than society — the totality of persons and institutions in the trading area. The job depends, therefore, upon consumption; if jobs belong to anyone, they belong to society. Which is equivalent to repeating, in another way, that jobs are not property, because society owns nothing. Individuals, and their various associations of record, own everything appropriable that is worth appropriating. The state, our most inclusive association of record, is held loosely accountable by society for order and general well-being; but until the state can force folk to live according to regimen, consuming thus and so, and not otherwise, the job remains at loose ends — in the air.

II

The free job — free in the sense that it exists as a result of bargaining between free men under the law — is a result of freedom in the larger sphere. It was not present in serfdom, but came into being with freedom; and all efforts to harness it involve a diminution of freedom. The unions, when they try that, encroach upon the liberties of both employers and union members; the employers, when they try it, trespass upon the liberties of individuals; and the state that tries it edges away from liberty. To

stabilize the social order, progress in that direction may be necessary; nevertheless, it is an infringement of personal liberty, and every prospective advance in that direction ought to be judged from that point of view — as an invasion of freedom.

The right to work means one thing to John Doe, and something else to his neighbor. Capital and labor — each has its interpretation; the spokesmen of both often talk nonsense; there are rogues and dullards on both sides of the fence. But certain aspects of the case are clear as day. No rights can long remain vested, when the corresponding duties are refused. If labor insists on the right to strike, it cannot logically insist on the right to work. Labor, it seems to me, should cleave to the right to strike, because the exercise of that right has brought the masses real boons; but if it does so, it must cease claiming that work for pay, on the materials and with the tools of others, is a right. Work on such terms is not a right, but a social privilege. Some day it may become a right: there are tendencies working in that direction now; but the process can be completed only by men voiding other rights that they now hold dear, and assuming as duties inhibitions that they now hold to be intolerable.

Both strike and lockout are weapons inevitably called into play when employer and employee contest, to determine the conditions of jobs after bargaining fails. Use of one cannot be denied fairly, unless the other also is denied; neither, in my opinion, can be dispensed with while men remain free alike to work and to own. However, let it be noted that neither strike nor lockout is used until bargaining has been invoked and has failed, either because one side would not bargain, or because the bargain, once begun, was not completed.

Moreover, neither strike nor lockout is applied unless the applier is convinced that he can win by so doing. No body of men ever yet went on strike for pure principle, in a cause they knew to be hopeless; and no employer ever locked out men simply to make good a point in policy. This is a rough world, but as yet its inhabitants fight for objectives instead of excitement. The railway unions stayed at work in November, 1921, simply because a majority of their leaders became convinced that a strike at the date advertised would be lost. Their eleventh-hour decision not to strike was merely good generalship, with nothing of altruism or accommodation to public needs in it. But better generalship would have been (1) to lie low, like Br'er Rabbit, for a better opportunity; or (2) to say, 'We yield to save the public inconvenience'; which would have been as untrue as most propaganda, but time-serving and face-saving — a proclamation for political purposes only.

III

Evolution toward industrial security involves inevitably some diminution of industrial freedom for individuals; each generation must choose between having more of the one and less of the other; both cannot be maintained coincidently. The drift now is toward security and away from freedom; the social order gains at the expense of individualism; but thus far the fringe of freedom sheared off has been of small value, because reality departed from it before the knife began to cut. When individuals find it increasingly difficult to produce independently of others; when many are under necessity to toil on materials and at machines owned by a corporation, which, in turn, is owned by numbers of scattered stockholders, there is no paramount advantage in retaining, undisturbed, arrangements effective when individualism in toil was real, and personal independence easily maintained.

To put the case concretely; the laborer who could escape from the pay roll to free land was in a far different situation from his successor, who finds the national domain practically appropriated and farm lands selling above the capitalized value of their earnings. The freedom of the first producer was absolute: he could go or stay; the other's is relative: he can go only under favoring circumstances not easy to control. The first might resent an interference which the other would welcome, provided it brings compensation in the matter of security. And, likewise, an employer who is keen to defend his right to exploit an expanding market as he sees fit may welcome restraint, when he sees trade slowing down, and realizes that the untrammeled instincts of enterprisers inevitably lead to over-production, which threatens his own security, along with that of his employees. Federal control of credits, which, in the last analysis, means control of business and a more stabilized production, was not badly received by the business world.

The fringe of industrial freedom is now dead tissue, though once tingling with life. The causes of decay in that tissue are many; but prominent among them must be listed the growing influence of automatism, standardization, and interchangeability in fabricating goods. Machinery has increased the insecurity of the common man's position in the wage-system, by increasing the number of potential competitors for his job. The balance between security and individualism has been destroyed, with the result that personal freedom in work-relations no longer seems worth fighting for, and a new balance must be struck. When personal skill was a prime factor in industry, the individual artisan occupied a fairly safe position, because substitutes were few — a security which had its inevitable offset in the fact that, since shop-practices were not standardized, he had difficulty fitting in elsewhere, and so was more or less tied to the job. The point is that, if he was tied to the job, so likewise was the job tied to him. The management disliked to see him get out of town.

Note the contrast with the present. To-day, he who does ordinary work in a plant highly automatized is in potential competition with every idle man in a far-spread labor market; and, unless the task is arduous indeed, with many women, also. The skill-barrier has been trampled down so completely by the Iron Man, that whoever possesses ordinary intelligence and strength can take the machine-tender's place after short instruction. The common man's grip on his job has loosened. If he does n't like the place, let him get out; plenty of persons can fill his shoes, in short order. And if he must be laid off, there is no need to worry about keeping a string on him until happier times. Out with him; and never mind what becomes of him. Let the man, the community, and the state fret over that.

I do not mean to say that all employers, or any considerable proportion of them, are so ruthless; some of them have gone so far as to risk insolvency out of human, non-economic consideration for their help; but that is the power which automatic machinery puts into employers' hands — power which the less ethical will be prompt to use; power which competition may force even the most ethical to use, in order to keep his corporation solvent.

IV

The increasing influence of automatic machinery promotes industrial insecurity in another way, — by speeding up market-gluts, — as a result of which jobs vanish as if by magic and are gradually reëstablished. The first English

factory equipped for interchangeable manufacture — that at Portsmouth, in 1805 — at once multiplied the productivity of the individual producer of ships' blocks by ten. From that time on, we have gone along multiplying man-power as measured in goods; and there is apparently no limit at which the process, economically, can be stayed. In spite of tremendous efforts to educate backward peoples in wants, and to force goods into use in trading areas not accustomed to them, — efforts which created part of the background of the World War, — market-gluts and their resultant depressions are recurrent phenomena.

I know that plenty means cheapness and extended use; nevertheless, it is apparent that the social, political, and financial fabric of civilization is not sufficiently sensitive to accommodate itself to these increases in production rapidly enough to avoid vast and poignant distress. Recurrently, production runs ahead of consumption; population increases, but not swiftly enough; wants increase, but not fast enough; the standard of living rises, but not far enough. The patient, society, unable to digest such enormous masses of goods, becomes nauseated and needs purging. Doctors rally to the bedside; nevertheless, recovery is slow. All sorts of persons suffer in these fits of social sickness, but those who suffer most are they who customarily labor for wages with the tools of others. Given the ballot, it is inevitable that they should use it to combat such difficulties.

From the standpoint of national economy, a capable and willing man out of a day's work is a calamity. Multiplied by millions, the situation is a threat against the state. There was a time when England said to her unemployed: 'Emigrate.' Then she kept them up out of the rates; now she combines state relief and doles. No one dares to hint that starvation is expected of the unemployed. Some reactionaries may think it; but they dare not say it. In such a pass, the government, torn between threats of insolvency and revolution, must find jobs — a task for which the state is by its nature unfitted, and which America, more favorably situated, may avoid. Not that we would behave differently under like extremity; but, by taking thought, we may escape the extremity, at least until our population becomes considerably more dense than it is to-day.

Fortunately, the automatic machine and public education provide an ameliorating influence. As wages tend toward a common level, and capital gradually loses its *entrepreneur* function, considerable progress will be made toward a relative equalizing of incomes. There would remain, of course, incomes derivable from rent and interest; but, for all that we can see to the contrary, super-taxes will discourage such accumulations and gradually shred away large wealth-holdings. As wages are leveled, not absolutely but relatively, so also are incomes likely to be leveled relatively. This involves, of course, a reduction in society's power to produce capital by saving — a serious sacrifice, no doubt, but one which apparently must be made, in order to permit the producer to consume more nearly the equivalent of his product. If production and consumption were exactly equal, there could be neither glut nor dearth; but, even in a static world, capital would be destroyed in use, and must be restored, in order to keep labor effective.

V

This hazily forecasted change involves time, perhaps more than the passions of the post-war era will permit. Meanwhile, the virtues of both strike and lockout will continue to be abused,

and government will continue to burn its clumsy fingers in the fires of class-discord. I detest programmes, and would avoid even the appearance of prescribing definite remedies. But if you insist on a programme, — and the ordinary person will not be content without some positive direction, — then, without any fear of the consequences, I recommend the coöperation of working shareholders in corporations animated by zeal for the group good, but adhering to the sound practice of rewarding workers according to their economic significance in production and their thrift in contributing capital to the enterprise. Where feasible and advantageous, such groups should ensure their continuity by possessing a grip on the land — now, as ever, the source of man's subsistence and his haven of refuge in all ages. Some, at least, of the millions who now live in fear for their jobs from one day to another, could thus anticipate the day when the further organization of life and industry, by methods impossible to foresee, will combine reasonable security for rank-and-file producers with all the freedom compatible with such tenure.

The job is a social grant, as well as a lease on life; and, unless all signs fail, it must eventually gain social guaranties. But whatsoever these guaranties are, they must be bought and paid for at a price. Our bitter quarrel over the job is founded on a false assumption of proprietorship over a relationship which eludes appropriation. Soon or late those vitally concerned are going to realize that truth, cease fighting, and begin to negotiate.

'PHILOMÈNE'

BY I. L. MUDGE

'*Elle est avec les anges.*' —

Thus wrote the Mother Superior, on the death of our old French-Canadian servant in the convent that had received her after twenty years in our employ.

'Philomène is *dead.*' I whisper it to myself, staring at the letter through a mist of tears — old pictures beckoning from a single sentence, in which a parcel of life is tied up and dispatched.

Philomène! Unique now among angels, as on earth among women! Confederate of my childhood to whom I was always '*la petite,*' and she to me both changeless and immortal — who never picked up a word of English, or kept it secret if she did; and whose aim was to pass unnoticed, but not unobservant, and through loyalty and the favor of the saints to secure a comfortable berth in heaven.

She came to us when I was a baby in the town of X—— in northern Quebec. My mother found her while on a summer visit to the Lower St. Lawrence. In one of those wild little villages named after some saint or other, which, like beads on a sagging thread, dot the winding road around the capes and bays of the north shore above Jadousac. Here promontories, like re-

cumbent emperors, lean back upon the forest-crowned mountains, with the mighty river rippling to their knees. There are no half-lights; no mists to link up earth with heaven. The sun showers in triumphant splendor from a vault of matchless blue. Hundreds of feet below the Homeric headlands, the river stretches, glittering like a bowl of diamonds, to its purple rim on the horizon. It is a landscape designed by Titans and filled with intoxicating air. Storm tiaras hang flashing above the imperial hills, till they crush down, with frightful violence, on their brows.

The more inaccessible the district, where a village dwindles to a handful of log dwellings on the outskirts of virgin bush, the greater simplicity is found, embellished only by an old-world courtesy now unhappily all but extinguished with the advent of rail and motor. Children, barelegged, would fly to meet the stranger's wheeled approach. Raspberry-stained palms lurched them over the snake-fences, all in a row, to bob and cry, '*Bonjour, madame; bonjour, mademoiselle,*' as your high calèche, like a swung cradle, careened and hurtled past them down the stony road to the ravine, with white handkerchiefs and hair curlers at every window, for a glimpse of 'les Étrangers.'

Every French-Canadian village is dominated by an imposing church, with a glittering tin steeple and an imperative bell. It determines the duties and diversions of the parish, its fast days and festivals. The flock are devoted, and their curé has the largest house, with a carved porch and blinds, and a wooden statue of the Virgin on the grassplot, and in the rear a grove of sugar maples, to distinguish him from the frame shacks by which he is surrounded. His gig sparkles on Sundays, as his amazing pony tackles the precipitous hills with the gusto of its breed. He is usually more shrewd and hearty than æsthetic; affairs parochial occupy his thought, so that he does not notice the wind-swept buckwheat on its garnet stem, nor where the marguerites have turned the fields to foam. They are taken as a matter of course, and the scarlet mountains in October and the silver cascade in the deep ravine. But he will look up and shake his head at an abrupt hill confronting him, like a vast stark pincushion, punctured only by starveling stems that shiver in remembrance of the forest fire. And when the rock heaves a naked shoulder through the road, and precipitates his soliloquy to the ditch, pulling his brave horse from its knees, with a chuckle and a '*Ho! marche donc!*' he expresses his philosophy of things.

And some dark night, through rain and tempest, you 'll hear his buckboard tearing by, — a lantern flashing and a bell ringing on the wind, — and all who hear kneel down and pray for the departing soul to whom he is flying with the Holy Eucharist.

Little wooden farmhouses, here far scattered among desolate hills, could tell of incredible temperature in the long icy winter, when visits are infrequent and familiar roads forsaken for white tracks dimpling over fields and fences, and sleigh-bells jingle in the frosty air.

But, in summer, calèches are lively with good-humored folk, who rattle in through one another's gateways with a grinding flourish, and tie their horses to the woodpile. If it is Sunday, they sway volubly upon varnished rockers set out along the narrow back verandahs, and smoke the home-grown weed. And the young women, when they are not in mourning, wear bright pink and sky-blue cashmere, with a rhinestone cross on a neck ribbon.

Should building funds run out before the house is finished, front steps are dispensed with, as a luxury, and

you enter through the kitchen, leaving the front door, often of mustard with a blue sill, looking down in a depressed fashion to where its feet should be. Flowering geraniums block the seldom-opened windows on either hand, and gaze enviously at the magenta dahlias that fringe the cabbages outside. Behind the house are the pig, the woodpile, and the clothesline, with dozens of infinitesimal garments stretched upon the breeze that comes over a field of blackened tree-stumps and wild raspberry, odorous with pine and sawn timber, from the forest edge.

The lot of the French-Canadian woman in the backwoods is an unenviable one. Her life passes between stove and washtub, in an unaired kitchen, pulled hither and thither by her swarming progeny. Her duties are as the sands of the sea, and vary from the weaving of homespun blanket and rag-silk carpet in winter, to the vegetables in summer, the pig, and the milking and baking of bread in outside ovens. In spring *sucre d'arable* must be made, and wildberry jams in September. And, all seasons through, there is ironing, and water to draw, and a cradle to croon to slumber. The prevalence of consumption keeps her in mourning for a vanished relative; she is sallow and stunted, with shadows beneath her eyes. But with hospitable hands and honest smile she greets you and refers all catastrophes to the Will of God.

Of such stock came Philomène. One of nineteen children, most of whom had petered out before the age of twelve, she struggled hard, working to maturity, ignorant of her precise age — one of those who, between thirty and fifty, register no material alteration.

She was not beautiful, and framed her quaintness in a staid severity of attire — fortunately for us, in that it precluded followers, men not being perceivers of spiritual grace beneath a plain exterior, in women. There was not much, however, in her small unshaded eyes that could distract them. Her hair receded from her forehead, taut and shiny, lest a stray lock describe an alluring curve above the ears, which stood out like doors ajar.

Yet something humorous and elusive clung about her ways, — an elfin quality, — intensely feminine in her small vanities. Her walk was a combination of stump and shuffle, due to wearing shoes immeasurably too small. Standing the greater part of the day, starting with Mass at five in the morning, her resultant sufferings were at times intense.

But her smile — who shall describe it? Who do justice to that momentary distortion of the features where good-humor, incredulity, and cynicism strove for superiority, and joined issue in a quaint grimace. Starting with suppressed twinkles at the eyelids, it somehow got out of hand on the perpendicular lines between the nose and mouth, twitching nervously lest, in their broad departure, the teeth slip out and be lost. Something peeped at you and hid, and popped out again delightfully; and when you thought you had it, it was gone; and if the joke was irresistible, it set her face on fire, and nimble tears ran down to quench the glow.

'*Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!*' she would cry, wiping her eyes with a dish rag, '*mais — c'est amusant!*'

She ate little and slowly, with due deference to the teeth that were but guests in their abode. Outside the kitchen window waved the green boughs that she loved, and in winter the wild snowflakes quivered on the pane. Squash she mixed with sweet potato, and poured molasses upon both. *Pain doré* made a supper, with a cob of steaming buttered corn. Tea

was stewed till it was black and bitter, then sweetened well, and boiled again! And hot maple syrup over buckwheat pancakes almost made her wish to slip a fast-day.

When dawn pressed its ice-gray face against the rigid pane, she lifted the eider down and went to Mass. Crunch, crunch, crunch, — the creepers on her goloshes, — hail nor snow prevailing, she crept solitary along the marble streets in the black, semi-arctic weather, clutching a woolen cloud tightly round her neck, and a wee fat devotional book to her bosom.

Once only she missed, in fifteen years. It was the sole occasion we heard of when the other sex was in her pursuit! She gave him her purse, — to avoid unmaidenly disputes, — and bent homeward from the corner of the street, sobbing, startled, and forlorn!

'*L'église*,' she would murmur, with her head on one side, deprecatingly, as if it were the name of a lover, a kind of bridling whisper on her reverential tongue. It was her solace in grief, the source of all her joy, the spring of secret emotional excitement, a harbor in shipwreck, and frequented, as often as health, strength, and duty permitted; and that a great part of this time was spent in intercession for us heretics, we were well aware, and quite comfortable about it. Her earnings had given a brother a theological career, and, later, a handsome funeral. But he continued being expensive after he was dead, for, though she paid for innumerable Masses to lift his soul from Purgatory, yet the consummation seemed eternally protracted!

She never thought for herself, because there were saints for every difficulty! And should they not measure up to requirements, she could fall back on the priest. The first claimed her unremitting service, the last her pence. The Virgin guarded her umbrella in the church porch, and St. Anthony would find her thimble. And though solitary, she was not lonely, as those who have no God. Some spirit kept her company. You may be sure of that.

This propinquity of saints, however, had a certain awkwardness, in that she would not wash herself *en bloc*, as it were, though scrupulously clean in her attire and person, but only *en morceaux* — it being her proud boast that the good God had never seen her undressed!

When my mother, initiating her into household ways, flung open the bathroom door with, 'Now, Philomène, you can have a bath as often as you please,' — '*Jamais, madame, jamais*,' came the scandalized reply.

Though she was godliness itself, yet her ideas of truthtelling were rudimentary, and her prevarication saved me often a predestined spanking.

'Good old Philomène, *ex*cellent creature' — I nearly clapped my hands, doubled up in the pantry cupboard, — my ear gummed to the hinge, — on her earnest asseveration that I had never even been *seen* there; whereon my mother's light footsteps searching for yesterday's macaroons would turn and melt away unconvinced!

It should be stated, in extenuation of this reprehensible characteristic, that I was her '*petite*,' and oftener '*pauvre* petite' the superfluous adjective evoked merely an excuse for the adroitness which had saved me from disgrace. The exercise of wit, however dubious, was a matter of self-congratulation to her; and should she consider herself in mortal sin upon occasion there was '*l'église*,' to which she repaired for absolution in not exceeding twenty minutes. O consummate, selfless, and commiserating liar! How often since, I have bewailed the want of your good offices. Perhaps now you

are prevaricating with the saints. Forbear, lest they discover me and I am undone!

She had a habit — an exasperating one. And that was sniffing — not because of a cold, but as an all-comprehensive mode of expression: the most recondite feelings found an outlet here, failing mobility of gesture or fluency of tongue.

It was a short intake of breath through the nostrils, which represented a variety of emotions. She sniffed when pleased, very airily and trippingly; twice heavily, with eyes fastened on you, when she was impressed. It became a snort for disapprobation, and rapid and regular on the scent of some excitement. They were light and dainty sniffs when she was sentimental, and profound and slow at prayers, when meditation glued her lips.

In short, a most invaluable barometer for her mental weather.

Of course there were the ordinary, everyday, what we children designated as 'corn-broom' sniffs, indicative of nothing but her physical whereabouts and natural dislike of her arch-enemy, dust.

On evenings too cold to venture out, she sat in the kitchen, her back against the hot-water coils, and her stumpy slippers drawn up on the chair rungs from the razor-like draught that trickled in under double doors and turned the felt bordering white. Her little rough hands would catch on the coarse wool, as she bent like a black insect over interminable knitting for small nephews, with her sleek hair swirled into a tight button on top of her head.

Then, straightening her aching back, she would pull out a rosary and begin her prayers.

But at this juncture, rising softly with a surreptitious sniff, she would set the door ajar that led into the dining-room. This latter opened into the drawing-room, separated only by portières. Here I would be found, whipping ragtime from a banjo. It seemed to stimulate the bead-telling in some obscure fashion, for her monotonous droning continued unabated, if not accelerated, in the kitchen, by the negro melodies in the parlor!

Both found distraction along different ways. But the coon songs were irresistible.

Something in the thunderstorms that broke up the stifling heat of our short summers drew out a latent grisliness in her disposition. Superstition clothed her in deadly fears — yet she did not dislike being terrified, or to terrify!

When the sun had slunk through a chink in heaven, and closed the gates with thunder, her step was heard upon the kitchen stair. There was unwonted vigor and forgetfulness of corns in the stumping shuffle that ascended to close the shutters of the house, bringing them to with ominous claps, her green eyes glinting with excitement scarce suppressed, which made me hold on to her and follow her about imploringly. A sense of importance obliged her to gaze like a Delphic oracle upon the sky, conscious of my awe-struck dependence.

'*Ça va mal!*' she would snap, with a furtive gleam, sniffing the coming storm. If my mother was out, she took me on her lap in the darkened room, and between one sky-explosion and the next, when the blinding rain was shot with sudden flares reminding her of the cloud-bursts in her mountain home, told me terrible tales of lonely happenings and village tragedies. It was to divert my attention, I suppose, from the immediate present; for I would sit, paralyzed with fear, watching her lips and holding tightly to her hand.

Something almost of admiration in

my fascinated gaze provoked her, upon one occasion, to eclipse her former stories. For when I had begged God to spare us both after all the ironmongery of heaven had fallen on the roof, she nursed me and dried my eyes; and, when I was quieter, told me of a young girl who, being struck dead in a week of unnatural heat, had been buried too quickly. When they exhumed her, she was found to have — here Philomène dropped to an appalling whisper — '*mangé son epau!*'

Never shall I forget the thrill of horror evoked by this gloating elf, the shriek in the chimney, and the blinds rimmed with viperish light.

She did not like children or animals. She liked snow-shoveling. It was her passion and delight, as it was mine.

At night our hearts beat in unison, though in separate chambers, when a voracious blizzard suddenly swooped down upon the city, roaring for admittance and hurling clouds of foaming snow above the housetops. The frenzied onslaught on the pane spelled hours of happy snow-shoveling, and scarcely could I sleep for excitement, waiting for the day. On rare occasions, I was allowed out in the backyard with Philomène at night. There we would dig for an hour, and start a roofless tunnel to the fence, to admit the milkman in the morning. Oh! the rapture of it, the savage joy in battling with the elements! Furred to the nose-tip, ears tied down with lappets, and feet padded into moccasins with newspaper. A frightened moon, glimpsed through a blinding snow-curtain, went spinning down the icy sky. We would bend in unison, and straightening, stamp and leap into the air and groan delightedly.

'*Mais-c'est-fret,*' from Philomène (she meant *froid*), with a tremendous sniff from a nose, a mere sliver of scarlet in the scrouging wind that snatched her words and flung them on the night.

It sent a dagger through our furry backs, and turning vengefully, we would hurl a shovelful of snow upon it. It died shrieking in derision, to return surreptitiously when we were weak with exercise, and putting steel fingers between our chattering teeth, shake us into tissue paper. Breath came short and fast; the skin cracked as by the lash of whips; eyes gummed into a fringe of ice-balls, and the jaw became immovable.

Then the whole universe was turned to snow, peopled only by two bear-like grotesques still active under a frozen moon.

Now the snow-shovel is rusted and the rosary laid aside; and the needles still that her chapped fingers plied through the rough wool which dried her secret tears.

Was she happy? No one knows, for the retiring soul was well served by its enigmatical mask.

But now, perhaps, the Blessed Virgin, to whom so many prayers for my heretical soul ascended, will keep her comfortingly near, sitting on a bit of her blue robe, with her *Pain doré.*

THE MAGNUM OPUS

BY CHAUNCEY B. TINKER

I

THERE is a certain kind of reader who vexes himself and teases the critic with the question whether the author of a great classic really put into it all that an enthusiastic reader asserts that he finds. Is it a conscious art, or has all the greatness, all the subtlety and meaning of it, been thrust upon it by the critic? A suspicious reader can usually be set right by passages in which the author himself has spoken of his art. A critic is as little likely to see more than he was intended to see as a stream is likely to rise above its source. If anybody doubts whether Boswell meant to produce the effects for which he is famous, let him gather up everything that the man said about his art, about Johnson's theory of biography, and, above all, everything that he said about his own books, and he will convince himself that Boswell's effects were all calculated.

I have set down elsewhere the characteristics which, in my opinion, distinguish the *Life of Johnson*, and account for the supreme position to which it has been universally assigned. That analysis I do not propose to repeat. It may suffice to say that Boswell's general notion was to defy the very powers of oblivion and to preserve his friend as complete and as vivid as he had been in the flesh. With a sufficient amount of assiduity from a sufficient number of people, such a result, he thought, might almost have been attained. Perhaps he was right. Perhaps, on the other hand, he failed to reckon with the fact that not everyone who might feel inclined to record Dr. Johnson had the genius of a Boswell for doing it.

In all Boswell's complacent references to himself, in the whole range of his pomposity and self-conceit, he never once called himself that which in fullest truth he was — a genius. I doubt whether Boswell ever guessed that he was a genius. His fault was vanity — conceit, if you will — rather than pride. I mean that he loved to talk about himself, loved to dream of becoming a 'great man,' strutted and put on airs, but never, so far as I am aware, really overestimated his own powers or his own achievement. He was modest in his own despite, though having no intention whatever of being so. In the group of quotations about the *Life of Johnson* that follow, there is much vanity and a great deal more of self-assertion than there should be; but there is nothing in all his references to himself that can for a moment compare with Macaulay's famous summary, to which, I fancy, every critic would now assent: 'Homer is not more decidedly the first of heroic poets, Shakespeare is not more decidedly the first of dramatists, Demosthenes is not more decidedly the first of orators, than Boswell is the first of biographers. He has no second. He has distanced all his competitors so decidedly that it is not worth while to place them. Eclipse is first, and the rest nowhere.' And again, 'He has, in an important depart-

ment of literature, immeasurably surpassed such writers as Tacitus, Clarendon, Alfieri, and his own idol Johnson.' Had Boswell read such sentences as these about himself he would have swooned away with amazement.

The three passages which I here adduce were all written in the early months of the year 1788. The first of them is from a letter to Bishop Percy, thanking him for the assistance which he had given.

Procrastination, we all know, increases in a proportionate ratio the difficulty of doing that which might have once been done very easily. I am really uneasy to think how long it is since I was favoured with your Lordship's communications concerning Dr. Johnson, which, though few, are valuable, and will contribute to increase my store. I am ashamed that I have yet seven years to write of his life. I do it chronologically, giving year by year his publications, if there were any; his letters, his conversations, and everything else that I can collect. It appears to me that mine is the best plan of biography that can be conceived; for my readers will, as near as may be, accompany Johnson in his progress, and, as it were, see each scene as it happened. I am of opinion that my delay will be for the advantage of the work, though perhaps not for the advantage of the author, both because his fame may suffer from too great expectation, and the sale may be worse from the subject being comparatively old. But I mean to do my duty as well as I can.

Some six weeks later he wrote to Temple:—

Mason's *Life of Gray* is excellent, because it is interspersed with letters which show us the *Man*. His *Life of Whitehead* is not a life at all; for there is neither a letter nor a saying from first to last. I am absolutely certain that *my* mode of biography, which gives not only a *history* of Johnson's *visible* progress through the world, and of his publications, but a *view* of his mind, in his letters and conversations, is the most perfect that can be conceived, and will be *more* of a *Life* than any work that has ever yet appeared.

In April he wrote to Miss Anna Seward (the Swan of Lichfield), in reference to the various works on Johnson that had appeared, Hawkins's *Life*, Mrs. Thrale's *Anecdotes*, her *Letters of Samuel Johnson*, Tyers's biographical sketch, Towers's essay, *Last Words of Samuel Johnson*, and *More Last Words:*—

What a variety of publications have there been concerning Johnson. Never was there a man whose reputation remained so long in such luxuriant freshness as his does. How very envious of this do the 'little stars' of literature seem to be, though bright themselves in their due proportion. My Life of that illustrious man has been retarded by several avocations, as well as by depression of mind. But I hope to have it ready for the press next month. I flatter myself it will exhibit him more completely than any person, ancient or modern, has yet been preserved, and whatever merit I may be allowed, the world will at least owe to my assiduity the possession of a rich intellectual treasure.

It will be seen from the last sentence that Boswell made a distinction in his own mind between the importance of the principles which he had discovered and the particular biography which he had written; and in drawing this distinction the present writer may hope to avoid the charge of inconsistency. He had full confidence in the method which he had adopted, and counted on it to help him write 'more of a Life than any that has ever yet appeared'; but that he had not only found the method but also written the classic example of it, — that he was, to speak temperately, as illustrious a writer as Johnson, — this, luckily, he did not see. Plainly, it is of his 'assiduity' rather than his genius that he boasts.

To Boswell, I suppose, the task seemed to make a special demand upon one's assiduity. The work that had required genius (which, let me add, is a great deal more than an infinite capacity for

taking pains) was over and done with. Boswell's genius, as distinct from mere industry, had exhibited itself in originating such a plan, in the whole conception of Johnson as the hero of a drama of almost national proportions; in his realization of the importance and interest of Johnson's talk, and in getting it on paper. He was annoyed, as every author is, by the people who were afraid of him, afraid that he 'might put them in a book.' People hesitated to meet him after the publication of the *Life*, and wondered whether their every word would be written down by this deputy of the Recording Angel. He had something like a quarrel with his friend, Sir William Scott, because that gentleman, in inviting him to dine, had seen fit to caution him not to embarrass the guests by writing down their conversation. Boswell thereupon declined the invitation. Sir William wrote to him, explaining the 'principle' of his request, and apparently pointed out that the persons who feared to meet Boswell were thinking of the lot of the minor characters in the *Life*, who had served only as foils to Johnson. Boswell, in accepting the apology, made the following declaration of his own principles, which, it will be seen, was intended as a sort of official utterance: —

> If others, as well as myself, sometimes appear as shades to the Great Intellectual Light, I beg to be fairly understood, and that you and my other friends will inculcate upon persons of timidity and reserve, that my recording the conversation of so extraordinary a man as Johnson, with its concomitant circumstances, was a *peculiar* undertaking, attended with much anxiety and labour, and that the conversations of people in general are by no means of that nature as to bear being registered, and that the task of doing it would be exceedingly irksome to me. Ask me, then, my dear Sir, with none but who are clear of a prejudice which you see may easily be cured. I trust there are enough who have it not.

It is clear from this that Boswell deemed himself more than a mere realist who was registering life just as it is. It was not sufficient to make records. It was essential first to find your 'great intellectual light.' That was the work of genius, as it was the work of genius to conceive the tremendous plan of letting the reader accompany Johnson on his 'progress through life.'

Such was the work of genius, but the task of taking infinite pains remained. He was almost submerged by his own material, not to speak of the material, good and bad, that poured in upon him, every scrap of which must be tested for its authenticity as well as for its inherent interest. The marvel is that he did not give up the task. Indeed, the thought occurred to him, for he wrote to Temple: —

> You cannot imagine what labour, what perplexity, what vexation, I have endured in arranging a prodigious multiplicity of materials, in supplying omissions, in searching for papers buried in different masses — and all this besides the exertion of composing and polishing. Many a time have I thought of giving it up. However, though I shall be uneasily sensible of its many deficiencies, it will certainly be to the world a very valuable and peculiar volume of biography, full of literary and characteristical anecdotes (which word, by the way, Johnson always condemned as used in the sense that the French, and we from them, use it, as signifying *particulars*), told with authenticity and in a lively manner. Would that it were in the booksellers' shops. Methinks, if I had this *Magnum Opus* launched, the publick has no farther claim upon me.

One of the evidences of the greatness of the book is the fact that so little has, in the course of a hundred and thirty years, been added to our information about Johnson. If we except Miss Burney's *Diary*, which Boswell tried in vain to tap, no record of first-rate interest and no really novel view of Johnson have been discovered. Dr. Hill pub-

lished two volumes of *Johnsonian Miscellanies*, uniform with the *Life*, which, if they serve no other purpose, cause the work of Boswell to shine by contrast. Every scrap about Johnson has been gathered up and given to the world, — I have myself taken part in the work, — and the world has quite properly neglected it, preferring Boswell.

II

Immediately after the appearance of the *Tour*, Boswell began his preparations for writing the *Life*. His first task was to collect Johnson's letters and such reminiscences of him as seemed authentic. He made application by letter to Bishop Percy, the Reverend Dr. Adams of Oxford, Francis Barber (who had in his possession papers of the highest value to a biographer of Johnson), Anna Seward, and, no doubt, a score of others. The material which he received from such contributors he often wrote down in their presence, or revised the written record in their presence. It is to be regretted that we have no accounts of any of these sessions, for they would have revealed the biographer at one of his most characteristic and important tasks, which must have exercised all the powers of insinuation and tact which he possessed.

He thought at first that he could finish the book by the spring of 1789; but the care of Auchinleck, the death of Mrs. Boswell in the early summer, and his ill-advised candidacy at the General Election for an *ad interim* membership in Parliament, conspired to prevent it. Moreover there was his 'master,' Lord Lonsdale, upon whom it was necessary to dance attendance, and who frequently summoned Boswell to his table to provide amusement (of no literary kind) for his retainers, or 'Ninepins.'

Yet, in spite of all interruptions, he had nearly completed the first draft before the year was out, and by February, 1790, he could say that it was fairly in the press. The printers of the eighteenth century were a long-suffering generation. They actually began the printing of a book before the author had completed the manuscript. When they had received enough copy to fill up a sheet, the type was set, and proofs were pulled and sent to the author for correction. When he returned them, the sheet was printed and folded, and the type in the form distributed. The printer's devil hovered between the compositors and the author, bearing proofs hot from the press and appeals for more copy. It is only by imagining such a state of affairs, alien enough from those of our day, that we can understand the circumstances of Boswell's life in 1790 and 1791, when his 'great work' was passing through the press before he himself had completed the rough draft of it. He gasped sometimes at its ever-increasing magnitude — baulking at first at the thought of two volumes.

His chief assistant in the work — a man who has never received his due for his generous and friendly service — was Edmond Malone, the Shakespearean scholar. Malone, as a member of the Literary Club, had known Johnson. He respected Boswell's genius. The friendship of the two men is said, by a somewhat doubtful anecdote, to have been cemented (if not actually formed) in 1785, in the printing-house, where Boswell found Malone examining with admiration one of the proof-sheets of the *Tour to the Hebrides*. Malone's labors on the *Life* began with the revision of the rough draft of the manuscript which Boswell read aloud to him in the quiet of Malone's 'elegant study.' Of the copy that was sent to the printer no sheet is known to exist; but we have two sets of proof-sheets, both of which were scanned, in whole or in part, by Malone.

These proof-sheets are a fascinating study. Their owner, Mr. R. B. Adam (a Johnsonian scholar of no mean standing) has repeatedly provided me with opportunities for examining them. The first of the two sets covers only 224 pages of the first volume, of which three signatures (I, K, and L) are lacking. The set consists exclusively of the sheets for which Boswell had demanded a second 'revise,' or corrected proof; so that the lack of the three signatures may merely indicate that, in these cases, no revision was asked for — that is to say, that Boswell had but one proof of those particular sheets. This entire set of proof-sheets is quite new to the world of scholars, though it may have been known to 'collectors' in England. Mr. Adam acquired it in March, 1920.

The other set of proof-sheets, bought for £127 by the elder Adam in 1893, is practically complete. These proofs were sold when the Auchinleck library was, in part, dispersed; they passed from the hands of the salesmen, Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson, and Hodge, to Mr. Adam, who added them to his already famous collection of Johnsoniana and Boswelliana in Buffalo. There they were examined by the great editor of the *Life*, Dr. George Birkbeck Hill, whose study of them may be found in the first volume of *Johnson Club Papers*, published by Mr. Fisher Unwin in 1899. This set of proof-sheets also lacks one or two signatures, — why, I do not know, — the loss of which has been made good by the insertion of the corresponding pages from the first edition.

Whether still other proof-sheets may be found, it is difficult to say. Certainly there was never more than one *complete* set. One or two more of the earlier sets of 'revises' will probably turn up; but there is, I think, no great doubt that Mr. Adam's library now contains most of the proof-sheets that ever existed. It is probable that, as Boswell progressed in his work, not more than one proof was necessary. One sheet in the set, marked as approved for the printer, bears the message in the compositor's or 'reader's' hand, 'More copy, please' — a plain indication that only one proof was then being shown.

Apart from merely verbal changes in the interests of style, the important alterations in these proof-sheets are of two kinds: (1) insertion of new matter in the text; and (2) excision of 'old' matter, already set up in type. Of these the latter is by far the more important. We are not specially interested to know when a given paragraph or sentence was introduced into the work; whereas a suppressed passage may — nay, probably does — contain information more piquant than that of the context, and may give us new facts. For example, it is not significant to know that the paragraph about Johnson's faith in the supernatural was an insertion after the printing had begun; but it is interesting to read Boswell's opinion of Goldsmith's attire, which was first inserted, and then struck out: 'His dress [was] unsuitably gawdy and without taste.' In writing of Mr. Wedderburn's Scotch dialect, it is first said, 'Though his voice produce not a silver tone, but rather a hard *iron sound*, if that expression may be used,' — this remark Boswell struck out of the proof as, presumably, too personal.

But, in general, the excisions are remarkably few. The additions are much more numerous, and are usually put in to lend color and variety. For example, when Dr. Adams suggested to Johnson that he engage as assistant in a projected task, the French Dr. Maty, Boswell wrote, at first: 'Johnson declared his disapprobation of this in contemptuous tones'; but altered it to read: '"He! (said Johnson,) the little black dog! I'd throw him into the Thames."' Here evidently was a remark which Boswell

decided, on second thoughts, it was safe to risk. So, again, the illustrations of odd definitions in Johnson's Dictionary were added in the first proof.

The writing on the proof-sheets is in at least four different hands. Boswell's own comments are not infrequently of that highly personal character which distinguishes whatever he did — 'Let me have another *Revise* sent to Sir Joshua Reynolds in Liecester [*sic*] Square, where I dine, and it shall be returned *instantly*.' 'I am sorry the compositor has so much trouble.' 'I shall see this at the Printing house to-morrow morning before it is thrown off. Tuesday.' 'This Remains till an answer comes from Dr. Warton.' Few books have been read for the printer with more scrupulous care.

Malone saw the proof-sheets of three quarters of the book. His advice was generally intended to make the style smoother. For example, on page 84, he writes of Johnson's poem, 'Friendship,' which Boswell had introduced without sufficient explanation: 'Something sh^{d} be s^{d} about its appearing in this year & having been given by Mr. Hector.' On page 124, he comments: 'Too abrupt'; and adds a sentence of his own to serve as introduction to Dr. Johnson's letter to Birch. By an odd error, Dr. G. B. Hill assumed that Malone's handwriting was that of the 'reader' at the printing-house, and thus he missed the significance of some of the corrections. It was Malone, for example, who suggested to Boswell that he should suppress the mention of Johnson's hands as 'not over-clean,' in the famous scene which depicts Johnson as squeezing lemons into a punch-bowl, and calling out, 'Who's for *poonsh?*' '"He must have been a stout man," said Garrick, "who would have been for it."' This remark, too, was canceled at the same time.

Five of the signatures (or folded sheets of eight pages) are marked *by Malone* as approved for the press. These are Rr—Xx, and they contain no corrections in Boswell's hand. I judge that they were corrected by Malone during some illness or indisposition of Boswell's. It is to be feared that the joy of seeing his book in proof sometimes led our Boswell to convivial indulgence in port, making the correction of his pages well-nigh impossible. At any rate, signature H (pp. 50–56) shows plain evidence of such incapacity; for he has made four distinct attempts to alter 'the scantiness of his circumstances' to 'Johnson's narrow circumstances,' and has barely succeeded on the fourth attempt.

After November, 1790, Boswell had no further help from Malone, who was obliged to go to Ireland. A third hand appears in the proof-sheets when Malone's is no longer found. It may be that of Mr. Selfe, the 'reader' at the printing-office, but I do not think so; for Selfe read the proof-sheets *after* they were returned by the author. The hand I cannot identify, but it is that of a learned man.

Some day there will probably be found a copy of the *Life* more interesting than any which is at present known to exist. I refer of course to Boswell's own copy. It may, perhaps, still be in the possession of the representatives of the Boswell family. I do not know. The Boswell family have persistently repulsed all scholars who have had the temerity to apply to them for assistance. But they have already sold Boswell's own copy of the *Tour*, which is said to contain annotations by the author on nearly every page. When the author's copy of the *Life* is found, his annotations will enable some future critic of Boswell to complete this history of the composition of that work. Meanwhile, the reader no doubt feels that he has already had enough.

POEMS

I

THE VENTURE

I NEVER see a map but I'm away
On all the errands that I long to do,
Up all the rivers that are painted blue,
And all the ranges that are painted gray,
And into those pale spaces where they say:
'Unknown.' Oh, what they never knew
I would be knowing — were it not for you
I would be off to-morrow with the day!

Then, since I am at anchor at your door,
Befriend the wistful stranger; make me free
Of all your little country and its store
Of unknown things and wonders — spread for me
The chart and let me venture, till I find
The secrets of your beauty and your mind.

II

MIRRORS

These little verses that I make for you
Are little mirrors, in them you may see
Your very self — or what I swear to be
Your very self. And if you never knew
You are a bird, a flower, flame and dew,
Then gaze in all these mirrors, made by me,
Make friends of all these truths — they may be true!

My verses are a cup, I have expressed
The wine that is yourself — the golden brew
That is distilled in all my thought of you;
The cup is full, it sparkles, it is pressed
Against your lip of laughter — you must taste
How heady is the vintage that you waste!

Jean Kenyon Mackenzie

LARRY

BY A. H. SINGLETON

THE evening of the second Cailey turned out very wet; in spite of which, the children flocked in and squatted in front of the fire, turning their little bare, muddy toes up to the blaze, but ready at any moment to shift their position to one more 'convaynient' for hearing the promised story.

As it happened, old Mickey Donovan and Pat Holohan had, each, one to tell. In order to decide the question who was to begin, Smith took a penny out of his pocket and tossed it up. 'Heads!' cried Pat, and 'heads' it was; so he lost no time in taking possession of the chair reserved for the story-teller, and began.

'The story I have for yees is wan that I heerd when I was in the County Wexford ever so long ago. I won't say it's true, for bedad there is n't a scrap av truth in it; but it 's a rale owld story for all that.

'Oncest upon a time, an' a very long time ago it is, too, — there was an owld woman, an' no wan belongin' to her only a boy called Larry, an' he was little betther nor an idjit. Well, wan day in summer, nothin' would sarve Larry but he must go out into the worrld an' thry to arn a little money to get thim over the winter. His mother did n't like to let him go, for fear he 'd do some fool thing; but he was that set on it that at last she give her consint, an' away goes Larry, quite plazed wid himself, an' all his mother could say was that she hoped he 'd larn some sinse out in the worrld.

'Well, he walked on an' on till he comes to a farmhouse. "Maybe they 'd give me a job here," thinks he to himself; so up he goes to the house, an' the farmer's wife comes out; but she said they had no call for a sarvint but that she 'd let him shlape in th' hayloft. An' she give him a bit av supper and some bread an' a sup av milk in the marnin', an' the next day away he starts agin on his thravels.

'He walked on an' on, till he was near bet out, and at last he comes to a hill, an' on the side av th' hill there was a big rock, and in the rock was a house an' cow-sheds an' a pigsty, an' a lot av cocks an' hens peckin' about in front av th' house, an' an owld woman lanin' on th' half-doore lookin' at him. An' ses she, "What do you want, dacent boy?" ses she.

'"Do ye want a sarvint boy, ma'am?" axes Larry. "Sure, I'd be contint wid any wages you 'd give me, an' I 'd sarve ye well," ses he.

'Well, she tuk him to mind the cows an' the pigs an' a goat or two that she had, an' do anny odd jobs she 'd set him; an' at th' end av the half-year she 'd give him good wages.

'When th' end av the half-year come, "Larry," ses the Misthress, "would ye like to go home an' see how yer mother's gettin' on?"

'"I'd like it well," ses he. "An' what wages will ye be afther givin' me?"

'"You're not such a fool afther all, Larry," ses the Misthress; so she cot a hen an' set her on the table. "Whatever ye do," ses the Misthress, "don't ax th' hen to do annything till ye get home; an' as soon as you're home,

set her an the table an' throw a few grains av oats forninst her, an' ye'll see wondhers."

'Well, Larry takes th' hen under his arrm, an' away wid him for home; but as he was passin' the farmhouse, he thought he'd ax would they give him another night's lodgin'. They brought him in, an' axed a power av questions — where he was an' what wages he got; an' when they saw th' hen, they laughed an' said was n't he the fool to sarve half a year for nothin' but an owld hen; an' they had him tormentid till he set th' hen on the table an' throwed a few grains av oats he brought wid him in front av it. An' if th' hen did n't start layin' gould eggs as quick as she could, till he stopped her for fear she'd lay them all before he got her home. He give all the eggs to the farmer's wife, an' she give him a grand supper, an' made a bed for him in a spare room they had, an' put th' hen in a basket beside him the way she'd be safe; an' in the marnin' Larry starts off airly to show th' hen to his mother.

'His mother was rale glad to see him; but when he took th' hen out av the basket to show off her thricks, not an egg would she lay for him good or bad.

'Well, Larry did n't stay long at home, bekase no wan would believe a worrd about th' hen layin' gould eggs, an' said it was romancin' he was. So he sets off agin for th' house in the rock, an' on his way he stopped agin at the farmhouse an' tould them there that the hen did n't lay wan egg afther him bringin' her home. The farmer's wife, an' the whole lot of thim, had him pershwaded that it was only dhramin' he was, an' that th' hen never laid a gould egg at all; it was only a common little hen that they was wondherin' he'd be bothered takin' home wid him at all.

'When he got to th' house in the rock, the owld woman was quite glad to see him an' engaged him for another half-year; but, whan he tould her about th' hen, all she said was, "Do what you're tould next time; I'm afraid, me poor Larry, that ye did n't larn sinse yet, nor never will," ses she. "Sure th' hen ye tuk home is n't the wan I give ye at all."

'But he could n't be pershwaded that the people that give him such good tratement would do such a mane thrick an him.

'"Never mind, Larry," ses she, "mind yerself betther the next time ye goes home, an' don't let thim be makin' a fool av you agin."

'Well, things went on just the same. Larry minded the cows an' all the bastes well, an' give satisfaction to the Misthress till the end av th' half-year; an' then she ses, "Would n't ye like to go home an' see how yer mother is gettin' on, Larry?"

'An' he said he'd like it well. So, for his wages, she give him a tablecloth, an', ses she, "Mind ye don't show this to annywan till ye gets home, an' then spread it on the table in front av your mother, an' ye'll see wondhers."

'Well, Larry went on his way, an' he gets a night's lodgin' at the farmhouse; but when they axed him what wages he got, he would n't tell them wan word.

'"Maybe ye dremt it," ses wan of the boys; an' Larry was that mad that he tuk the tablecloth from where he had it rowled round him for fear av annywan seein' it. An' then they laughs more till they had him in a proper rage, an' he puts it on the table, and ses: "Tablecloth, do yer duty"; an' immajetly the tablecloth was covered with the grandest gould plates an' dishes an' knives an' forks, an' the best av good things to ate, an' bottles av wine an' whiskey; an' they had the grandest feast ever ye seen. Larry was that plazed that he give all the gould plates an' iverything else to the Misthress in payment for his night's lodgin'; an' if they did n't make a fuss over him, it's a pity!

'Well, he shlep' well that night with the tablecloth that the woman rowled up for him undher his head for a piller; an' the next marnin' off wid him agin for home.

But when he spread the cloth on the table, sorra the thing it wud do for him; an' his mother an' the neighbors said he was a bigger fool nor ever; an' that annoyed him so much that away wid him the next marnin' to his Misthress in th' house in the rock.

'He stopped agin at the farmhouse; an' did n't they all laugh when he began to talk about the wondherful tablecloth an' the gould dishes an' all; an' they said he was a terror to dhrame, for he had nothin' but a common tablecloth wrapped round him to keep him warrm. They give him his supper an' a night's lodgin', but he was away as soon as it was light the next marnin', bekase they had him annoyed laughin' at his dhrames.

'When he got back to th' house in the rock, the Misthress was rale vexed wid him. "Ye 'll never larn sense, Larry," ses she, "an' ye can't stand a joke, but must be showin' off to make the people think ye cliverer nor ye are. Go back," ses she, "an' take this stick wid ye; an' when they axes ye at th' farm what ye brought for wages this time, just you take out the stick an' say: 'Stick, stick, do yer duty!' an' then ye 'll see what 'll happen."

'Well, he did n't delay, but away he starts back for the farrm; an' when they wants to know what brought him back so soon, he had the sinse to wait till he got a bit to ate, an' then he takes out the stick, an' ses he: "Stick, stick do yer duty!" Wid that, the stick lep out av his hand an' commenced to bate every wan av thim. Was n't there the shoutin' an' bawlin' an' tellin' Larry to make it stop leatherin' them!

'"Not till I gets back me hen," ses Larry; an' the stick playin' on their shouldhers like mad.

'"Here she is Larry!" ses the farmer's wife. "Won't ye make the stick stop now?"

'"I thought it was only a dhrame," ses Larry, "but I must get back my tablecloth before tellin' the stick to stop batin' yees."

'"Here it is, Larry!" ses th' oldest daughter, runnin' in wid it in her hand.

'"I thought it was only a dhrame," ses Larry; "but now that I've got back my hen an' my tablecloth, the stick may stop."

'Well, Larry would n't shlape in the house that night for fear they'd take thim all off him agin; but he shlep' in th' barrn wid the hen in a basket beside him, an' the tablecloth rowled up under his head for a piller; an' he kep' a tight howlt av the stick. But nobody interfared wid him; they was all too sore afther the batin' they got; an' away wid him home to his mother in the marnin'.

'Well, to make a long story short, th' hen laid so many gould eggs, an' the tablecloth pervided thim with more food than they could ate, an' it was n't long before Larry an' his mother got rich. The first thing they done was to buy a nate pony an' trap an' drive to th' house in the rock, to thank the Misthress for all she done for Larry. But when they got there, there was no house at all, only th' hill an' the rock, but not a sign av annything else could they see!'

'An' what happened Larry an' his mother?" inquired Patsey with interest.

'Troth, I d'know,' said his father. 'There was never a worrd more about thim in the story annyhow.'

THE MOON IN LITERATURE

BY ROGER WRAY

THE moon is a satellite, or secondary planet, revolving about the earth in an elliptic orbit inclined 5° 8′ 48″ to the ecliptic, and doing the trip in 27 days, 7 hours, 43 minutes, 11-461 seconds. Its average distance from the earth is 238,-833 miles, and any scientist will be able to supply the number of odd feet and inches. Its volume is, roughly, one fiftieth, and its weight one eightieth of that of our own globe. The moon is airless, waterless, lifeless — a corpse of a world; and its principal glory is (as the ladies say) 'not her own.' The total surface visible to us is approximately twice the size of Europe, and one must picture it as a barren continent of peak and precipice, crag and crater, with mountains standing fang-like in frozen light, and valleys plunged in utter blackness. There is no bush or tree, no blade of grass or smudge of lichen; no sound of bird or beast; no chuckle of water, or whine of midge. The petrified silence threatens to burst the eardrums.

Such is the moon of astronomy — a veritable nightmare, the horror of which makes Dante's Infernos appear comparatively endurable. To dismiss the moon in this fashion is very much like dismissing one of Rodin's statues as so many hundredweight of calcium carbonate.

The moon is a silver shield, a celestial halo, the lamp of heaven, a fairy godmother, an enchantress, a goddess — Luna, Astarte, Isis, Phœbe (gentle sister of the ardent sun), or Diana (who still bathes in forest pools). This is the moon of our human acquaintance, the moon of Egyptian and Druidical worship, the moon that shines through poetry and romance, that illumines life and literature. The astronomer's conception may be the ultimate fact, but fact is dead: the poet's vision is truth, and truth is alive.

The moon may be (for all we know) the cause of tides or earthquakes; but the important thing about her is that she shares our secrets — secrets that are too good to tell. The moon may be 600,000 times less brilliant than the sun. If so, it matters nothing. The vital difference between them is that the sun is epic while the moon is lyric. The textbooks assure us that the sun is 65,-000,000 times the size of the moon — a triviality hardly worth the trouble of calculating. The supreme point is that the sun is masculine and the moon feminine. The man who denies it is a miserable literalist, and deserves a professorship at a Prussian university.

The sun gives light; the moon gives illusion. The sun gives so much light that there is little room left for imagination. We do not easily make legends about the sun; but the moon keeps alive that sense of the mystic without which we might as well be in the prehistoric cave or jungle. The people are on the side of the poets. We have folk tales by the hundred — of the man who tried to rake the moon out of the pond, of the exhilarated cow that jumped over the moon, of the moon's being made of green cheese (albeit there is no life on it), of goats dancing on their hind-legs

at full of moon, of the man in the moon, and that sumptuous dream of fairy-tales — the blue moon. Popular fancy delights to play with the moon. Elves and pixies hold their revels and eisteddfods in the moonlit glades; leprechauns roam the woods; and Puck is loosed to play his nocturnal pranks. Human lovers take their walks in a world of moonshine. Always there is this association of glamour and witchery with moonlight; and as long as the moon endures, the common people will believe in that elusive beauty which restores the illusions banished by day.

The full glare of daylight tends to make matter-of-fact. Essential darkness inspires an elemental dread at the abysmal nothingness of it all. But in the mysterious hours between the gloaming and the murk, one gets gleams and glimpses, suggestions rather than details. There is awakened that feeling of fugitive beauty and evanescent loveliness. Magic touches the earth, revealing the queerness of houses and the strangeness of trees. Imagination has free play with the outlines of familiar things. The whiteness of moonshine and the violet of dusk belong to the world of legends and old dreams. That may explain why travelers like to see Niagara, the Taj Mahal, and Venice, in the moonlight.

We see faces in the moon. We personify it in our poems. We deify it in our religions, fragments of which survive in countless lunar superstitions. The scientist knows the moon only as an oblate spheroid — a sort of by-product of the earth, a globular mass that revolves with the regularity of a metronome. But literature reminds us that the moon is a big symbol, a toy left over from some primeval revelry, a lamp more magical than Aladdin's.

The sun is always a circle, but there are as many moons as there are moods in a woman. Sometimes the moon is sad: —

> With how sad steps, O moon, thou climb'st the skies!
> How silently and with how wan a face!

Or,

> Art thou pale with weariness
> Of climbing heaven, and gazing on the earth,
> Wandering companionless?

But that is a rare mood. Sometimes she is weird; sometimes she is pensive; often she is gay; many times she is dazzling with witchery.

We found a poem the other day which represents the sauciness of the moon: —

> Have you heard what the young moon said to me
> As I walk'd in the morning early?
> 'Shall we make a match of it, you and me?'
> Oh! a saucy slip of a wench was she.
> She lay on her back and laugh'd at me
> As I walk'd in the morning early.

There may be a grammatical mistake in the third line; there may be an astronomical error in the first and fifth; but there is a distinct emotion which is original and true, and the poet was lucky enough to catch it.

There are hundreds of moons, of varying phase and color, and every one of them suggests a different feeling. As certainly as the emotions of childhood are revived by some chance odor or drifting perfume, so are the moods of youth, with its wondrous summer evenings and winter nights, recalled by a glimpse of the moon. Lest the notion may seem somewhat too fantastic, we offer a few suggestions at random.

Take the case of color, for example. It is common enough to hear of a yellow moon. The line of a coon-song, —

> Don't you see the great big yaller moon? —

conjures up a picture of a plantation, with the 'nigger-gals' sitting in a long black row; but if we get the fundamental sentiment of coon-songs, it is somehow associated with that 'yaller' moon. Try the experiment of blotting out the moon, or of substituting daylight, and the whole feeling is changed.

But a careful artist is not satisfied with a yellow moon. Hardy talks of a 'chrome-yellow' moon, which is better, because the more distinctive color gives a more exact emotion. It gives one a rich feeling that evades definition. Hugh Walpole speaks of an 'apricot-tinted moon,' and yet again of 'the pale primrose of a crescent moon.' That expression, if we mistake not, does more than paint a picture in a single stroke: it paints an emotion with brilliance and vividness.

Compton Mackenzie has described 'an ivory moon shimmering in the blue dusk.' His descriptions of the sunset-colors, the 'topaz eves of May,' the 'silver nights of June,' bring back by a subtle spell the very feelings of youth spent in London. Young Michael Fane went to Oxford, and his chief recollection of the city of dreaming spires was of the silver moonlight flooding the silent streets of night. The whole meaning of Oxford lies imprisoned in that memory. The love-story of Guy Hazlewood began with a sub-lunar adventure on a September evening, when he saw the moon of dislustred gold that grew more and more burnished as it mounted above the hills.

Oscar Wilde, another precisian in matters of color, describes a 'honey-colored moon hanging in the indigo dusk.' But in another book, Dorian Gray, steeped in a life of infamy and crime, saw the moon that grinned at him like a skull. That horrible fancy seems to lay bare the secret of his soul.

In describing the island of the Lotos-Eaters, Tennyson says: —

> Full-faced above the valley stood the moon.

We all know that moon — pale in the afternoon light. In the magic of twilight, as children, we howled for the moon; the Lotos-Eaters saw it as a ghost of a dead world, a thing not worth crying for. Nothing was worth desiring. The entrancing illusions that make life worth striving for had been explained away. Everything was vanity, futility, disillusion; and that faded moon gives exactly the touch required. But how different from the moons of infancy, of childhood and of youth!

Mr. G. K. Chesterton describes a nightmare in which a man stepped into the open air and walked alone through the empty streets of London, which were blank with white moonshine. Indeed it seemed not so much moonlight as 'dead daylight on some alien planet.' Another feeling — an uncanny one this time — which comes from the moon. Contrast this with the feeling in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, where Titania commands her fairy attendants to

> Pluck the wings of painted butterflies,
> And fan the moonbeams from his sleeping eyes.

There is nothing uncanny here, but all the beneficent enchantment of fairyland.

In his *Island Nights' Entertainments*, Stevenson describes a murder done in a tropical forest in the green moonlight. Those huge and hideous dolls, which Case employed to terrify the natives, had been blown up by gunpowder, and lay blazing in the weird light. The scene is bizarre enough as a setting for the murder, and the green moonlight added the last freakish touches that saved the story from becoming merely a boys' 'Blood.' The mention of Stevenson reminds one of his poem on the moon; but it is too well known for quotation.

As a final illustration, we might refer to Sir William Watson's poem on Wordsworth's grave: —

> The mysterious face of common things
> He mirrored as the moon in Rydal Mere
> Is mirrored, when the breathless night hangs blue;
> Strangely remote she seems, and wondrous near,
> And by some nameless difference born anew.

There seems to be the essence of Wordsworth in that picture; yet how differ-

ent from the moon of Stevenson's verse!

One might go on indefinitely. One thinks of the crescent moon on Turkish mosques and minarets, and the vision somehow conjures up the very soul of Mohammedanism. Or of the Arabs on the desert as the sun sinks and a thin sickle gleams in the west — a scimitar suspended in heaven as a symbol of the faith which has been kept, and a sign that the fast of Ramadan is ended. (Glory be to Allah!)

The round moon dreams over Persian rose-gardens, where Omar wandered with his sweet companion — the moon of his delight that knew no wane. It floats in the purple twilight of Spain. It shines, brilliant and white, through the forests of India. It rises like Aphrodite from the Eastern sea. It stares over Arctic snows, and glows golden over warm South Seas. The watchdog barks at the moon in Hans Andersen's tale. Another watchdog bays by the Tiber while Lord Byron muses in the Coliseum at midnight. We see the moon as a silver gondola, or as 'a bow new-bent in heaven.' It bathes in blue lakes with golden shores, among the clouds of early spring; it covers the roads of summer nights like new-fallen snow; the broad face of the harvest moon gazes sadly over the fields of standing sheaves; the last strip of the withered moon makes the winter mornings weird and wizard-like. It stirs innumerable emotions, from the eerie to the lovelorn, from chastity to voluptuousness — all, except, perhaps, courage.

Then, too, if we may venture a step further, there is a distinct moonlight element in art. We do not mean the direct treatment of the subject, as in Beethoven's 'Moonlight Sonata,' or Byron Cooper's pictures, or Ben Jonson's 'Hymn to Diana'; but rather that sense of lyric enchantment which reminds us of the tantalizing and naiad-like beauty of moonshine. It is not found in Russian literature. There must be a moon in Russia, but there is no hint of moon-loveliness in the stories of the people — only of gray dawns, cold daylight, and sombre nightfalls. There is always a feeling as of an iron bell tolling through a Russian story. But France is full of love and laughter, and the haunting beauty of things seen in moonlight. Maupassant's short story, *Clair de Lune*, is probably one of the world's masterpieces, and it deals specifically with moonshine. But there is moonshine in most of Maupassant's stories.

Arnold Bennett's tales seem to move in a strong noon light which discloses the details of things as they really are: that is why the author writes prose instead of poetry — he sees too much; he knows too well. The writers who aim at reality decline to be misled by illusions. But without illusion, most of us would find life unendurable.

There is more moon-enchantment in Coleridge than in Wordsworth; more in Shelley than in Byron; more in Keats than in any of these. But best of all is Shakespeare. All his comedies are Midsummer Nights' Dreams. We do not suggest that his heroines are elusive. They are essentially healthy animals, and Shakespeare is never so happy as when he can dress them up as boys — Viola, Imogen, Portia, Julia, Jessica. But they have a witchery and glamour that scarcely belongs to our workaday world. By sheer power of magic, Shakespeare can create the very ache of first love. He weaves a spell of sensuous delight. He leads his dukes into forests and wrecks them on enchanted islands, and even in court they talk about the sweet sound that breathes upon a bank of violets. Rich perfumes snare the senses; wandering strains of music ravish the ears; it seems as natural to make love as to breathe or sing. Miranda sits

within her cave making love to Ferdinand; Juliet leans from her balcony, responding to the vows of Romeo; musicians are serenading Silvia; Demetrius and Hermia, Lysander and Helena sleep in the woods; Jessica and Lorenzo sit on a moonlit bank while the sounds of music creep into their ears; Fenton elopes with Anne Page while fairies dance round Falstaff; Rosalind and Celia have fled to the forest of Arden.

But where is Mrs. Grundy? Where are the complications of modern life — the financial problems, the social difficulties, the moral restrictions, the limitations imposed by civilization, etiquette, religion? The Shakespearean comedy is gay with elemental emotions and pagan merriment. It is the world of Puck, and Pan, and Dan Cupid; of Phyllis, Corydon, Amaryllis, Philomel — and MOONSHINE!

PILGRIMAGE

BY ELIZABETH CHOATE

I

Whan that Aprille with his shoures sote
The droghte of March hath perced to the rote, . . .
So priketh hem natur in hir corages:
Than longen folk to goon on pilgrimages.

A PROPER pilgrimage should be made with dried peas in the soles of one's shoes, along dusty roads, and with a reverent spirit lurking at the elbow, to sober the new green of the trees and the wind in the grass. But the blue mist that is the color of adventure called us to the sea, and the reverence in our spirits sang to the waves of the Western Ocean, when we started on our pilgrimage to Stevenson's high tomb.

You have read many tales of the sea, and probably they have been wild and stirring. No doubt you have sailed Two Years before the Mast with Mr. Dana, or worked in engine-rooms with Mr. McFee. Perhaps, too, — and I hope so for your sake, — you have followed the old shipmasters in and out of Salem Harbor, and from there on round the world.

I can give you no such story.

When asked to describe ourselves in government papers, my friend and I answered the first four questions by a discreet use of the word, 'Medium.' The last question, as everyone knows, is always 'Occupation?' We had no occupation, and we earnestly hoped we should not have for many long months to come. Consequently, we scorned the word. But we must needs fill the gap somehow, and, in lieu of something better, wrote down, 'Spinster.'

Now, however medium you may be, or however much of a spinster, you may still sigh for adventure other than upon the high seas of matrimony; but, of course, no matter how gay the glint in her eye, a spinster cannot hang from a yardarm, oil the engines, or stoke the fires; so that my story of necessity must deal with the upper decks of boats,

which all true adventurers affect to despise. However, 'adventures are to the adventurous,' and, after all, upper decks are not to be looked down upon.

We began our pilgrimage from New York to New Zealand in a British-India cargo boat. She was only 4000 tons, and her name was The Lake of Flowers. She had been a coast-to-coaster for forty years. Her past was a thing to dream about, for she had been a beauty in her time. A past it was of color and smells, chattering natives, spices, and the languid heat and sunshine of the Tropics. And now, like other belles of fashion, who, grown old, have nothing left but staid sobriety, she still held her place in the world of men by that which was put upon the face of her. Lord Inchcape, finding that there were many American missionaries in India desiring passage home, took the old lady, arrayed her in coats of many colors, and sent her shivering round the world. A pretty pass for a lady of quality! And oh! more shameful still, having carried to America a cargo of silks and spices, her last sweet touch with the East, she must relinquish it at New York, and have her hold crammed with knobby typewriters for the energetic stenographers of New Zealand, and Ford cars for the potentates of Australia.

But I must start my journey, or I shall never reach its end. Instead of waving tedious handkerchiefs and heaving heavy sighs to the last long line of skyscrapers down the harbor, as all good Americans should, my friend and I threw off our national symptoms and went on a tour of discovery round the boat. She found sheep on the main deck, all doomed to die, and looking as if they knew it, for we carried a native crew. And I found ducks on the poop. And between decks, and wherever there was a nook or cranny, coal was piled, tons of it, covered with tarpaulin.

II

A week to Panama. A week of getting used to things, learning how to dress in our cabin without putting each other's eyes out with our elbows, finding the cockroach that lived under the slats by the bathtub, watching the natives at their prayers and at their food. In the half-light of evening, when they spread their prayer mats on the hatches and prostrated themselves toward Mecca, you felt as if a story were being told and you were in the heart of it. When they ate, they squatted round a great wooden bowl, full of rice, in which they rolled pieces of curried mutton, scooping it all up with a cup-shaped hand and emptying it into their mouths.

A week to Panama, and in the rose-light of a tropical morning, we found ourselves in the little bay that is the waiting-room of the Canal. We twisted in and out between the boats and sidled up to the coaling docks outside the town of Colon. A day's hot rush for things forgotten. A hunt for jam and cakes and chocolate, and a ride through sweltering dusty streets. Then night and morning and the Canal; and, at last past the Peaks of Darien and out, in the midst of a blinding, stinging shower, into the blue Pacific overside the world.

Those were halcyon days, when we awoke to a flaming East, when we lay and dreamed of youth and the glory thereof. Halcyon days of laughter and gay winds, watching blue waves curl out in foam, and the albatross swoop and dare, and swoop again, tip-tilted to the water's edge; long days of good books and invented games and sleepy long, long thoughts; days when we 'tired the sun with talking and sent him down the sky,' and watched the orange deserts that he left behind the clouds, with their long lines of caravans

and camels trailing off to some old forgotten city in the West. Evenings spent in a world of adventure; for, as night loosens the tongues of the dogs on land, so the dogs of the sea are led to tell their tales after the dark has come down. We were wrecked on coral beaches, we stole rubies in Madras, we made love to Burma girls, and we were eaten by cannibals in Malay; and on and on, until silence fell and someone suggested bed.

We slept on deck, and my memory tells of soft hot nights, with the moon coming over the rim of the ocean, when we sat in our bunks and ate oranges sweet as honey, till the sea and the heavens were two black bowls touching edge to edge with a silver path across. The night wind died, and we began to wonder, like the Carpenter in *Alice*, whether the sea was boiling hot.

Besides ourselves there were three passengers. A man who owned performing dogs, and was going home to Australia because he had not seen his family or heard a laughing jackass for seven years. He used to make the dogs perform for us on the hatches; but as most of their tricks required balancing, and as the ship leaned to every wave, it was n't a great success. Our second companion wrote scenarios for the movies, and when he was n't sleeping, was forever trying to remember the name of a poem that sounded like a French *pâtisserie*. On the last day, he thought of it, and came into breakfast looking radiantly happy. We asked him what had happened and he murmured, 'Lalla Rookh.' The name with us will stick to him forever. Our third was an Early Victorian lady. I don't mean that she could possibly have lived in the Victorian Era: oh, no; for she was young and pretty, and had black curls that stole about her face; but, unlike our modern maids, she wept and trembled and was afraid of mice. She had been to school, but had never learned anything there except how to enter a carriage; and as she had never had one and never expected to have, perhaps it did n't really matter that they had omitted to teach her how to descend.

III

Were we ever bored? Of course we were. Six weeks to New Zealand, and mutton for every meal! We used to go out every morning to the sheep-pens on the after-deck. Not that we were n't quite sure they were there, — a subtle something that was not the perfume of the East came floating down the corridors at night, so that we always knew we'd find them, — but we wished to count them and call them by name, and see if it were Jacob or Esau who had been led away to be sacrificed overnight. Finally, only Rachel was left, and daily we awaited the joy of her going. But Rachel developed a hacking cough and declined into galloping consumption, and lingered on. No one ever knew why she was not allowed to sink her sorrows in the sea; but she was there to the last, and we bade her goodbye between her shuddering paroxysms, and felt a gentle gratitude because by her timely illness she had saved us yet one more day of mutton.

The boat was so small, and we so few that we became a part of her, and were allowed to go anywhere. All the unimportant things turned to colossal occasions. How we hated the person who took the largest onion in the stew! How thrilled we were over a fight between the second cook and the messroom boy! What excitement there was the day a hen flew overboard! Ah, that hen! I spent long hours pondering her fate. Would she tip upside down, like a ship without a keel, and perish miserably with bony yellow legs ludicrously waving in the air? Would she, perhaps,

like Jonah, find shore safe and sound at last, or would a wandering shark seize her by one stark cold toe and drag her down to death in the horrid depths? My imagination had run away too long ago to allow that she might end merely as a pathetic bunch of feathers wilted into the water from lack of food and drink.

One black midnight, in the middle of the Pacific, we picked up the solitary light of the Island of Pitcairn. What a wonder that; what a miracle for man! For three weeks not a speck on the horizon, and then, in the utter dark, at the appointed hour, a single infinitesimal gleam, and a blacker shadow against the blackness of the night. A hail and farewell it was. A greeting, and the leaving of one meagre bag of mail — and then, off into the night again.

We struck rough weather after we left Pitcairn. The sea rose up and raged. At night the wind tore the blankets from our cots, and we woke to find them slithering across the decks. We rescued them, and later woke again as our bunks raced each other into the scuppers, and our poor cold feet stuck out over the rail and caught an icy blast of wind and rain. We rolled and rolled and pitched and tossed. One kept saying to one's self, —

'When the ship goes wop with a wiggle between,
When the steward falls into the soup tureen.'

It was like that. We listened to the wild whirl of the propeller leaping high out of the water, and to the dismal crash of dishes sliding from the pantry shelves — and this for days together. And then, one afternoon when there seemed no end to the wind and no warm place in all the world, land appeared on the starboard bow, and we saw the snow-capped mountains of New Zealand. Snow-capped mountains rising out of the sea, and afar off.

IV

The sun came up the next morning like the hymn, 'Rise, crowned with light'; for we were going into Lyttleton Harbor, between cliffs drenched in the early gold of an early sun and covered with the yellow gorse of spring. New Zealand is a land of hills — soft, undulating, friendly hills, rolling and rolling forever, it seems, to the edge of the sea. Have you ever watched a sunrise in the hills, the light just touching the tops with crimson and leaving the hidden parts in darkness, like valleys of mystery or death; and then the glow creeping down and on, until the world is shining with new morning and fresh dew? That was what it was like going into Lyttleton Harbor — bare, black outlines crowned with red and gold, and suddenly a world transformed!

This is a hard part of the pilgrimage to tell about. Even pilgrims must rest from their journey sometimes; and resting, while delightful, can hardly interest a reader who, of common knowledge, delights in 'alarums and excursions.' We rested in a little valley between the hills of the North Island, where the sun fell hot and sweet upon the blue gums and rose-gardens, and they gave back his sweetness in their fragrance. We paddled up small English rivers, overhung with willow trees and lined along the banks with wattle. Small boys came out and helped us up the rapids for a penny; and on the way down, we stopped for tea and hot buttered scones in a little house set back from the bank of the river in an old-fashioned garden.

One day I moored my boat there, had tea, and was just getting in, to float away downstream, when something hard hit me on the side of the head. It hurt, and I looked down — to see quite a large stone on the bottom of the boat. At first I was angry, and then I remem-

bered. True pilgrims always were stoned, were n't they, in foreign lands? After that I was better pleased, and I picked up my paddle and went off without even waiting to discover the offender.

We stayed in our valley a month or so; and then, thinking that we had tarried long enough, set off again to find the 'little lazy isle' we were in search of. This time we sailed from Auckland, in a boat even smaller and older than before; and as the days went on, we found ourselves more and more like true pilgrims who have dangers encompass them round about; for cockroaches and little green lizards raced over our bunks, and rats played games at night on the cabin floor.

It is nearly a week to the first of the islands on the way to Samoa. The days came and went in an orderly procession, like the tropic clouds; and at the end of them, came a sight of silver beaches coral-ringed around green hills. We found white sunlight. No half-lights and shadows, nothing tempered or mellowed and golden, but white like something new-made, untarnished, just born. We found a heavy-scented heat, and sapphire-colored fishes in the water, and all the things we'd read or dreamed about.

Some day I am going back to be queen of one of those islands of love and laughter. I shall have a house on the side of a cliff, and watch the white-sailed schooners going by. There will be a great flamboyant tree by the door, and yellow trumpet-flowers hanging from the roof. If you will come to see me there, I will take you to walk between the palm trees, and show you long-haired pirates, in red bandannas and earrings, playing at dice with the natives as they sit cross-legged on the grass outside their huts, and the little black pigs run in and out with the little black children. One of the men will climb a tree for us, and drop down cocoanuts to drink. We shall have flowers to wear in our hair and wreaths to hang around our necks; and at night you will see the palm trees showing black against the moon, and hear the low singing of the natives in the distance.

V

'Smells are surer than sights or sounds to make your heartstrings crack.' . . . You have read that, of course. We never really knew what it meant until we had smelt the copra they were loading on our boat, and wandered down the long street at Suva, which leads from the wharves to the Grand Hotel. Everyone who has been to Suva remembers that street, with the sea to the right and its long line of dirty crowded native shops to the left. I have walked there at midday, when the sun was hot and bright; and I have walked there at midnight, with the tropical rain coming down in sheets; and there is always the same haunting smell: the sea and flowers, spice and dirt and native; too sweet, too hot, too close, and wholly fascinating.

We spent a day and a night at Suva. Cows had to be taken aboard for the islands farther on. All night we watched them being lifted from the scows into the hold. The whole world outside us was asleep, but the wharves and the boat formed a veritable turmoil of toil. Oil lamps, hung from the rigging, flung yellow rays here and there; and in the deeper shadows, the dark forms of natives were stretched out asleep. Voices shouted from the darkness of the sheds, and were answered by shouts from the boat and loud laughter. There was the sound of cattle stamping and bellowing from the scows; men rushed hither and thither, talking and calling to one another; and over it all, the winches shrieked and groaned, and the

natives howled with fear and delight as each cow came swinging over the side. Its head was downward, perhaps because the rope had slipped, and an expression of ludicrous horror was on its silly cow-face as it found itself poised between earth and heaven and heard all about the very noise of hell.

We left Fiji and continued our pilgrimage. Our fellow passengers came and went, as we stopped at different places to deliver or take in cargo; and the scene, like the passengers, changed from one silver-beached island to the next. Here, we had lunch on the beach and afterward lay on the grass and listened to the waves break over the reef; there, we went exploring, climbed hills, or bargained for shells and coral along the wharves. Sometimes the natives gave us great armfuls of fruit; and sometimes, as we wandered down the sweet-smelling aimless lanes of the villages, we saw them dancing, or heard them singing in the darkness. After a week of lotus-eating, we found our island lying green and quiet inside its coral reef, and we saw the mountain rising above where the Master of all Adventurers had said that he should lie, with the stars at his head and the sea at his feet and the deep tropical forest all about him.

VI

We pulled into Samoa Harbor in the afternoon, and watched the crew unload the cargo of big timber piles, with a sea running and the piles crashing into gangways and hatches, and the natives capering about, yelling with laughter.

In the harbor at Apia there is a wreck blown up on the beach from the storm in 1889, when the Germans were in possession. There were American, English, and German boats in the harbor at the time. They saw the blow coming, but for some reason or other the Calliope, a British man-of-war, was the only boat able to get to sea in time. If you ever go to Samoa, you will be sure to hear how the Americans and Germans stood at attention and cheered as the Calliope steamed past; and a short while after were blown on to the reefs themselves, and sank in sixty fathoms of water, or were dashed to pieces on the merciless coral, and hurled away by the hurricane. A battered part of one boat remains lying on the top of the reef, bare to the bones, as a sort of sinister warning.

When the sea went down and the cargo was unloaded, the Samoans came out and got us in rowboats and took us ashore. As soon as we stepped on dry land, we started for Vailima. When the Germans owned the island, the governors used to live in Stevenson's house; and as we entered the front door, a great picture of Bismarck greeted us. But it did n't seem to matter. The gentle gay spirit that first loved the place seems to be left behind in the light airy atmosphere of the rooms, and the idea of the Man of Iron sitting there still, stern, and silent, looking on the beauty and wealth his country had lost, would surely have appealed to a teller of stories.

The house is set on the side of a hill looking out to sea and surrounded by large verandahs. It is easy to imagine Stevenson sitting on the upper one, in a lounge chair with the cushions piled behind him, just as Saint Gaudens made him, devising glorious sport for David Balfour.

But his grave was what we had come to see. We delayed a little, because we were half afraid. We had come over ten thousand miles of sea, and then three thousand more, and it might be disappointing. Now that we were here, we doubted. The time was to be so short, like waiting years for one short minute. And then the thing of beauty

we had come to see might, by the stupidity of others, turn out to be cheap and tawdry. I wonder now why I did not realize that he must have made other people see beauty as he saw it, so that they could not make a mistake about what he would have wanted.

You start deep down in the valley, below the lawns of the house; you go over a brown and crystal flood of water; and then you toil up and up and up a tiny slippery track, part scrambling for foothold after the rain, and wholly panting for breath in the humid misty heat. Up and up and up, until you can look over the tops of the trees, until your heart is bursting, and your face a living fire. It is as if he had planned that only the faithful should see him in the sweetness of his rest.

VII

Finally, you are there. It is quite simple. There is a little opening in the trees and you see a great gray stone on the rounded slope that is the very top of the mountain. A place is cleared around it just a little, and the grass underfoot is thick and soft. On every side stand tall hibiscus bushes, with big bright flowers hanging down. The blossoms drop now and then, and the petals are blown across the stone or sift softly in between the grass-stems, making a carpet of crimson and green along the edge of the clearing. Two long vistas run out like giant paths: one shows the sea and all the ships that pass, and the other lets you see down into the heart of the rounded valleys below. On all sides there is the thick, sweet-smelling forest. It is better than one ever imagined — unspoiled by anything, peaceful and wild and lovely. Cut on the stone are the words he wanted: —

> Under the broad and starry sky
> Dig the grave and let me lie;
> Glad did I live and gladly die
> And I laid me down with a will.
>
> This be the verse you grave for me:
> Here he lies where he longed to be,
> Home is the sailor, home from sea,
> And the hunter home from the hill.

His wife is buried beside him, and the words he wrote for her are on the front of the stone: —

> Teacher, tender comrade, wife,
> Fellow-farer true through life,
> Heart-whole and soul-free,
> The August Father gave to me.

That is all. Our pilgrimage was over. We laid some wild flowers on the stone, and we sat for a little while beside it, looking out to sea. We did not say anything. But in our hearts we had a feeling of glory, as those should who visit a holy place.

A PROSPECT

BY ARTHUR E. MORGAN

'WATCHMAN, what of the night?' That age-long cry of the human spirit will not be silenced. Men have patience and courage to wait for the dawn, if there is to be a dawn. But they demand to know whether there is a purpose, and whether it shall have fulfillment; whether patience and courage shall bear fruit; and whether the travail of the human heart shall not be futile. Heretofore, whenever that cry has been made, the answer generally has come in the voice of the theologian and of the metaphysician. On rare occasions, the clear message of a prophet has rung out, only to be confused in a babel of metaphysical or mystical interpretation, after the prophet has been disposed of by these others who claim a monopoly of the watchman's function.

The years pass, and still the professional watchman goes his rounds. But things are not as before. His cracked and faltering voice, droning out conventional, inherited phrases, fails to carry conviction. His footstep falters. The pence that drop into his outstretched hands are growing few. His clothes, like his phrases, are of ancient pattern. And when men cry out in the stress of tragedy, 'Watchman, what of the night?' they ignore his voice, as if there had been no answer.

But now come new, strange voices, not wholly in harmony with each other, but ringing with youth, vigor, and courage. And the burden of what they cry is this: 'There is to be a dawn; and toward it men are making slow but definite progress. Caprice does not rule the world. The spirit of man need not be baffled. The fulfillment of his deepest hopes is prevented by nothing but the faintness of his desire. There need be no limit to the range of intelligent imagination in picturing the ultimate accomplishment of men.'

These new voices are the voices of the scientist and of the technician. The old watchman stops in astonishment to listen. Then his personality expresses itself; sometimes in querulous scolding or indignant protest at those who usurp his field; sometimes, listening intently, a new hope and conviction come to him; thereafter his own message carries a newly lighted fire of hope and faith, and he begins to feel again the courage of youth.

The scientist has been so preoccupied with discovering the laws of energy and matter, and of biological phenomena, and the technician with the practical application of these laws to the mastery of the material world, that neither of them has taken enough time to consider the broad significance of his accomplishments upon the prospects of human destiny. The cheer and hope they have brought to men have been the result chiefly of the incidental inference of their work. It is time for a conscious appraisal of its significance to be made.

The destructive influence of scientific thought and discovery upon traditional incentives has been profound. The breaking-up of old faiths and hopes, the undermining of the basis of our assurances, has left in many men a feeling of

hopelessness akin to despair. The ultimate reasons for superlatively fine effort seem to be taken away until, to men and women of a certain outlook, nothing seems left but a blind, biologic hope that there is a purpose we cannot fathom, and a pagan courage to play the game as men, according to the rules, regardless of how completely tragic the end may be. In some cases the keepers of old faiths have carefully nurtured the impression that, outside their folds, men's hopes can find no assurance.

The highest loyalty to which men can subject themselves is loyalty to truth. Real men will be loyal to truth, regardless of how discouraging the truth may prove to be. But if this loyalty turns out not to lead to despair and hopelessness; if it leads to the conviction that our highest aspirations are possible of fulfillment, and that our everyday behavior will have a determining effect upon such fulfillment, then it is right that men's spirits should have the comfort of that assurance, and the stimulus to fine endeavor of that knowledge. If the discoveries of the scientist and the conquests of the technician (including under the term technician the engineer, the surgeon, the geneticist, the hygienist, the chemist, and such people) have furnished reason for faith and courage, and have indicated the manner in which the fulfillment of their hopes may come about, then an understanding of the inference of their work is to be desired.

The origin of the attitude of finding no hope in the present life is probably complex and remote. Primitive man, through long ages, found himself almost defenseless before tremendous material forces, over which he had but a slight suggestion of control. Storm, flood, drought, pestilence, wild beasts, and enemy men, — and, above all, his own imperfect and inharmonious nature, — all gave scant hope for ultimate conquest. What wonder that he saw in this physical environment no promise of victory? Moreover, the picture of this world as a temporary abode, to be endured and escaped from into a better existence, was a powerful influence, which perhaps may have been used in the past by ruling castes or classes to reduce social unrest. Men may acquiesce in lifelong disappointment if, to them, it is only an incident to the main end; where they might rebel against it, if they should believe this life to be an adequate opportunity for the fulfillment of their aspirations.

Whatever may have been the origin of the doctrine, it has been firmly impressed upon the minds of many men that the highest human hopes and aspirations cannot be fulfilled this side of the grave. Let us try to discover whether this assumption is well founded. Let us demand, for the time being, that the future life stand on its own merits; that it shall not require the support of any exaggerated or unfounded skepticism about the present life. Let us ask ourselves whether there is or is not, in this material world, assurance that the human spirit can find ultimate and complete fulfillment of its aspirations.

Much has been said in denial of such assurance. A number of fairly distinct circumstances are cited to support the conventional doctrine that human hopes are impossible of fulfillment this side of death. First and foremost has been man's helplessness in the physical world. Disease and parasites ravage his physical body; drought and flood, tornado, lightning, disease, and insect pests destroy his herds and crops. Almost as important as his physical environment is man's own turbulent, warring, tragic nature. Even if all physical difficulties of environment should be removed, man still would have to deal with stupidity, selfishness, jealousy, war, and personal strife, the

tragedy of love that is not returned, and the pain of friendships broken by death. The disunity of his own spirit still would tear him asunder with fears, disappointment, loneliness, the sense of defeat, impossible yearnings, and unfulfilled expectations.

It is common for persons who deprecate the possibility of ultimate victory for mankind in the physical world to go even further. They hold that, even should man finally make peace with himself and with the physical world about him, the final tragedy might only be magnified. A prisoner on a little floating island, with limitations of space and resources already looming up ahead, his career here finally must end when this earth is no longer habitable; and then, whether the intervening time be very, very long, or very short, all the travail, all the fine accomplishment of the human spirit, must pass away, as if it never had been. What encouragement, what inspiration, they say, to take up the age-long fight, which at best may require thousands of years, if, at the end, an inert, lifeless planet, speeding blindly across the spaces, shall be the only witness to the supreme struggle of man's spirit.

This is the picture of mundane life commonly presented to men. Let us look at it critically, through the eyes of the scientist and of the technician, to see whether the present status of mankind gives promise of any other answer.

Trace human tragedy back to its sources, and we find it always to have one or more of three causes. The failure of man's hopes is due either to failure to master environment; or to the inherited weakness and disharmony of human physique, personality, and character; or to imperfect education, which sets up false aims, false hopes, false knowledge, false habits, and false thinking and feeling, and which fails to put men into possession of their inheritance of knowledge, wisdom, and incentive. Viewed in the aggregate mass, this barrier to well-being seems insuperable. Can it be viewed in any other way?

When an engineer undertakes to span a continent with a railroad system, the total mass of obstacles seems insuperable. Great rivers which have beds of mud or sand must be bridged, deserts and quaking marshes crossed, and huge mountain ranges surmounted. What is a little group of spindling men against this incomprehensible mass of physical obstruction? But the engineer begins an analysis. The great project is made up of parts. Each part can be reduced to its elements: so many shovelfuls of dirt, so many days' labor for so many of these spindling little men, the support of so many communities or legislators to be secured. Each element taken by itself can be achieved; and in the synthesis of all these elements, the whole project finds fulfillment.

Let us apply a similar method of analysis to this great aggregation of conditions which separate man from a condition of perfect well-being. Consider first the tyranny of his physical environment. Of the probable hundreds of millions of years during which life has been developing on the earth, almost complete inability to control environment has ruled during all but the merest fraction of time. It probably has not been more than fifty- or a hundred-thousand years since man first began to build houses, to cultivate crops, and to tame the wild beasts. Since then, his control over his environment has increased at a continually accelerated rate. The mastery he has gained in the past five-thousand years is perhaps greater than that of the fifty-thousand preceding, and the gain during the past century as great as that of the thousand years before. Considering the future by centuries or millenniums,

there seems every reason to believe that man in time will so completely control his environment, that infections and contagious diseases will be eliminated, drought and flood conquered, and all the variable phenomena of nature shall do him service or be made harmless. So far as the control of physical environment is concerned, the hope of ultimate conquest is a reasonable one. To a person familiar with present-day developments, and with the prospective future of science and technology, the case does not need elaboration.

Far more serious is the problem of his making peace with himself and with his neighbors; but here also progress is visible. Unless there is to be some great retrogression of the human family, the abolition of war is certain. Since the day when every man's hand was against his neighbor, through all the shifting history of family, tribe, clan, and nation, there has been a steady movement toward larger and larger units of peace, law, and order. The union of all peoples under one government may conceivably be delayed for a few generations, or centuries; but, with the picture in men's minds, and the longing for peace in their hearts, that consummation cannot long be postponed.

But the reign of civil law may not bring peace. Great as has been the tragedy of war, far greater in the aggregate have been the tragedies of the human spirit; of children lonely for the friendship of their parents; of masters unmindful of their servants; of husbands who make drudges of their wives; of friends who forget. Even peace between all human governments, unless accompanied by fundamental changes in the human spirit, may not bring blessedness.

What is the probability of such change? With all the refinement of life through the centuries, has there not been a refinement of the capacity for pain, a refinement of longing, and of the tragedy of vanished hopes?

True, in the harmonizing of the human spirit there has been no such obvious acceleration of development as in the case of the growing control of physical environment. Yet in this development toward harmony there has been progress, slowly, but surely, as through the growth of the spirit of the Jewish prophets and of Jesus; while during the past hundred years there has been such sudden increase of knowledge of mankind and of his evolution, seeming to give the key to so rapid a development of human qualities, that each hundred years in the future may mark as great progress as a thousand years in the recent past. With the statement of the doctrine of evolution, men found themselves to have originated through no sudden caprice of creative fiat, but by a continuing biological process — a process still under way and capable of conscious modification. While Darwin was still at work on the development of his thesis, Galton showed conclusively that the intellectual and moral qualities of men are profoundly affected by inheritance; and Mendel, the Galician monk, made his great contribution, to be hidden from the world for half a century, in discovering the laws of biological inheritance.

The tremendous increase in knowledge which these discoveries have stimulated makes it possible for us to have a picture of the steps which will lead to fundamental changes in the average of human character and personality. Except for a few crude, brief efforts, as during the zenith of Greek civilization, the manner in which the children of men tend to be like their parents has received but very inadequate recognition from human society. Some of the chief of human institutions have specifically tended to eliminate the fittest among men. War, which has

claimed an enormous place in human history for perhaps ten thousand years, consistently demanded the finest men for its toll. If his Satanic Majesty had appointed a biological commission to devise ways and means for debasing the human breed, he would have found maximum effectiveness in the institution of war, to eliminate the strong, and in that of religious celibate orders, to do away the intelligent and the refined.

Knowledge of the significance and of the control of heredity, developed by Darwin, Mendel, and their successors, gradually will take possession of men's consciousness, and, like the knowledge of cultivating wheat and of building fires, never will be displaced. Some of the specific steps by which this knowledge will be used to affect the characters and personalities of men, are now evident. It is now definitely known that intelligence, or mental calibre, is inherited. Men are born with greater or smaller capacity for mental comprehension, and the biological inheritance they transmit, though continually modified by mutations, is, to a limited extent, if at all, increased by education and other environment. In determining the inheritance of our future citizens, we have a means of unlimited scope and potency for determining the character and personality of men. This is a process which, even if undertaken very gradually and extended through thousands of years, would represent an unprecedented acceleration in human progress. The first steps are so simple and so obvious that we can take them without any startling change in our social or governmental standards, and without in any way offending the sentiments of conservative men and women. These obvious and simple advances may take centuries to accomplish; so that we can leave to future generations, trained and enlightened by longer experience, the determination and application of a more radical programme, which to-day would shock our untrained sensibilities, and might be unsound public policy.

During the Great War mental tests were made of 1,700,000 enlisted American soldiers. Obvious imbeciles and the very feeble-minded were rejected before enlistment; but of those who were enlisted, ten per cent had mentality not higher than that of the average ten-year-old child.[1] Such limited mentality is totally unfit to be entrusted with important civic or domestic responsibility. If persons of low mentality were a class by themselves, no great harm would be done; but existing as they do in all classes of society, they interbreed, setting up strains, discords, and limitations of character and personality of every kind and in every direction. The elimination of this type, whenever it appears, would go further than we dream in harmonizing human personality. And no rash first step need be taken. There are hundreds of thousands of feeble-minded now at large and breeding in the United States, whose guardians are anxious to have them cared for in institutions; but there is no place. As one of the first steps of a practical programme, it will strain our resources for generations to meet the existing demand for taking the feeble-minded out of society. With the removal of the most unfit, the changing public attitude toward feeble-mindedness will effect further elimination.

Suppose that, in two centuries, we should eliminate from free society all adult mentalities of less than ten years, and that during the same period an appreciation should be aroused among intelligent people of the significance of parenthood. Thereafter the minimum

[1] The term 'mental age' is inadequate to convey the idea intended, and while now in common use, doubtless soon will be superseded by expressions which convey more definite ideas.

mental age to be allowed to reproduce might be raised half a year each century. In a thousand years, the minimum mental age of those allowed to reproduce would be raised to fourteen years, and we would have a breed of men superior to any that has existed on earth. (The *average* mental age of adult Americans, as disclosed by the army tests, is less than thirteen years.) In five- or ten-thousand years of the continuance of such a policy, average human intelligence would reach levels now undreamed of.

It is objected that intelligence and character do not run parallel. I believe the coördination will be found to be far closer than now is generally supposed. Moreover, the same technique that now is making such strides in measuring intelligence, can develop methods of measuring character and personality. At first, only the obviously unfit, the 'criminally insane,' would be isolated. Ability to make distinctions would increase through the centuries. The same general method of eliminating the physically unfit, with the same cautious first steps, exercised with tolerance and restraint, would result in giving the human spirit sound bodies in which to function. The elimination of morbidity, of unintelligence, and of inherited physical weakness, would go so far toward making harmony in human personality that we scarcely know what would remain to be done.

Much of human tragedy is psychological. We dread and fear what we have been taught to fear. With the increase of intelligence and normality, and with the extension and improvement of education, the mental world of men will be freed. We know how much of the tragedy of life for primitive peoples is due to devils and goblins and bewitchment. Our posterity will come to see many of our psychological states in the same light. The underlying exigencies of life will be met by different mental attitudes, and their sting will be taken away. We come to think of some of our hopes as so fundamental, that their fulfillment is essential to give meaning and value to life; whereas these particular hopes may be chiefly crude interpretations of some bigger and more fundamental principles, and their particular forms may have developed through philosophical speculation, propaganda, tradition, and other environmental circumstances. The savage may feel absolutely certain that his deepest hopes will be unfulfilled if he is denied the opportunity of going to the happy hunting-grounds and there getting sweet revenge by torturing his enemy. Our aspirations are profoundly affected by our experiences, our education, and our consequent interpretation of life. They are susceptible of change, and along with the refinement of life will come the refinement and enlightenment of men's hopes and longings.

So it may be with the desire for personal immortality. Men have tended to consider themselves as new creations, only casually connected with the past and with the future. A failure to perpetuate such a creation meant a failure to perpetuate and to conserve the conquests of life. Our knowledge of biology is giving us a very different picture, and thereby is recasting men's fundamental aspirations. Modern men no longer see themselves as new creations. They are the present containers of the stream of life; a stream which has had an unbroken flow on this earth down through the hundreds of millions of years, and which doubtless came to this earth as minute, living cells, driven across by the pressure of light from distant spheres; just as, doubtless, similar tiny organisms are being driven away from the earth by this same light pressure, perchance to find a tolerable environment somewhere else.

Men find themselves for a generation the guardians of this stream of life. To them it is left to preserve this highest accomplishment of creation, to keep it from degradation, and to pass it on, if possible, with better chance of the utmost fulfillment of its possibilities. Perhaps, in time to come, the opportunity of furthering this great fulfillment will make an appeal to the spirits of men as the supreme opportunity, an appeal far more powerful than that of personal immortality. Mendel and his followers have proved beyond doubt that it is not only those whom we call parents whose relationships continue. We know that the collateral relative may have as close biological relationship as do the parents themselves, and that any man who contributes to the advancement of a community of his own kind, in a true biological sense, to a degree is ensuring his own inheritance.

The Jewish prophets, from Amos to Jesus, were all inspired with a vision of the kingdom of heaven among men, but the world of their day did not possess a sufficient accumulation of moral purpose, or the knowledge, or the technique, to bring it to pass. Point by point and step by step, modern science and technology, with that vision as their greatest inheritance and chief incentive, are building up a programme of specific undertakings, whereby that vision of the prophets may find fulfillment.

With these processes at work for the advancement of the breed in physique, in intelligence, and in character, with extension and improvement in education, and with the consequent changes in the psychological life of men, there seems no reason why, beginning with methods men now know how to use, the character, intelligence, normality, and personality of men may not be so increased that the kingdom of heaven will have come on earth, and tragedy will be no more. The finest traits and elements of human character, sometimes referred to vaguely as spiritual qualities, are all important. Possibly they will long remain too elusive to be made the basis of biological selection; but this increase of intelligence, sound character, and normality will furnish the best soil for their growth, and will be found to have supplied many of their essential elements.

If it appears that it is in store for mankind to master his environment, and to make harmony of his personality, we still have to meet the objection that all this achievement is but transitory, an episode on this floating island, where men are hopeless prisoners. The human spirit rebels at the thought that all its work, and all the tragic biologic struggle of the hundreds of millions of years, must finally come to naught.

If it is valid to consider a contingency which doubtless is remote by many hundreds of thousands of years, it must be proper also to consider the possibility of human achievement in the physical world during long periods of time. We watch a little device in the jeweler's window, whereby the pressure of sunlight spins round some curious metal plates in a vacuum. Do we see there the motive power which, in the dim future, is to drive the ships of a future Columbus, as they take off from this floating island to explore and colonize the distant spheres? Consider the development from the hairy savage, whose highest technique was to open clamshells on the shore, to the men of to-day, who weigh the atoms and the stars, who talk round the world, and fly in the heavens. Does it indicate a greater contrast to think of men, ennobled through the centuries in mind and character, as having learned, in the course of a few thousand years, the art of a new navigation?

Given ability to colonize those of the innumerable spheres which would fur-

nish suitable environment, man would be no longer a prisoner on this round island, restricted in space and time. The last denial of his hopes would have been removed.

I have tried to picture man's prospect, relying upon the material existence in which he finds himself, of achieving the complete fulfillment of his aspirations; and the conclusion reached is that such fulfillment does not demand the addition of any new and unknown forces or factors to his life, but only the fuller mastery of the materials, forces, and laws which are now at his command. In every case the next step is an obvious and practicable one, which he can accomplish if he sufficiently desires. If, instead of the picture of acquiescence in a hostile and hopeless physical world, for the sake of a life after death, there should be in the minds of men this picture of building on this present material existence the foundation of the complete fulfillment of men's best aspirations, the whole emphasis of human life would be changed.

It is objected that we speak in terms of too long periods of time; that the human spirit cannot be interested in so distant an accomplishment. That is true of *some men*. There is no more accurate measurement of a man's civilization than the distance into the future to which he projects his satisfactions. Some primitive men must have their satisfactions within twenty-four hours, or there is no stimulus to effort; others in ten years, others during their lifetime, while some will live for posterity. Some men will see all the way. For others the chief incentive will be the great immediate benefit to be derived from the accomplishment of specific undertakings in a practical programme. Thus different types of men can be inspired by different phases of the same great project.

What then becomes of a belief in a life after death? Consider this: that, when we seek the truth, we seek it from the person of intelligence, normality, broad education, and sound character; for such are the qualities of men that open the way to knowledge of the truth. An inevitable result of raising the standard of human life will be to open the way to truth in all directions, and no real possession of profound value to the human race will thereby be lost.

I have not enlarged upon 'moral' qualities. These finest assets of men, having their origins and having maintained their existence under all conditions of primitive barbarism, have proved their vitality. The person who sees them as frail and liable to extinction must lack a long-range view of human progress. No temporary suspension or retrogression of human development will eliminate them permanently. If eliminated they would have new origins, for they are biologically inevitable. Just as every tree possesses as part of its essential life an impulse to develop according to a type which never yet has had perfect expression in any individual tree, so men have aspirations and intimations of perfection which perhaps do not originate in experience, which transcend experience, and which deny the validity of *what has been*, as conclusive evidence of *what may be*. In the new world these forces will find and will create environment more and more perfectly suited to their full expression, and types most worthy of expression will find conditions progressively more conducive to their survival.

To the person to whom faith in a future life has not come, there is no need for despair. Here, in our physical existence, and by the use of instrumentalities already in men's hands, and without recourse to any metaphysical speculations, is promise of the complete fulfillment of men's best aspirations.

THE WASHINGTON CONFERENCE

BY SAMUEL W. McCALL

I

Although the Washington Conference has not yet finished its work it has already furnished an excellent test of the public opinion of the world against war. While there is high expert authority to the effect that the battleship is a fighting implement of waning importance and that in the development of the fine art by which men may destroy each other and devastate the earth, it is likely in a decade to become as obsolete as the battle-axe or flintlock, yet in the general opinion of mankind it is regarded as the most formidable as it is the most expensive of all the agencies of destruction upon the ocean. It is looked upon by the mass of men as the very symbol of war, and the spontaneous response to the proposal of Mr. Hughes to scrap the battleships brought out clearly that the vocal sentiment of mankind is overwhelmingly against war. The mass of men have become weary to the last degree of being taxed and killed to maintain the deification of war, and they are ready to dethrone it, accepting reason in its stead as the arbiter of the world.

The progress of opinion in this matter may be seen by recalling an event three quarters of a century old. It was then that Charles Sumner delivered his memorable oration on the True Grandeur of Nations. It was a noble plea for substituting peaceful methods for war, as a 'mode of litigation' for the settlement of disputes between nations. The favorable reaction to it, at that day, was confined chiefly to pious and amiable expressions of opinion by the peace societies, with here and there a militant commendation like that of John A. Andrew. But on the whole the criticism was far more animated and aggressive than the approval. One of the counts in his indictment against war was its great expense. A warship, he declared, cost as much as the total endowment of our most ancient and firmly established university. To-day a dreadnought costs more than the endowment of fifty Harvards of Charles Sumner's time. And this contrast in cost is no greater than the contrast in opinion. As against the limited and decorous approval of Mr. Sumner's great speech, the proposal of Mr. Hughes kindled an instant response in every quarter of the globe. That means a very great deal. It means that the time is ripe for putting into practice the ideal which Sumner so powerfully expounded. It points to the clear duty of the statesman.

That duty will not be performed by going through the sacrament of smashing a given number of ships, whether they are obsolete or not. It can plainly be seen that this world-wide opinion will not merely sanction, but that it demands, the setting-up of other international tribunals than those of war. It is of little consequence from the standpoint of preserving the peace whether the agreed-upon number of ships is destroyed or not. The world

will still have ships enough with which to fight — more indeed than at any previous time in its history. If there is no war it will not be at all from the lack of weapons. But it is of supreme importance that this opinion shall find suitable expression and be made effective, and that we should not be content with marking down the cost of war and making it a little cheaper, while carefully retaining its deadlier and less expensive weapons. The duty that is enjoined, of responding to this world opinion, is of so vital a character that even if its weight could be dissipated over all the nations it would still lie heavily upon responsible statesmen; but if a single nation alone stands in the path of its performance, the centralization of responsibility would become so great that to falter or to neglect to perform it would become the most colossal crime that a statesman could commit.

II

The presentation by Mr. Hughes of the proposal to reduce naval armaments was superbly made. It had a ringing and aggressive note. He proposed that the United States should join with Great Britain and Japan, and destroy or suspend the building of nearly two million tons of capital ships or more than half of the combined capital-ship tonnage of their existing navies. The plan had been worked out with the most minute exactness. With so momentous a message the Secretary resisted all temptation to self-exploitation or rhetorical display, but he put his case with a simplicity and clarity of phrase that left no room for doubt as to his meaning and that carried conviction. He had an approving audience. All the powers except Japan were very willing to let the battleship go. They all regarded it as a liability rather than an asset; and as to Japan, the attitude of that people, recent in their entrance into Western civilization, was chiefly influenced by their pride in their splendid new toy, called the Mitsu, which seems to them the most imposing industrial product of their country. But even with the readjustment necessary to save the Mitsu, the roll of condemned battleships remains impressive and the peaceful Mr. Hughes may claim to have destroyed more warships in tonnage than all the sea fighters from Themistocles to the German and British admirals in the Jutland fight.

The mortality among submarines, however, was nothing. Indeed the limitation proposed for them would have increased their number and even that was rejected, so that submarines may be built without limit by any power, so far as any action of the Conference is concerned.

Great Britain, which was willing to accept the capital-ship proposal in its entirety, advocated the complete abolition of the submarine and she must be credited with a willingness to stand for a more complete disarmament programme than any other power. There is no other nation to which the submarine constitutes so grave a menace. The bottom of the sea is strewn with the wrecks of her merchantmen and in spite of her mighty dreadnoughts and auxiliary fleets, this venomous weapon brought her to the verge of destruction. Her insular position which has made her so long immune against invasion and which is responsible for her greatness, becomes a source of weakness before any contrivance which can effectively check the movement of the food-supply demanded by her teeming population. Her interest broadly coincided with that of civilization when she favored not merely the extreme proposal for the destruction of battleships but the extinction of the submarine also.

But for a variety of reasons the other

powers wished to retain the submarine. A given amount of money expended upon that arm would produce a vastly greater destructive force than could be procured in any other known way. The responsibility for the triumph of the submarine was chiefly laid at the door of France who had just reluctantly agreed to a capital-ship programme which marked her as a fourth-rate naval power. By way of compensation to her pride she insisted on retaining the right to build as many submarines as were allotted to the United States or to Great Britain. But an injustice was done France because the basis of Mr. Hughes's programme did not fairly apply to her. Indeed he had excepted her when he first put it forward. That programme was based upon the present naval strength of the different powers and not upon their respective need of navies. Mr. Hughes said in effect to England and Japan, 'If we enter into a race to build navies the present naval strength of each power will be its starting-point. Let us expand or contract proportionately from what we now possess.' But the United States, Great Britain, and Japan had all strengthened their navies during the war period. France, on the other hand, in waging the common battle, was compelled to concentrate all her strength upon the land. Her soil was the battleground. Because of that fact she was compelled to let her navy fall into decay. It was as much a sacrifice to the common cause as would have been the fleets of England if they had been sunk in combat in the North Sea. Suppose the latter thing had happened. It is not possible to suppose that Mr. Hughes would have coolly said to England, 'Let us treat our present fleets as fixing our relative strength, and do you limit yourself for the future to a navy one fourth the size of that of the United States and one half that of Japan.'

And yet for her refusal to accept a similar proposition in principle, France was accused of being militaristic and of disturbing the harmony of the Conference. She would have been fully justified in claiming the right to rehabilitate her navy to a normal condition compared with that of the other powers which had been her allies. She had the right to point to the fact that she was the second colonial power in the world, with possessions in every sea and far more extensive than the colonies of the United States and Japan combined. She may decide not to enlarge her navy; but to consent to be shorn of the right to do so if she chose would have been humiliating to her pride.

Having yielded upon the difference over battleships, France insisted upon standing on an equality with the United States and Great Britain in the right to build submarines. All the powers might well have agreed to banish them entirely; but since they did not do that the French Prime Minister cannot be criticized for refusing complacently to concede the practical monopoly of the ocean to the United States, Great Britain, and Japan. M. Briand was accused of being militaristic, but he fell far short of voicing that chauvinistic element in his country which seems incapable of forgiving Germany either for being defeated in the last war or for being victorious in 1870, and, putting the destruction of that country above the rehabilitation of France, ranks patriotism as a virtue inferior to revenge. His leadership on the whole lay in the direction of the restoration of Europe, which is vital to the future of France.

When the Conference declined to abolish submarines, it then determined if not to prohibit their use, to limit it very greatly. Such restrictions were imposed upon its employment against ships of commerce, that upon chancing to meet a modern merchantman upon

the sea, a prudently commanded submarine would need to seek safety by flying or by diving beneath the water. It would engage in a battle — if it gave battle at all — under conditions in which its destruction would be practically certain. Unless the submarine should observe all the provisions of international law devised at a time when it did not exist, its captain is to be treated as a pirate even when obeying the commands of his own government and is liable to be tried and hanged in any jurisdiction in which he may be found. One difficulty with this pirate provision is that you must first catch your pirate before you hang him. And since piracy is at the best a dangerous profession, one who is bold enough to follow it in a submarine is not apt to be influenced greatly by the fear of being hanged rather than of being drowned.

Nations when driven into a corner are likely to use all the power within their grasp in order to avoid destruction. They are likely to claim that their enemy was the first to violate the laws of war. We need not go back of the last war to find an instance. The law of blockade had been well established. But the British devised a change in that law suited to their own exigencies and which they believed they had the strength to enforce against belligerents and neutrals alike. They not merely blockaded the German ports but they attempted to blockade the whole sea upon which those ports were located and they blockaded also the ports of neutrals which had a land connection with Germany. The effect of this deviation from the laws of war might have been the starvation of the millions of women and children in Germany along with the men who were capable of bearing arms. Germany made this blockade the pretext for her ruthless employment of the submarine.

The attempt to make war a polite and ladylike affair is an attempt to whiten what in essence is a lawless and brutal and savage thing, which is repugnant to man as a reasonable being, and which should be banished from a universe that operates according to the high principles of reason and law. If the use of the submarine and poison-gas may be prohibited, the use of other implements of murder may equally well be prohibited, and, instead of making a compromise with war by sanctioning any of its forms, the thing to do is to reform it altogether by making it fall under the common denunciation of mankind. Our fathers would never have destroyed slavery if they had confined their work to palliatives such as would make the slave a well-fed creature, more comfortable and even happy in his bondage. And we shall never succeed in destroying war, or essentially change its character by smoothing out its horrid wrinkles, if that were possible. Palliatives are well enough when we have an evil; but we should not be content with them nor refrain from challenging the right of the evil to exist at all.

Something more radical must be done with regard to war than to make a play for the next election. The problem is real and urgent, and it is because there is a general apprehension of its magnitude that the instinct of self-preservation is inspiring men to demand that nothing be left undone at this moment. They have learned very much during the last decade and what they have learned strengthens their belief in a famous passage written more than a century ago.

'When I cast an eye,' said Martin to Candide, 'on this globe or rather, on this little ball, I cannot help thinking that God has abandoned it to some malignant being. . . . I scarcely ever knew a city that did not desire the destruction of a neighboring city, nor a

family that did not wish to exterminate some other family. Everywhere the weak execrate the powerful before whom they cringe; and the powerful beat them like sheep whose wool and flesh they sell. A million regimented assassins, from one extremity of Europe to the other, get their bread by disciplined depredation and murder for want of more honest employment.'

III

With regard to the reduction of land armaments very little was accomplished, chiefly because of the French fear of the German peril. Whether that fear was baseless or not, probably it would be exhibited by any other nation that had just been through the long nightmare from which France has suffered. But with more than four million men in the armies of Europe to-day, there would appear to be a rich field for land disarmament. Europe, however, must be given credit for having achieved much disarmament by her own efforts. On the day of the Armistice she had 28,000,000 men under arms. The brood of little wars that were the offspring of the great convulsion have been steadily dying out and the twenty-odd wars have been reduced to one. After the unparalleled conflict with which Europe has been rent, the tumult has subsided and she is at last approaching the period of repose.

IV

One of the things the Conference was summoned to consider was the settlement of Far-Eastern questions, and an important part of its work is seen in the making of treaties — or in attempting to make them — with the avowed purpose of removing the causes of war in that field. It may be said of treaties that they have often caused as well as prevented wars. One fatal attribute of alliances between a limited number of powers, with purpose to maintain themselves over a given portion of the earth, is that they are apt to breed counter-alliances which challenge the assertion of power, and a condition which will ripen into war is likely to be produced thereby.

But first as to China, which will spring to one's mind immediately the Far East is mentioned. China is the most populous and probably the most wealthy empire upon the earth. She was the seat of a high civilization before the foundations of Nineveh were laid and for uncounted centuries her people had enjoyed a degree of peace and contentment and, probably, of happiness unsurpassed by any other great population upon the globe. The antiquity of her social order and national life made the Western nations seem to be the ephemeral creatures of an hour. The opening-up of that vast empire was a process of force. Those people preferred their own peaceful order to the restless energy of the West and to a civilization which flowered out in the submarine. The vital Far-Eastern question which was likely to produce conflict related to China. Indeed there was no other Far-East question of any real consequence if we except questions relating to Russia, whose ministers were not permitted at the Conference. The other powers had taken advantage of China's military weakness and under one pretext or another had adopted the policy of grab. She had been stripped of her chief seaports. 'Spheres of influence' had been established which penetrated into her richest provinces. Monopolies had been extorted for building railroads and exploiting her coal and iron ores. Her post offices, her customs-duties, and, to an important extent, the administration of justice were under the

control of foreigners. What had been done portended little less than the complete dismemberment of the country. If China was to be saved, it was imperative that the Conference powers should take radical action.

A declaration of principles was put forth which needed only to be put in force in order to accomplish a just settlement of the real Far-Eastern question. Unhappily, it was one of those noble generalizations which are easily made and as easily disregarded. The sovereignty, independence, and administrative integrity of China were to be respected. In the face of this gorgeous language the powers proceeded forthwith to exercise the first attribute of sovereignty and to establish customs-duties for the empire. With the exception of a port and perhaps the sale of a railroad and a doubtful concession upon the post-office question, China promises to retire from the Conference empty-handed. The door, however, is to be opened in the interest of the trade of other nations. All are to be admitted upon equal terms and at low rates of duty. The net result of it all promises to be that the powers will have done little for China and much for themselves. As to the restoration of the loot of three fourths of a century, a proposition to that end checked the flow of fine phrases and threw a cold chill over the Conference.

V

The sum of the positive achievement for peace in the Far East is to be seen in the Four-Power Treaty, supplemented by other treaties. Of the Four-Power Treaty which was put forward with such confidence as safeguarding the peace of the Pacific and its lovely islands, it may be said that it possesses the merit of brevity, if not of clarity. Excepting the formal parts which might belong to any treaty for any purpose whatsoever, it contains barely two hundred words. And yet within that brief compass there has already developed an important difference of construction which is calling for a redrafting of the treaty. The agreement that the powers shall respect the rights of each other in their insular dominions and possessions in the regions of the Pacific is something that they are already bound to do under the primary principles of international morality. In case of a controversy regarding their rights, — which is not likely unless there is deliberate aggression, — they are to hold a conference to adjust it. In case of a disagreement at such a conference no method is provided for a settlement.

But the most important article provides that, if any of the rights of the parties are threatened by the aggressive action of any other power, the contracting parties shall confer 'in order to arrive at an understanding as to the most efficient measures to be taken jointly and separately to meet the exigencies of the particular situation.' Obviously in such a conference this country would be represented by an agent of the Executive. Whether an understanding may be arrived at by a majority of the representatives of the Four Powers is not clear; but let it be supposed that the 'understanding' must be reached by unanimous action, and that this unanimous understanding should be that the powers should jointly employ force. Would such an understanding impose no moral obligation upon the contracting parties? To treat an understanding thus arrived at as a mere *brutum fulmen*, binding neither in law or morals, would involve an extraordinary method of construing a solemn treaty between sovereign states. To assert that 'no military or naval sanction lurks anywhere in the back-

ground' would seem hardly consistent with the good faith that should animate nations.

But if it were said that our representative would need first to consent to the employment of force by us, and that we could not be brought into war without our consent, precisely the same thing is true of the Council of the League of Nations, the decision of which must be unanimous. The proponents of the interesting view that our country would have incurred no moral obligation to use force are brought face to face with some of those lofty sentiments about national honor with which they themselves elevated the discussion upon the League of Nations. The treaty creates a defensive and an entangling alliance. It is the very sort of alliance against which Washington warned us. What reason is there why we should, for the first time in history, depart from his solemn injunction? What have we or the world to gain? Does it in the slightest degree remove any cloud upon our title to the Sandwich Islands or the Philippines, or increase our ability to defend them? Indeed one of the other treaties in the group of treaties framed by the Conference promises to prohibit us from constructing naval bases at Guam or on the Philippines.

A distinguished British authority upon sea power declares that without those naval bases we could defend the Philippines only by airplanes or submarines.[1] With those islands four thousand miles distant from our nearest naval base it would be as mad for us to send our battleships there, as it was for Russia to send her ships halfway round the world to get them sunk in Japanese waters. Is our surrender of the right and duty properly to protect the people of the Archipelago, and our assent to Japan's receiving the suzerainty of all the former German islands north of the equator, the price we are paying for the Four-Power Treaty? When before did ever a nation pay a great price that she might be burdened with a heavy liability? Is it the ideal way in which to preserve the peace of the Pacific for us to throw away the defenses necessary to protect our Far-Eastern possessions in case war should break? Is that not rather the way to cause than to prevent war? These treaties as foreshadowed crown Japan as the Empress of the Orient. With her naval bases so near the China coast, and her proximity to the open door, she is likely in any crisis to have her own way. The power of the West to safeguard China against the possible aggressions of Japan will be much reduced by the abandonment of our right to fortify Manila and Guam. That nation is to be congratulated upon the triumph of her diplomacy won single-handed and in open competition with the Western nations.

[1] See the *Atlantic* for November, 1921, for an able discussion of this question by the British authority referred to, Hector C. Bywater. — Ed.

VI

Even if the Pacific treaties were to our advantage and if they did no violence to our diplomatic traditions, we are paying no regard to the most powerful nation that extends along the Eastern Coast of the Pacific. Russia is ignored. So great a people is bound to play an important part in the future of the world, even though, at the moment, they have no Government that is recognized to speak for them. They number 150,000,000 and occupy a seventh of the earth's surface. To ignore them would create a great and dangerous vacuum in the affairs of men. But not to safeguard the rights of the Russian nation, in the time of its temporary disability would be not only an unwise policy but perfidious politics as well on

the part of its former allies. Russia stands mute on account of her superhuman efforts in the war. Had it not been for her sacrifices, international conferences to-day would probably be held in Berlin instead of in Washington. She suffered a greater loss of life than any other nation. It is not too much to say that, had it not been for her tremendous efforts upon the Eastern front, the German tide would have engulfed Paris and have swept onward across France to the ocean. The war would have been lost. If her former allies have given any thought to her just claims, there is not the slightest evidence of it in this series of treaties. They are parceling out the small fruits of victory in the Pacific, and Japan, which contributed a few yen to the war, is thriftily husbanding them all. Japanese troops are still in Siberia after those of the other powers have retired, according to the understanding at the time of occupation. The island of Sakhalin is half owned by Russia and half by Japan. The Japanese have extended their control over the whole island. They have absorbed the fishing industry. They have refused the Russian ships a landing at the Russian ports and to all intents and purposes have made the entire island Japanese.

It is on all accounts unfortunate that Russia with her great interests in the Far East could not have received *de facto* recognition and have been invited to Washington as she has been to Geneva. The Russian interests in the Pacific will sooner or later be brought forward, and before entering into any confederation with Japan it should be withdrawn from the realm of inference and explicitly stated that nothing in the treaties shall operate in derogation of any interests of Russia. Our debt to that nation for her steady friendship is very great and it can scarcely be enhanced, even by the obligation of fair play which rests heavily upon all her allies in the late war.

The Western nations have no resources to abandon whether it be to impair their power to defend their possessions in the seas of the Orient or to alienate each other. The 'Yellow Peril' may turn out to be not wholly rhetorical. China and Japan are certainly no more estranged than were France and England at Waterloo, and in obedience to their racial and other ties they may come together again even as France and England came together. When well trained the Chinese make excellent soldiers, and after a generation or two, China may take on the habiliments of our Western civilization. With Western arms, with well-disciplined soldiery, and with leadership one may not safely put limits upon what the vast populations of China and Japan might accomplish under the spur of a race imperialism. In that awakening we cannot predict that either Europe or America would be safe. With absolute justice to the two great oriental nations, we should retain a prudent regard for our own preservation and not be forgetful of the future.

VII

There is one thing concerning the composition of the Conference which I think should be noted. I have more than once directed attention to the not uncommon practice, which I believe to be objectionable, of appointing Senators to negotiate treaties or to perform some other executive act upon which they are afterwards to take independent action by virtue of their office as Senators. Two of the American delegates are Senators. Those members do not represent the Senate or its 'advice and consent' in any constitutional sense. The Senate did not choose them and did not even confirm their ap-

pointments. They were chosen by the President alone and act officially as his agents and under his instructions. The Constitution forbids a man to hold two offices. The principle of that prohibition is violated, for here are gentlemen who act as agents of the Executive in negotiating a treaty upon which they afterwards act under their constitutional obligations as Senators. One might as well expect independent action from a judge upon a case which he had prepared and argued as counsel. In such a case the judge would decline to sit, and correct principles of government would require that Senators, who had elected to serve as the agents of the President in negotiating a treaty, should decline to pass upon their own work but should leave its ratification to the untrammeled judgment of their colleagues. But even if the practice were not indelicate and in violation of sound constitutional principles, it would be reprehensible for another reason. It seems to imply that the citizenship of this country is poor and meagre in the ability to render public service when its vast population has just demonstrated its tremendous resources in every field of service. What need is there for confining the choice of delegates within such narrow range?

Mr. Hughes was never in the Senate but, as Secretary, was of necessity appointed a delegate. The other three delegates all were or had been members of the Senate. Where there was a practical freedom of choice all were taken from the senatorial caste. For good measure the chairman of the committee of advisers was also chosen from the same charmed circle. We are thus permitted to look upon a remarkable phenomenon in the development of democratic government when we see such a concentration of the talent of our hundred millions of people into a minute group operating as a ruling class. A vast continental republic will not long submit to be governed by a narrow ring. It must be said that the Senate has not struck the zenith in its modern days. The new property qualification for membership, which has been gradually asserting itself, has neither improved its quality nor its standing with the people.

Whether any of the treaties regarding the Pacific should be ratified presents a question of grave doubt. There will need to be careful scrutiny of their ultimate form. But the limitation of ships and the naval holiday must stand as positive achievements of statesmanship. They will reduce naval budgets and if, so far as peace is concerned, they constitute only an exalted gesture, yet it is a gesture that has evoked the plaudits of the world. As I said at the outset, the widespread response may be regarded as marking a long step forward. It shows that the public opinion of mankind is against war, and without equivocation or political manœuvring it is the duty of the nations to form a solid phalanx against it. Fifty nations have already banded together. Undoubtedly those provisions in their covenant which were obnoxious to us would be obliterated. The essential thing is to present a united front against war. This country is the only obstacle to world union. If we shall take our place by the side of Europe and Asia and Africa, then the prophecy of the Latin poet may be at last fulfilled; the rough ages will become gentle and the gates of war be closed.

The conference habit is a good one to cultivate. It will promote understanding and relieve the strain upon a single world union. But America's place is beside the other nations joining to outlaw war and to put a restraining hand upon that power which would resort to methods of violence and break the peace of the world.

JAPAN'S POLICY IN KOREA

BY E. ALEXANDER POWELL

I

On a sultry August afternoon in 1905, four men, — two burly, bearded Russians and two slight, suave Japanese, — bending over a table in an unimpressive red-brick building within the walls of the Navy Yard at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, scrawled their signatures at the bottom of a closely written parchment, thereby bringing to an end the stupendous struggle between their respective countries for the mastery of the Farther East. But, in thus concluding a peace between their own great empires, the plenipotentiaries were signing the death-warrant of a third nation, a nation which had kept its independence for upward of two thousand years; for, by the terms of the Treaty of Portsmouth, Russia recognized Japan's 'paramount political, military, and economic interests' in Korea. Thus guaranteed complete freedom of action in the peninsula, Japan proclaimed a protectorate over the ancient little kingdom before the ink on the treaty was fairly dry, and Korea passed into the limbo of subject nations.

The Koreans and their champions have never ceased to denounce the methods employed by Japan in the establishment of the protectorate, asserting, and probably with some degree of truth, that the Emperor of Korea and his ministers were intimidated into signing away the independence of their country. But, though the methods which Japan employed in effecting this step may be open to criticism, that the step was imperative and inevitable cannot seriously be questioned. Korea's loss of independence was primarily due to her unfortunate geographical position. Her internal condition, bad as it was, was only contributory in bringing about her downfall. Glance at the map, and you will see that the peninsula of Korea is a pistol pointed straight at the heart of Japan. So long as that weapon remained, unloaded, on the table, Japan felt tolerably secure. But when she saw an unfriendly hand moving stealthily to grasp it, she was forced to take decisive action in order to ensure her own safety. For with nations, as with individuals, self-preservation is the first law of nature.

In 1894, China, which had long claimed a shadowy suzerainty over Korea, — a suzerainty not recognized by Japan, — dispatched a military force to the peninsula, for the ostensible purpose of stabilizing the government of the little empire and effecting internal reforms. In reality it was a move to bring Korea under the rule of Peking. China's curt refusal to withdraw her troops forced Japan to choose between a permanent Chinese occupation of the peninsula and war. She chose the latter and, by continuous and easy victories, won an overwhelming triumph. By the terms of the treaty of peace China abandoned her pretensions to the suzerainty of Korea, which remained, in theory at least, an independent empire. This was Japan's first modern

war, and it was fought to keep China from obtaining possession of the Korean pistol.

Scarcely was Japan rid of the Chinese menace, however, when another and far more formidable enemy reached down from the North to snatch the weapon so temptingly displayed. In 1903 the Emperor of Korea granted permission to a Russian lumber company to fell timber on the Korean side of the Yalu River. This seemingly innocent commercial concession provided the land-hungry Muscovite with a pretext for demanding the cession of a Korean harbor — Yongampo — on the Yellow Sea. The Bear was coming down to the Warm Water.

Fully awake to her peril, Japan promptly and vigorously protested against this aggression, insisting that Russia should keep out of Korea, and demanding that her own special interests in the peninsula should be recognized. Russia, made overconfident by her huge army and enormous resources, contemptuously refused. Thus Japan found herself confronted by the same problem with the Muscovite that she had fought out with the Celestial a decade before. The announcement of her decision came with paralyzing suddenness in the dimness of a February dawn in 1904, when she launched a torpedo attack against the Russian squadron lying under the guns of Port Arthur. The struggle that followed cost the Island Empire 135,000 lives and eight hundred million dollars; but in eighteen months the men from the little islands, who in their youth had worn skirts and carried painted fans and drunk their tea from eggshell cups the size of thimbles, whipped to a standstill the Colossus of the North.

Having thus waged two wars on account of Korea, Japan emerged from the second conflict fully convinced that her national security depended upon her preventing the peninsula from falling under the dominance of a third power. Nor could she permit the little empire to drift into a condition of such internal chaos as to imperil foreign interests and thereby provide an excuse for foreign interference. There seemed only one way for Japan to dispel, for good and all, the threatening cloud which had so long overshadowed her: she must herself assume supervision of Korea's affairs.

The establishment of the protectorate placed Korea in much the same relation to Japan that Egypt bore to England when the latter intervened in the Nile country in 1882. Japan could no more take the risk of another power gaining a foothold in Korea, and thereby threatening her causeway to the Asian mainland, than England could take the risk of another power gaining a foothold in Egypt, and threatening her sea-road to India. England intervened in Egypt in order, by reforming its government and ameliorating the condition of its people, to avert foreign complications. Japan intervened in Korea for precisely the same reasons.

England sent to Egypt, as proconsul, her greatest administrator, Evelyn Baring, later Lord Cromer. Japan sent to Korea *her* greatest administrator, the Marquis Ito. Each was confronted by the same problem: to reform a government rotten to the very core, and to effect the regeneration of a people reduced to the lowest depths of misery and degradation by centuries of spoliation and oppression. Had Ito not fallen by the bullet of a Korean assassin, at the very moment when the patient, tactful, sympathetic administration which he had established was beginning to show results, there is little doubt that he would have met with as astonishing success in rehabilitating the Land of the Morning Calm as Cromer did in the Land of the Valley of the Nile.

When the Japanese undertook the task of regenerating Korea there were but two classes in that unhappy country — the spoilers and the spoiled. The Korean officials had forgotten more about graft than Tammany Hall ever knew. Tweed and Croker were amateurs at the game, when compared to the Korean *Yangbans*. The peasantry had neither rights nor privileges, save that of being the ultimate sponge. The court at Seoul was permeated with treachery and intrigue. Foreigners found, as the natives had long known, that no man's life or property was safe from the rapacity of the Court party and its henchmen. Political assassinations were so common as scarcely to provoke comment. Never, perhaps, has there existed a weaker government, one more degraded and corrupt, one more utterly incapable of governing. No government more richly deserved its fate.

In June, 1907, the weak, intrigue-loving old Emperor, notwithstanding his agreement not to engage in any act of an international character save through the medium of Japan, secretly dispatched three emissaries to The Hague, where the Second Peace Conference was sitting, in an attempt to bring about foreign intervention. In order to save their country from the consequences of the Emperor's indiscretion, which the Japanese regarded as treachery, the Korean cabinet, composed, for a wonder, of patriotic and farseeing men, virtually insisted on the sovereign's abdication. He was succeeded by the Crown Prince, a youth who, if popular report is to be believed, has been mentally incompetent from birth; but his tenure of the puppetship was destined to be of brief duration.

Meanwhile, political conditions in Seoul were going from bad to worse. Plot and counterplot followed each other in rapid succession. To avert anarchy, the Japanese put down these conspiracies with an iron hand. And to protect the peasantry, who were powerless to protect themselves, they suppressed extortion and oppression with equal firmness. The firm attitude of the government so alarmed and infuriated the corruptionists and conspirators, that they had recourse to the Korean's traditional method of political retaliation — assassination. This campaign of terrorism, which culminated in the brutal murder of the Marquis Ito, Korea's staunchest friend, served only to hasten the end, which came on the twenty-second of August, 1910, when Korea was formally annexed to the Empire of Japan.

II

The imperial rescript proclaiming the annexation was the signal for the systematic Japanization of Korea to begin. And it was begun with all the method and thoroughness so characteristic of the people of Nippon. The conciliatory policy of Marquis Ito gave way to a Bismarckian policy of blood and iron. Instead of being farsighted enough to grant the Koreans the large measure of autonomy which we have given to the Filipinos and the Porto Ricans, which England has given to the Boers and the Egyptians, they made the mistake of attempting to extirpate the language and the literature of the Koreans, to destroy their national ideals, to root out their ancient manners and customs. In short, they tried to mould these new subjects over again, mistakenly believing that, were sufficient pressure applied, they would emerge from the process as Japanese; though I imagine that it was never intended that they should be anything save an inferior grade of Japanese, subject to restrictions and disabilities from which the islanders themselves were immune. I

may be doing these who were responsible for this policy a grave injustice; but, judging their aims by their actions, I am tempted to believe that they dreamed of eventually bringing the Koreans to a status not far removed from that of the American negro, thereby giving to the Empire twenty millions of patient, uncomplaining, and submissive subjects, hewers of wood and drawers of water, who would accept without remonstrance the rôle of social, political, and economic inferiority assigned to them.

In adopting this policy, they committed the first of the series of psychological and political blunders which have caused such grave criticism of Japanese rule in Korea, and which have provided the enemies of Japan with so much ammunition. I am not suggesting that progressive Japanese opinion approved this policy, for it did not. The Korean programme represented the views of the military party alone. Indeed, there was a very considerable element in Japan which disapproved of the annexation altogether, holding that a resentful and rebellious Korea, annexed against her will, standing at Japan's very door, would prove a source of weakness rather than of strength to the Empire.

Korea was now an integral part of the Japanese Empire. But, though the instrument which brought the two peoples together specifically and impliedly provides that Koreans shall have a share in the public affairs of Japan, the Japanese proceeded to treat Korea as a conquered nation. It was at once placed under military rule, General Count Terauchi, a grim soldier of the old Samurai school, being appointed Resident-General, and clothed with almost sovereign powers. Soldiery, gendarmerie, and police were poured into the new province, until it assumed the appearance of a great armed camp. Then, with the stage set, the curtain rose on the tragic spectacle of the denationalization of a people.

What I now have to say cannot but prove distasteful reading for the Japanese and their friends. Yet to minimize, or apologize for, or ignore the deplorable blunders which marred Japan's administrative record in Korea during the decade immediately following the annexation, as certain American champions of Japan have done, would only impair the value of this paper in the eyes of thinking and impartially minded men, without rendering any corresponding service either to the Japanese or to the Koreans. Were I to attempt to make the picture more flattering to Japanese pride, by leaving out the blemishes, I should be failing in that duty which every self-respecting writer owes to his readers and to himself. On the other hand, I shall not permit myself to be influenced by the usually exaggerated and frequently untruthful charges made against the Japanese administration by the Koreans and their champions. I believe that every statement contained in the succeeding pages can be fully substantiated, in many cases by the *Annual Report* of the Government-General of Korea itself.

One of the first steps taken by the Japanese in their organized campaign of denationalization was the enactment of legislation denying freedom of the press, of speech, and of assembly to the Koreans. In pursuance of this policy, all the papers and periodicals owned or managed by Koreans were suppressed. 'At the end of the fiscal year 1916 there were twenty newspapers published in Chosen, of which eighteen were in Japanese, one in Korean, and one in English,' says the *Annual Report*, which might have added that they were all Japanese, and that three of them, including the last two, were government

organs. During the reign of repression the only non-Japanese publications in Korea were certain newspapers printed secretly, while their publishers were 'on the run,' and distributed from hand to hand, like the famous Belgian journals issued during the German occupation. The hand-presses and type were conveyed from hiding-place to hiding-place under cover of night, the lives of the editors being as thrilling as the Japanese police and spies could make them.

It having been determined that the Korean language, like Korean literature, should die, an attempt was made to destroy it by making Japanese the official tongue, not only in public documents and court proceedings, but, wherever possible, in the schools. It is instructive to compare this with our own policy in the Philippines, where Spanish is taught as freely and as widely as English. The textbooks used in the schools were printed in Japanese, under the supervision of Japanese censors; the teachers were either Japanese or Japanese-speaking Koreans. And, as if to impress the children with the military might of Japan, the teachers wore sabres. Imagine the effect on a class of little girls, when their teacher emphasized his authority by rattling his sword!

Though Korea has a history reaching back into the past for two thousand years, its teaching in the schools was forbidden. Nor, with the exception of certain specially favored individuals, were Koreans permitted to go abroad for study, save to Japan; and those who had been studying abroad were not permitted to return. Moreover, those who succeeded in obtaining permission to attend the Imperial University at Tokyo were discouraged, if not actually forbidden, from specializing in such subjects as law, constitutional government, history, and economics, it being the Japanese policy to encourage industrial education along practical lines for their new subjects, to the exclusion of everything else. The Japanese have always held that England, in encouraging a purely academic education for the higher class Hindus in India, was breeding discontent and agitation, and they had no intention of trying a similar experiment in Korea.

'The holding of public meetings in connection with political affairs, or the gathering of crowds out of doors, was also prohibited, except open-air religious gatherings, or school excursion parties, permission for which might be obtained of the police authorities.' Thus reads a passage in the *Annual Report*, which states further that 'most of the political associations and similar bodies were ordered to dissolve themselves at the time of annexation . . . since then there has been no political party or association, as such, among the Koreans.' This regulation was even more comprehensive than its wording would suggest: a Y.M.C.A. had to submit to the police the date, hour, speaker, and topic of discussion of a proposed meeting, before it could obtain permission to hold it; the same prohibitive principle applied to interscholastic field-meets, in which two or more schools proposed participating.

Another source of Korean resentment was provided by the Japanese attitude toward religion. Broadly speaking, religious instruction was forbidden in Korean schools. Religious gatherings of more than five persons were required to obtain a permit from the police, and native Christians had to obtain special authorization to hold religious services. This interference with religious liberty was in itself the height of political unwisdom; but the overzealous police, by their harsh and unintelligent methods of enforcement, turned it into something perilously close to religious persecution. For example, such hymns as 'Onward,

Christian Soldiers' were forbidden, on the ground that they tended to develop a militaristic spirit among the Koreans — an inhibition only equaled in recent times, in its patent absurdity, by Abdul Hamid's famous dictum against the importation into Turkey of dynamos, because they sounded like dynamite!

Prominent churchmen, leaders in Korean thought and education, were arrested, and sometimes thrown into prison, on charges so ridiculous that they sounded more like a passage from a Gilbert and Sullivan opera than a serious court proceeding. For example, the pastor of one of the native churches was arrested for having referred in his sermon to the Kingdom of Heaven. He was freed with an admonition not to repeat the offense, the police magistrate warning him that the only kingdom in which the Koreans should display an interest was the Kingdom of Japan! Mr. C. W. Kendall, in *The Truth About Korea*, cites the case of Pastor Kil of Ping-Yang, who, for preaching against the evils of cigarette-smoking by boys, was charged by the Japanese authorities with treason. The argument of the Japanese prosecutor, according to Mr. Kendall, ran something after this fashion: —

> Pastor Kil preached against the use of cigarettes.
>
> The manufacture of cigarettes is a government monopoly.
>
> To speak against their use is to injure a government institution.
>
> To injure a government institution is to work against the government.
>
> To work against the government is treason.
>
> *Ergo*, Pastor Kil is guilty of treason.

Though, upon annexation, Korea became, in theory at least, a province of the Empire, the Koreans were permitted neither a national assembly nor representation in the Japanese Diet, thus giving them justification for adopting the slogan, 'Taxation without representation is tyranny.' Had the Japanese been more familiar with American history, they would have realized that the same slogan cost England her American colonies. Though, in principle, the Koreans were to be accorded the same treatment as other subjects of the Emperor, discrimination of the most flagrant character was practised against them everywhere. For example, corporal punishment could be legally administered only to Koreans. Hence, if a Japanese was convicted of a misdemeanor, he was imprisoned or fined. If a Korean was convicted of the same offense, he was flogged — sometimes into insensibility. If a Japanese was killed by the Seoul street-railways, his family was paid two hundred yen. If the victim was a Korean, the indemnity was half that sum. A Japanese common laborer received over half again as much pay as a Korean laborer engaged in the same task; and the same rule applied to skilled workmen, and, for that matter, to government officials. While eleven years were allowed the Japanese youths for primary and secondary education, only eight years were allowed the Koreans. It has been suggested, incidentally, that this discrimination in the curricula was the highest unintentional compliment the Japanese could pay to the exceptional intellectual ability of the sons and daughters of Korea.

Even more humiliating and degrading were the various forms of social discrimination practised against the Koreans. I can assert, from personal observation, that the great majority of Japanese treat the Koreans in personal intercourse as the dirt beneath their feet. It is only fair to add, however, that this disregard of Korean susceptibilities is confined, in the main, to Japanese of the lower and middle classes. Every nation has its gentlemen.

Immediately upon annexation the peninsula was flooded with gendarmes, police, spies, and informers, who promptly proceeded to inaugurate a reign of terror. On the pretext of searching for arms or seditious literature, the police entered private residences without search warrants, still further irritating the Koreans by invading the apartments of the women. Spies, usually low-class Koreans, were everywhere, adding to the general demoralization. No one knew when, or in what form, the most harmless acts or words might be reported to the authorities. Yet the Koreans had no appeal from these oppressions, because, with no newspapers, they had no way of making themselves heard.

The police, in addition to their regular functions of crime-prevention and the apprehension of criminals, were given judicial power. They could sentence prisoners to fines, flogging, imprisonment, or exile. The extreme unwisdom of granting such wide powers to the police, who were totally incompetent to exercise them with discretion, and who, to make matters worse, were for the most part men of petty minds and narrow sympathies, requires no comment. Add to this the fact, of which there exists indubitable proof, that the police frequently tortured innocent persons in order to extract testimony from them, and it will be seen that the Koreans had abundant ground for complaint.

That the police had gendarmes and soldiers associated with them in the enforcement of the law led the Koreans to regard the police, not as civil servants and protectors, but as oppressors. This feeling was intensified by the multitude of petty and vexatious regulations, many of which the people could not understand, and by the harsh and indiscriminate manner in which they were administered. The records of the summary courts — which correspond to our police courts — for 1915, show a total of 59,483 persons brought to trial and only seven acquitted. Dr. Gleason, who is strongly pro-Japanese, asserts that, in the four years 1913–16, 221,000 persons were tried and only 496 acquitted. In the report issued by the Government-General for the year 1916–17, it is stated that, out of 82,121 offenders dealt with 'in police summary judgment,' 81,139 were sentenced, 952 were pardoned, and only 30 were able to prove their innocence. Dr. Hugh C. Cynn, in his dispassionate and, on the whole, remarkably just book, *The Rebirth of Korea*, dryly remarks that 'either the Japanese police in Korea are so superior to those of all other nations in detecting crime that they almost never run down any but the actual criminals, or the Koreans, when they get into the meshes of the police- and gendarme-interpreted ordinances, find it next to impossible to prove their innocence.'

Instead of putting Korean interests first, Japan made the mistake of ruling the peninsula primarily for her own glory and the benefit of her own people. Under the old Korean government the land was divided into four classes: —

1. Private lands, owned by individuals.

2. Crown lands, belonging to the Emperor, but leased in perpetuity to private individuals.

3. Municipal lands, the titles to which were vested in the various municipalities, but the practical ownership of which was in the hands of private individuals.

4. Lands belonging to the Buddhist temples.

Owners of private lands paid taxes to the government. Tenants of crown lands paid rental to the royal household. Those occupying municipal lands paid fees to the respective municipalities.

The temple lands, which were held under a communistic arrangement by the Buddhists, were exempt from taxation. In many cases the leasehold of these lands had acquired a value almost equal to that of land held in full possession. One of the first acts of the Japanese administration was to survey the country and expropriate all crown, municipal, and temple lands, on the ground that, as they did not belong to private individuals, they must be the property of the government. They were then turned over to a concern known as the Oriental Development Company, which was a government-fostered organization for encouraging the immigration of Japanese into Korea. This company, by demanding greatly increased rentals from the Korean tenants, forced them to abandon the lands, which they had tilled for generations, in favor of government-assisted Japanese settlers. The economic unwisdom of this policy is shown by the fact that, though some 400,000 Japanese have settled in the peninsula since the annexation, upwards of 1,500,000 Koreans have gone into voluntary exile in Manchuria and Siberia, because they could not stand the pressure thus brought to bear upon them. The repeated assertions of the Japanese that they went into Korea for the benefit of the Koreans reminds me of an anecdote told of one of the rulers of the House of Hanover, — I think it was George the First, — who, addressing his new subjects upon his arrival in England, assured them in his broken English, 'I am here for your own good — for all your goods.'

III

In the foregoing pages I have sketched, in brief outline, the methods by which Japan sought, during the ten years following the annexation, to assimilate the Korean people. In doing this, I have tried to be absolutely fair. All the abuses which I have cited are fully substantiated by the official reports of the Government-General itself. Of certain other charges, which I have not been able to verify to my own satisfaction, I have made no mention. Viewing the question impartially, it appears to me that, at the beginning of 1920, when Japan inaugurated a milder and more sympathetic rule in the peninsula, the Koreans had no less than a dozen distinct and justifiable grounds for complaint against the Japanese administration. These might be summed up as follows: —

1. Taxation without representation.
2. Denial of freedom of the press, of speech, and of assembly.
3. Measures tending to the eventual extirpation of the Korean language.
4. Educational discrimination.
5. Interference with the religious activities of the people.
6. Abuse of power by the police.
7. Multiplicity of irritating laws and lack of judgment in their enforcement.
8. Expropriation of public lands.
9. Economic pressure against Koreans.
10. Treatment of Korean leaders.
11. Lack of tact, sympathy, and understanding on the part of Japanese officials.
12. Social discrimination.

By these methods the Japanese sought to remould their new subjects in their own image. But, much to their surprise and perturbation, they discovered in the Korean a character as hard, as obstinate, and as unyielding as their own. At every turn they found themselves confronted by that most baffling of all obstacles — passive resistance. Had the Japanese been farsighted enough to treat the Koreans, who are not a conquered race, as England treat-

ed the conquered Boers, there would have been a genuine amalgamation of the two peoples. And it is not a long step from amalgamation to assimilation. But the Japanese ignored this golden opportunity to win the loyalty and friendship of their new subjects. Imagine the upheaval in the British Empire if England should suppress the vernacular newspapers of the Hindus; if she should forbid the use of Arabic in the courts of Egypt; if she should expropriate the lands of the Indian princes; if she should prohibit the teaching of the Koran in the schools of her Mohammedan possessions! Yet that is a fair parallel to the Japanese policy in Korea. That the complete breakdown of this policy has been clearly recognized by the more progressive and discerning of the Japanese themselves is shown by the report of Mr. Kenosuke Morya, whom the Japanese Constitutional Party sent to Korea to investigate conditions on the spot. In it he says: 'It is a great mistake of colonial policy to enforce upon the Koreans, with their two-thousand-year history, the same spiritual and mental training as the Japanese people.'

Yet, during this same discouraging decade, the Japanese made amazing material progress in Korea. The old, effete, corrupt administration was swept away. A cabinet was formed on the model of that in Japan. An elaborate system of local government was adopted. The judiciary was reformed. A sound monetary system was established and maintained. Prisons were cleansed and modernized. The mileage of the railways was doubled. The inadequate Korean harbors were transformed into spacious ports, equipped with all modern appliances. Remarkable improvements in the public health were effected by government hospitals and systems of sanitation. New waterworks were built in fourteen cities and towns. The 500 miles of road which existed in 1910 were increased to 8000, it being proposed eventually to cover the peninsula with a network of highways. New industries were introduced, nearly 800 factories, something theretofore unknown in the land, being established, which provided occupation for thousands of Koreans. Handsome and substantial public buildings were erected. Streets were extended and paved, and charming parks laid out. Primary, secondary, technical, agricultural, forestry, and other schools, model farms and experimental stations, were opened.

Agriculture — the mainstay of the country — was enormously developed, the Korean farmer being taught new and profitable side lines: fruit, cotton, sugar-beet, hemp, tobacco, and silkworm culture, and sheep-breeding. Afforestation was pushed forward on a truly astounding scale, no less than half a billion young trees being set out by the Japanese Forestry Service on the bare, brown hillsides. The area of cultivated land was doubled. Fruit production was more than doubled. The output of the Korean coal mines was trebled. Cotton acreage increased by more than 4500 per cent, and salt production by more than 7000 per cent. There were increases of several hundred per cent in the acreages of wheat, beans, and barley. By the introduction of modern appliances the value of the fishery products was doubled. The foreign trade of Korea went up from 59,000,000 yen to 131,000,000 yen in seven years. In less than a decade after the annexation, there were a million depositors in the postal-savings banks — and this in a country with a notoriously shiftless and improvident population. In short, more public improvements were made, civic reforms instituted, and economic progress effected in these ten years than the Koreans had so much as thought of since their history began.

For this great work Japan deserves the highest commendation. It is a striking testimonial to her efficiency in effecting material reforms. And it is likewise a testimonial to the capacity for making progress of the Koreans themselves. If successful colonial administration consisted only in effecting material benefits, Japan's record in Korea would entitle her to be regarded as one of the most successful colonizing nations in the world. The curious fact remains that few, if any, of the writers on Korea have been able to appraise this record of achievement at its true valuation.[1] Their perspective is distorted by their prejudices. The pro-Korean writers, almost without exception, have either minimized Japan's accomplishments in the peninsula, or have denied their benefit to the Koreans themselves. On the other hand, such pro-Japanese writers as Messrs. Sherrill, Gleason, and Hershey have magnified the chronicle of progress until it all but obscures everything else. It can no more benefit the Koreans to have their champions shut their eyes to the undeniable good that the Japanese have accomplished, than it can serve Japan to have her partisans ignore those evils which cry for redress.

IV

Throughout the four years of the Great War there were manifest to keen observers many evidences that a new spirit was gradually taking possession of the Koreans. It would be stating only a part of the truth, however, to assert that the Japanese administration was the sole cause of this national unrest. Obnoxious though that administration was, it was only contributory; the real cause was to be found in the innate and irresistible desire of the Koreans to govern themselves. They were hungry for freedom. Now that the Poles and the Croats and the Czechs and the Lithuanians were about to achieve their independence, is it any wonder that the Koreans felt that the hour when they should strike for liberty was likewise at hand? It was Woodrow Wilson's pronunciamento on the right of small nations to self-determination that gave them their text and battle cry. It was the assembling of the peacemakers at Versailles that gave them their opportunity. The Korean leaders, believing, no doubt, that they could ride to success on the wave of political freedom which was sweeping the world, chose the time set for the opening of the Peace Conference to launch their 'passive revolution.' For the most part impractical visionaries, there is something of the pathetic in their failure to realize how hopeless was their attempt to interest a distracted Europe in the fortunes of an obscure little nation half the world away.

It was planned that the 'revolution' should be unique in the history of political uprisings, in that there should be neither bloodshed nor violence. The participants were explicitly warned that no one was to be harmed. No property was to be destroyed or damaged. No rowdyism, no Bolshevism, no terrorism was to be tolerated. Orders were given that under no circumstances were the demonstrators to resist the Japanese police. If they were beaten, imprisoned, or even killed, they were to take their punishment without complaint. Nothing must be done that would bring reproach upon the name of Korea, or

[1] In *The Truth About Korea*, Mr. C. W. Kendall devotes only four lines to what Japan has done for the good of the Koreans. In his *Modern Japan*, Dr. A. S. Hershey devotes scarcely more space to discussing the shortcomings of the Japanese administration. The only fearless and non-partisan account I have been able to find is that contained in Mr. J. O. P. Bland's *Japan, China, and Korea*. — The Author.

upon their movement. It was arranged that these passive demonstrations should break out simultaneously in all the larger towns and cities of the peninsula, while in Seoul itself the demonstrators were to divide themselves into groups of three thousand, each under a leader, and march to the various foreign consulates and government offices, singing the Korean national anthem and shouting '*Mansei!*' which is the Korean equivalent of 'Hurrah!' In short, it was to be a nation-wide demonstration, in which seventeen million Koreans were to impress on their Japanese rulers, by strictly peaceable methods, that they would no longer submit to misgovernment and oppression. When it is remembered that for every Japanese in the peninsula there are fifty Koreans, it is not hard to guess what would have happened if the demonstration had not been a passive one.

How the great number of country people who were to participate in the demonstration were to gain access to the capital without arousing the suspicions of the Japanese police was a question which caused some perplexity to the leaders of the movement; but it was suddenly solved in the latter part of January, 1919, when the old ex-Emperor Yi passed away in his palace in Seoul. Though he had been of no service to his countrymen when alive, it seemed that he might aid them unwittingly now that he was dead; for his funeral, set for March fourth, provided the very excuse that the Korean leaders had been seeking for a sudden influx of peasantry into the capital. In some way, however, the carefully guarded secret reached the ears of the police; whereupon the resourceful leaders suddenly changed the date for the demonstration to March first — the day set for the rehearsal of the funeral. As the rehearsal of a Korean funeral is almost as magnificent as the event itself, the authorities saw nothing to cause alarm in the great numbers of Koreans who came pouring into the capital by train and road, afoot, and in lumbering carts, and astride of horses.

The morning of March first found upward of two hundred thousand people assembled in the streets of Seoul. The whole city was tense with anxiety, mingled with some vague expectancy. In the meantime thirty-three men, representing all religions, sects, and classes, had drawn up and signed what was virtually a Declaration of Independence. These men thoroughly believed that President Wilson's declaration, that the civilized world was determined henceforth to protect the rights of weaker nations, proclaimed the end of Korea's vassaldom. 'A new era,' they declared, 'wakes before our eyes; the old world of force is gone, and the new world of righteousness and truth is here.' Copies of the proclamation, together with instructions as to what was expected of the people, were sent to local leaders all over Korea, through the aid of little schoolgirls, who hid the incriminating documents in their capacious sleeves and trudged from town to town, bearing the message of freedom.

Shortly before noon on March first, twenty-nine of the thirty-three signers of the declaration met in the Tai-wha Kwan, where the independence of Korea had been signed away nearly a decade before. It is said that all the higher officials of the Japanese administration had been invited to attend the meeting, but that only one had come, the others having official duties which took them elsewhere. After the momentous document had been read to the assemblage, a messenger was dispatched to communicate its contents to the great crowd which had gathered in Pagoda Park. Then, after drinking success to the movement thus initiated,

one of the signers went to the telephone, called up the chief of police, told him what they had done, and informed him that they were ready to go to prison. The police promptly complied with the suggestion.

The demonstration, taken as a whole, followed the instructions of the leaders to the letter. The demonstrators were unarmed, and among them were as many old men and women as young people. Foreigners who witnessed the affair told me that it was one of the most curious and impressive sights they had ever seen. The masses of white-clad people, pulsating with the new spirit of freedom, surged through the streets in human billows, waving little Korean flags, of which thousands had been distributed secretly, singing the Korean national anthem, which is set to the tune of 'Auld Lang Syne,' and shouting 'Mansei! Mansei! Mansei! Ten thousand years for Korea!'

So skillfully had the demonstration been planned and executed, that the authorities were taken completely by surprise. The Japanese secret service, which had boasted that it had its fingers constantly on the pulse of Korean public opinion, had been outwitted and outmanœuvred at every turn. Because of the magnitude of the movement, the police were helpless; but as soon as the seriousness of the situation was realized, the troops were called out and the paraders were dispersed by force, hundreds being wounded or trampled upon. By nightfall of Independence Day the prisons of Korea were filled to overflowing.[2]

It was here, in my opinion, that the authorities were guilty of a serious blunder. It must be patent to every fair-minded person that they could not tolerate disorders and revolutionary acts, however patriotically intended, and that, in adopting stern measures for their suppression, they did only what all governments are quite likely to do under similar circumstances. The question is whether, in view of the eminently passive character of the demonstration, they chose the wisest course. So long as there was no violence, it would have been the part of wisdom, it seems to me, to have let the pent-up emotions of the people escape through the safety valve provided by the demonstration, instead of attempting forcibly to suppress them. Much bloodshed might have been averted if the authorities had possessed the psychology of one village policeman, who permitted the people in his district to celebrate for three days without molestation. Then he told them that, if they wanted independence, they should build up an army and navy; this would require much money, so they had better return to their work and accumulate the wealth necessary to develop the nation. They agreed with him that it was sound advice, and dispersed peaceably, without any harm having been done.[3]

Notwithstanding official attempts to minimize the extent and significance of the agitation, there seems to be but little doubt that it was a genuine national movement. When I went to Korea, I was quite prepared to find certain classes of the population, particularly the students and intellectuals, and those having political aspirations, permeated by the spirit of nationalism. But I expected to find the farmers, who compose the great mass of the people and are the backbone of the country, largely ignorant of and indifferent to the new movement. I found, however, that the emotions aroused — which might be described as a new national

[2] See *The Rebirth of Korea*, by Dr. Hugh C. Cynn, and *The Truth About Korea*, by C. W. Kendall.

[3] See George Gleason's *What Shall I Think of Japan?*

consciousness — have gone deep and broad into the lives of the people as a whole. When Yi Sang-Chai, who has been called 'the Tolstoy of Korea,' was interrogated by a secret-service man as to who were the persons behind the movement, he replied: 'All the Korean people, from Fusan to the Ever-White Mountains. They are all in it. They are the committee back of the agitation.'

Now, it is not my intention to enter into any detailed account or discussion of the excesses which marked the suppression of the independence movement. That the Japanese police and gendarmes were guilty of many brutalities and some horrible reprisals is not open to question. Not only have they been confirmed by a host of reputable witnesses, foreigners as well as natives, but the Japanese Government itself has virtually admitted them by punishing the perpetrators. In certain of the provincial towns, if the testimony of trustworthy witnesses is to be believed, unarmed and unresisting Koreans, both men and women, were bayoneted or shot down in cold blood. Houses were looted and burned. In order to extort confessions, or to obtain evidence, many of the prisoners were subjected to torture. Women and young girls were stripped, beaten, and subjected to shameful indignities; though I might add that I found no evidence of a single case of assault on Korean women by Japanese police or soldiers. Yet, brutal and cruel though they undeniably were, that is no excuse for the grossly exaggerated accounts that have been spread broadcast.

V

In considering the methods that the Japanese authorities used in suppressing the independence movement, it should be kept in mind that they were indicative of the sentiment of only a small, though powerful, section of the Japanese people — the military party. These men took the position that Korea and the Koreans were the absolute property of Japan, that the subjugation and Japanization of the Koreans was a military necessity, and that the independence movement constituted a defiance of the imperial power which must be stamped out with fire and sword. I am not excusing the Japanese when I remind my readers of the massacre ordered by the British General Dyer at Amritsar; of Captain-General Weyler's treatment of the Cubans; of the behavior of the Black-and-Tans in Ireland; of the excesses perpetrated by the Greeks in Albania and Asia Minor. The Japanese excesses in Korea should not be condoned because other people have committed similar ones. I am merely calling attention to the fact that history shows that enlightened and humane nations have frequently been disgraced by the actions of their military men.

It is due to historical accuracy and to the Japanese army to emphasize the fact that three bodies of men have been sent by the Japanese Government to Korea to restore order. One is the regular army. Another is the gendarmerie — a police force organized on military lines. The third is the police, or, rather, those contingents of police recruited in Japan. These forces are distinct and should not be confused. Nor should their deeds. In organization, discipline, temper, and ideals, the police and gendarmerie are several degrees removed from the regular army. Unlike the regular army, their discipline, training, and temper could not withstand the trials and temptations to which they were subjected in Korea. Neither their discipline nor their methods could compare with army discipline; so it is scarcely a matter for surprise that, at certain times and places, they broke

loose — that they burned, destroyed, killed, tortured, intimidated. In the vast majority of cases the excesses in Korea were committed by police and gendarmes, not by Japanese soldiers.

Now here is the most significant and discouraging feature of the whole deplorable business. When the news of what had happened in the peninsula became known in Japan, there was no public, and very little political, reaction. The wave of indignation which swept England when the conduct of the Black-and-Tans in Ireland became known had no parallel in Japan. Scarcely more than a ripple disturbed the political waters, while the public remained as profoundly apathetic as if the excesses had occurred in Central Africa instead of in a province of the Empire, six score miles away. It is true that the Japanese Constitutional Party dispatched an independent investigator to Korea, to examine the situation on the spot; and that his report ascribed the movement to discriminatory treatment of the Koreans, complicated and impracticable administrative measures, and extreme oppression. It is also true that the Resident-General, Count Hasegawa, the Director of Political Affairs, Mr. Yamagata, and the chief of gendarmerie were recalled, though the government 'saved the face' of the militarists by making General Hasegawa a field-marshal.

There is no doubt that the government was gravely concerned over the excesses, though not so much on moral grounds as because of its fear of the effect on Western opinion. And this concern was shared by a small group of men who had had long associations with Western life and were familiar with Western thought. As I was discussing the excesses some months later with Viscount Kaneko, who is a graduate of Harvard and one of the most advanced Japanese statesmen, he said with great earnestness: 'Unfortunately they are only too true. I do not pretend to deny them; I can only deplore them, the more so because they were committed by my own people. I only hope that they will not be interpreted abroad as indicative of the real attitude of the Japanese people toward the Koreans.' I do not wish to do the Japanese Government or people an injustice, but, in my opinion, the reforms which were promptly instituted in Korea were inspired, not by public opinion in Japan, but almost wholly by public opinion outside Japan. For the Peace Conference was then sitting in Paris, and Japan, with enormous interests at stake in the *post-bellum* settlements, could ill afford to have her case prejudiced by criticism of her conduct in Korea.

The government thus found itself in a difficult and trying situation. Premier Hara[4] was quick to recognize that something must be done, and done at once, to convince America and the European nations that Japan was sincere in her desire to ameliorate conditions in the peninsula. But he likewise realized that he could not afford to do anything which would arouse the animosity of the military party. He steered a middle course, therefore, by designating Admiral Baron Saito, a retired naval officer, as the new Governor-General of Korea, this appointment being in the nature of a compromise between the militarists, who demanded that the independence movement be suppressed with an iron hand, and those statesmen of broader vision, who, recognizing the danger of flouting foreign opinion, insisted on a new deal for the Koreans. I might add, parenthetically, that, as a captain in command of a Japanese warship, Baron Saito was present when the American squadron under Dewey destroyed the Spanish fleet in Manila Bay, and that he unre-

[4] Assassinated in November, 1921.

servedly sided with the American commodore when the commander of a German warship attempted to interfere in behalf of the Spaniards. The portfolio of Political Affairs in Baron Saito's cabinet is held by Dr. Kentaro Midzuno, formerly Minister of the Interior of Japan, an enlightened and progressive statesman of the highest type. Though I believe that Baron Saito's administration has the best interests of the Koreans genuinely at heart, its freedom of action has been hampered by the military party. Men like Baron Saito and Dr. Midzuno could and would accomplish far-reaching reforms in Korea, if they were not discouraged in their efforts by the apathetic state of public opinion at home.

VI

More than two years have passed since the Imperial Rescript of August 20, 1919, in which the Emperor called upon his officials 'to rush reforms,' which was followed by Premier Hara's proclamation announcing that 'it is the government's fixed determination to forward the progress of the country, in order that all differences between Korea and Japan proper, in matters of education, industry, and the civil service, may be finally obliterated. . . . It is the ultimate purpose of the Japanese Government in due course to treat Korea as in all respects on the same footing with Japan proper.'

In that period a very creditable number of reforms have been effected. The objectionable gendarmerie system has largely been done away with, and the police system, improved, enlarged, and under the direct control of the civil instead of the military authorities, has been substituted. The much-criticized custom of flogging was definitely abolished on April first, 1920 — about the time, incidentally, that American newspapers were carrying reports of the movement to abolish the public flogging of women in Georgia. The prisons have been enlarged and improved. New school-regulations have been adopted, lengthening the courses of study, granting wider options in the curricula, permitting religious instruction in private schools, and relaxing the requirements as to the use of the Japanese language in certain subjects. The regulations governing religious activities have been revised, in the direction of simplifying the requirements as to reports concerning the opening of new churches, the number of adherents, and the like.

The so-called Company Law, restricting the establishment of commercial companies, has been repealed. Newspapers in the Korean language, owned and edited by Koreans, have again appeared; and freedom of the press, at least in some degree, has been restored, though the newspapers are frequently suppressed by the authorities. The spies and informers who so long swarmed in the peninsula have largely disappeared. The salaries of Japanese and Koreans in government employ have been equalized in the various grades. Koreans have been appointed to high posts in the government, including those of provincial governor, judge, and public procurator. The custom of wearing swords by civil officials has been abolished. The Advisory Council, composed of Korean statesmen, which had fallen into innocuous desuetude, has been revived, it being convened regularly once a week; and by the infusion of new blood it has been made more representative of all classes of Korean opinion, — including the anti-Japanese, — thus providing at least the germ of representative government in Korea. Though admittedly much remains to be done, this, as most fair-minded persons will admit, is a very creditable showing for two years.

The Korean leaders with whom I discussed the situation, though guarded in their comments, were, as might have been expected, dissatisfied with the extent of the reforms, and frankly skeptical of Japanese sincerity. Their chief criticisms appeared to be (1) that the new administration is supporting the leaders of the old, corrupt, discredited régime rather than the leaders of the progressive party; (2) that it is keeping the Korean standard of education fully two years behind that of Japan; (3) that the police still have altogether too much authority, particularly in the rural districts, where an ignorant constable is often vested with almost autocratic powers; (4) that the treatment of prisoners is not yet in accordance with enlightened standards, those charged with political offenses being confined in overcrowded cells and permitted insufficient exercise.

Though I am myself convinced that substantial progress is really being made, and though I am satisfied of the sincerity of the new administration, it is my opinion that no programme of reform can be expected in the immediate future that will satisfy a large section of the Korean people and their friends. They expect, and will continue to demand, more than the Japanese Government will feel able to grant. A complete reversal of Japanese policy in Korea will come only when military autocracy has been definitely subordinated to democracy in Japan itself.

Notwithstanding the reforms, the independence movement, though at the moment in abeyance, is being carried steadily forward, in spite of the vigilance of the police. I was given to understand that there are two factions among the Korean leaders, — one which favors advancing their cause by forcible methods, the other favoring peaceable means, — and that the latter is at present in control of the situation. The prevailing belief in Korea is that the continuance in power of the peace party will largely depend upon the sincerity and energy displayed by the new administration in prosecuting the promised reforms. Should the promises of the government and the expectations of the people remain unfulfilled, however, there is every likelihood of an outbreak of a more serious nature than has yet occurred.

For the sake of peace in the peninsula, it is sincerely to be hoped that the new administration will prove itself so enlightened that the peace party may remain in the ascendant. I was told, by an official in whom I have confidence, that the leaders of the secret organization which has been directing the independence movement were rapidly becoming convinced of the futility of open resistance on the part of the Koreans at present, and were counseling the people to attend to their business, and the students to their studies, until such time as they are better able to make their strength felt. If that is true, — and it is borne out by the fact that the student registration for last year (1921) was unprecedented, — it explains the present lull, and is an indication of what may be expected in the future, provided the reforms proceed at a reasonable pace. If, on the other hand, the Japanese Government fails to keep its promises, if it makes the blunder of returning to the old, short-sighted policy of repression and oppression, then I fear that the next chapter in Korea's troubled history will be written in blood.

VII

I have now sketched the conditions which prevailed in Korea before the Japanese came and those which obtain there to-day. What its future is to be depends wholly upon whether the Koreans and the Japanese adopt an atti-

tude of mutual sympathy and understanding. Were Japan to evacuate the country now, or in the near future, — as there is not the slightest prospect of her doing, — she would leave it under conditions which would soon result in chaos, and the good that she has done would be largely lost. The extensive schemes for agricultural and industrial development upon which she has entered, and upon which the prosperity of the peninsula largely depends, could never be financed by an independent Korea; and the same is true of her plans for improving the means of communication, which is at the bottom of all the problems of economic development in Korea.

However critical we may be of the methods by which it was accomplished, the annexation of Korea seems to me to have been justified. For the fact must not be lost sight of that the country was doomed to become either Japanese or Russian. The Japanese occupied it to forestall a Russian occupation, which would have menaced their independence as a nation. And they have remained in the peninsula for reasons similar to those which, in the opinions of reasonable men, justify Great Britain in retaining control of Egypt.

The Koreans insist that they are themselves perfectly capable of establishing and maintaining a just and stable government. But their ability to do this is, I believe, open to grave question. Certainly there is nothing in the twenty centuries of their history as an independent nation to justify such confidence; for the old government of Korea was perhaps the worst on which the sun ever shone. Though they are now making encouraging progress, it is being made under Japanese guidance and tuition. The leaders of the independence movement are, for the most part, young men, — students, intellectuals, idealists, — who, no matter how able individually, are wholly without experience in practical government. To turn a nation of seventeen millions of ignorant, simple-minded people over to their guidance would be to invite disaster.

Mind you, I do not think that the Japanese administration of Korea has been all, or nearly all, that it should have been. The Japanese officials have worked hard, and in many instances effectively, for the amelioration of the Korean people and the improvement of Korean conditions; but their method has been lacking in tact, sympathy, and understanding. But criticism of Japan's stern militaristic policy and of the harsh methods she has permitted in its execution should not blind us to her integrity, to her large administrative ability, and to the energy she has displayed in carrying out material reforms. From personal observation on the spot, I am convinced that the general condition of the Korean peasantry is appreciably higher than it ever was, or could have been, under Korean administration.

This is not to be interpreted as meaning that I do not sympathize with the Koreans, for I do. They have been the victims of cruelty, injustice, and oppression. Nor would they be worthy of respect if they did not prefer to rule themselves. But I can also sympathize with the Japanese. During one of the most trying periods in the world's history; disliked, distrusted, and opposed by Koreans, Chinese, Russians, and most of the foreigners living in the Far East, Japan has jerked a nation out of the depths of poverty, degradation, and despair, as if by its collar, set it on its feet, and is teaching it to play the game. And, as Count Terauchi once remarked, 'It is no easy task to uplift a decayed people.'

Viewing the question from an unbiased standpoint, I believe that the

balance inclines heavily in favor of Japan. I will go further than that, and assert that Korea could suffer no greater calamity than to have Japan go. Not that there is the slightest probability of her doing so; for the unrest in China, combined with the uncertainty in Russia, is likely to cause her to tighten rather than relax her grip on the peninsula. For, when all is said and done, Korea is the key to the whole Far-Eastern situation. Upon her control of it depends Japan's entire scheme for the economic penetration of Siberia, Manchuria, and China. For her to withdraw from Korea would be tantamount to leaving the gateway to these great, rich markets unguarded, and that, I am convinced, she will never do. The sooner the Koreans realize that Japan's determination to remain in the peninsula is adamantine, and the sooner the Japanese realize that the Koreans will resist further attempts at forcible denationalization to the bitter end, the better it will be for both peoples. If the Japanese will adopt a conciliatory and unselfish policy toward the Koreans, with a view to granting them a very large measure of autonomy as soon as they are prepared for it; and if the Koreans, for their part, will drop their demands for complete independence, which it is obviously impossible for Japan to accede to, and set to work to fit themselves for self-government under the Empire, it will put forward the hands of progress in the Farther East by many years, and there will no longer be a Korean Question.

THE DOLLAR IN WONDERLAND

BY JOSEPH SZEBENYEI

I

NOTHING illustrates better the difference between the value of the American dollar and that of the inflated currency of the Central European countries, than the experience of a traveler in a second-class Vienna restaurant. This man consumed an almost luxurious dinner, and offered a twenty-dollar gold coin to the head waiter, called 'Ober,' when he timidly presented his bill for three hundred kronen. The waiter looked at the treasure with bewilderment, and did not seem to know how much he ought to give in change. He excused himself and went to the telephone to ask the proprietor. The waiter was heard to say, —

'Here is a gentleman, sir, who wants to pay with a twenty-dollar gold piece. How much am I to give for it?'

Having received the landlord's instructions, the Ober returned, and said seriously, —

'I am to give you as much change, sir, as you desire.'

This is, perhaps, the nearest approach to the truth so far as foreign exchange, east of France and Switzerland, is concerned. Such a condition, in conjunction with the business depression which

has produced it, leads, of course, to speculation. Business men, professional men, and even working men are *valuta*, that is exchange, mad, and gambling is their main occupation. The ambitious concentrate entirely upon foreign currencies and the American dollar is their goal. But the American dollar is beyond the reach of most of these speculators. In Vienna a one-dollar bill will buy to-day, December 10, 10,000 kronen, a sum that represented $2000 in 1914. In Russia, one of our dollars is worth 200,000 rubles. In Poland, a traveler was asked by a bank teller whether he had brought along a push-cart, when he presented $150 at the teller's window for exchange. And the teller was quite serious about it, too. The traveler took mark notes, in denominations of 1000, for his money; and even so, his pockets were bulging out very suspiciously with the bulk of them.

Thousands of articles — economic essays, speeches, and serious papers — are being printed on the unprecedented and tragic financial chaos that has followed in the wake of the World War. Suggestions are put forward by the dozen every day, for the salvation of the bankrupt and semi-bankrupt nations. The greatest economists and financial geniuses have been pondering over remedial measures these three years; but yet conditions are getting steadily worse. A two days' rally in the exchange market is followed by a three weeks' continuous slump, and there is no way of stopping it; just as there does not seem to be a way of stopping the presses in the stricken countries from printing the almost valueless paper money. For the governments would find themselves unable to meet current expenses without that suicidal printing operation. It is a mad, irresistible rush toward bankruptcy.

To stabilize exchange, normal production or an international note-issuing bank would be necessary; both seem to be without the realm of possibility. With currencies inflated to such an extent, normal production is impossible, and, with production at a standstill, deflation is impossible. Raw materials cannot be purchased abroad on account of the fabulous depreciation of the currencies. The necessary adjustments of wages required by the fluctuations of the purchasing power of the money seem also to be impossible. A living wage has to be figured in millions in Russia, and in hundreds of thousands in Austria, Poland, Hungary, and other Central European countries. And the depreciation of the currencies always greatly exceeds the tardy adjustment of wages.

Of course, this brings about frequent labor troubles. Just now, for instance, the Polish mark has increased in value almost 500 per cent, and, as a consequence, there are widespread labor troubles. For the goods that are exported from Poland are paid for in foreign currency, and the amount of Polish marks that can be bought in exchange for the foreign currency has been greatly reduced. The employers are, in consequence, compelled to reduce wages, which, of course, means strikes and disorders.

Among the stricken countries there are some that actually lose money on the printing of their paper currency; the cost of printing a one-krone bill, for instance, considerably exceeds its purchasing value. The same may be said of the Russian ruble. For that reason, the Russian Government is now printing ruble notes in denominations of ten thousand rubles; and soon these notes will be the smallest denomination circulating, among the merchants at least.

However, even in the folds of tragedy there always lurks some relieving

humor. And so it happens that there are many funny aspects, even of this sad aftermath of the greatest human catastrophe on record. Some people make it a hobby to collect such queer and puzzling stories, which circulate among the victims of, and the speculators in, exchange. These stories seem to upset all accepted laws of economics and of finance. Those that tell of erstwhile millionaires, princes, and magnates going begging, and formerly poor peasants weighing out bills by the pound, or using paper money to stuff their straw ticks with, are too common to relate. The peasant who is paid 100 kronen, Polish marks, or rubles for an apple, and has 200 healthy apple trees, and who is not willing, or, perhaps, not able, to count up to one hundred, will naturally resort to weighing, in order to balance accounts. The erstwhile millionaire, who finds that a suit of clothes costs him one tenth of his fortune, will certainly get into the poorhouse in a very short time if he indulges himself too frequently.

Such are the natural consequences of inflation, and of the turning topsy-turvy of everything we understand by the word value. It is quite a common occurrence for owners of old issues of stock to find themselves multi-millionaires by the advance of stock values, following the depreciation of currency. Take, for instance, a share that was issued at a par of 100, seven years ago. The 100 of those times is worth, in Vienna for instance, 2000 times one hundred, that is, 200,000. Five shares, which cost the owner five hundred kronen a few years ago, make him a multi-millionaire to-day. But there are stocks issued by some great banks that have not advanced more than 400 per cent; and indeed, it may be said generally, that the cases are very rare where the stock quotations have kept pace with the money fluctuations in the opposite direction. Nowadays, a battered derby hat is worth as much as a share of the best bank. Stocks of financial institutions are not regarded as assets to be stored away as a source of income. Stocks to-day are, in fact, only media for gambling. In the years before the war the *rentier*, that is, the man who has retired from business and is living on the dividends of his shares, was a citizen of standing, *par excellence*. In France these people still retain their status, though to a lesser degree than before the war. In Central Europe the type has entirely disappeared.

Thousands of peasants, following a time-honored custom, buried their silver coins against a rainy day. These silver coins naturally retained their formal value. But the hoarding was done on such an extensive scale that, as early as 1918, all silver coins had disappeared from circulation in Germany, Austria-Hungary, Yugoslavia, Rumania, and Poland. To-day a peasant who buried one hundred five-kronen pieces is a millionaire; he can exchange the five hundred kronen in silver for one million kronen in paper money. In Austria-Hungary alone there had been in circulation something like 200,000,000 kronen worth of silver money before the war. It would take Austria the enormous sum of 200,000,000,000 kronen to buy up her half of this hoarded silver currency.

It is not an uncommon occurrence for a man who leaves London with five hundred pounds sterling, on a pleasure-trip to the Continent, and stops for several weeks in five different capitals, living in luxury and spending money lavishly, to return to London with more pounds sterling than he had when he started. A newspaper man has actually gone through this experience. He spent hundreds of thousands of kronen, marks, francs, and leis, and, mind you, did no business, did not speculate, and

did no work; all he did was to change his money five or six times. The rest was done by the exchange fluctuations.

The fact of being a millionaire in those countries does not mean anything. Such a million is a million in figures, but not in value; and when such a million is converted into a sound currency, the shrinkage is fabulous. But the purchasing power of the depreciated currencies of Central Europe has not gone down quite in proportion with the decrease of their exchange value. One million Austrian kronen, which were worth before the war almost $200,000, are worth to-day not quite $120; but their purchasing value in Austria is considerably more than that. But, of course, to-day, when nobody knows what his kronen will be worth to-morrow, people are far less careful with their money than they used to be in times when their money had an unchanging cash value, and when it commanded the power of an established and firm standard. The only currency that commands respect is the 'high-exchange' currency, such as the American, English, Swiss, and Scandinavian. Among these the dollar tops all the rest.

The dollar is supreme all over Europe, but most particularly in Central and Eastern Europe. It is strange to find that the larger the denomination of the dollar bill, the greater the value of each of its units. A hundred-dollar bill, for instance, is worth $110 worth of currency; that is, it is worth as much as 110 single one-dollar bills. It is impossible to fathom the mystery of this predilection for the one-hundred-dollar bill. It is most surprising to hear the question, in answer to an application for the exchange of $150: 'What denominations of the dollar?' When the questioner is asked what difference it makes, the answer is, that one-hundred-dollar bills will fetch ten per cent more than the same amount in a small denomination. From that time on, the traveler who had this experience was always most obliging in changing twenty-, fifty-, and one-hundred-dollar bills to smaller denominations, when Americans made the request to that effect.

As said before, to be a millionaire means nothing in those countries. Somebody would mention, for instance, a friend of his, just casually calling attention to the glorious fact of his being a millionaire. The inevitable question would follow: 'In dollars?' To be a millionaire in 'good currency' is the only thing that commands respect.

There are two hundred million people in Central and Eastern Europe who talk, think, and dream of nothing else than 'high-exchange' currency. A dollar bill is a fortune. How are they to get dollar bills? Thousands of people have taken up a novel occupation. In Munich, Vienna, Warsaw, and Budapest the possession of a New York or a Chicago telephone directory constitutes a valuable business asset. There are so many thousands of addresses in it! All Americans, every one of them the owner of a certain number of dollar bills! Having nothing to offer in exchange for the dollar, the only expedient left is to beg for it. Thousands of men are offering American addresses, at five dollars in United States currency per thousand; also, texts of most ingenious begging letters. The begging letters usually pretend to come from a poor, sick woman, mother of five children, whose husband was killed in the war; or from a sixteen-year-old, beautiful girl (photo inclosed), who begs for just one dollar to save her aged mother and younger sisters from starvation; adding, with tearful entreaty, that, unless she gets the dollar, she will have no other choice than to sell her honor to the first-comer. Now, if this story does not touch you to the extent of a

dollar, nothing will. The writer, however, is not a sixteen-year-old girl, but a fifty-year-old swindler, frequently of some prison experience, who in this way receives donations from abroad to the tune of fifty or a hundred dollars a month, and lives in great luxury. For such an amount is a princely income in that part of the world.

Others have other means of getting hold of dollars. Returning immigrants receive special attention from the dollar-hunters. But, in these cases, it is not begging, but an exchange manipulation, that is the means to the end. However, in order to protect their returning nationals, most of the governments have state officials meet every incoming steamer, and these take their countrymen under their wings, and get their dollars from them for the benefit of the government, which serene body is just as anxious to get hold of the American dollar as any of its greedy citizens. The governments need the foreign high exchange to keep their foreign representatives going. A committee that is to go abroad on some mission would have to carry bales of money to cover expenses, if there was no 'high exchange' available. Governments have a special money-press running to turn out the paper that will exchange the dollars of the returning immigrants; one or more millions for every thousand dollars. In some cases, 10,000 one-thousand-kronen bills for ten one-hundred-dollar bills. Imagine the roll: ten thousand big bills, three times the size of a dollar bill! Ten pockets will not hold it!

II

A newspaper man, traveling from Switzerland to Austria, had a very amusing experience, furnishing an excellent illustration of topsy-turvydom in the foreign exchanges. Perhaps the story is best told in his own words.

'I took the express to Vienna, in Zürich. It was lunch-time. I entered the dining-car, and had a table-d'hôte lunch on Swiss territory. In payment I tendered a ten-franc note of Swiss money. I received two francs in change, the dinner costing me eight francs. In the course of the afternoon, we crossed the Swiss frontier into Austrian territory. Dinner-time came. Again I went to the dining-car, and I had a table-d'hôte dinner, this time in Austria. It was substantially the same meal I had had at noon in Switzerland, and was served by the same caterer. The obliging waiter, the same who waited on me in Switzerland only six hours before, gave me his reckoning in Austrian currency, and accepting the two Swiss francs that I tendered in payment, gave me 1700 Austrian kronen in change. The dinner cost 500 kronen; the two Swiss francs were worth 2200 kronen that day. For the change that the waiter gave me from my two Swiss francs I hired a room in a good Vienna hotel at 700 kronen a day, and on the remaining thousand kronen I lived a whole day in good style.'

In short, in Switzerland they charge eight francs for a table-d'hôte dinner. These eight francs are worth about a dollar and a half in American currency. These eight francs are sufficient in Vienna to pay a traveler's hotel bill and all his meals for four days.

A Hungarian gentleman had a very profitable experience with Swiss francs. He forgot to declare some cigars for duty. This happened in July, 1916, when a Swiss franc was worth one Hungarian crown. An argument arose between the homeward-bound Hungarian traveler and the Swiss customs officer. A blow followed, and the consequence was that the Swiss gendarme arrested the traveler. The judge ruled that the prisoner was to deposit one thousand francs with the court, and

could then continue his trip. The fine was to be deducted from that sum, and the rest of the money was to reach him through the Swiss consulate in Budapest. It was four years before the Hungarian got his money. In 1916 the thousand francs were equal to a thousand Hungarian kronen. From these a fine of twenty-five francs was to be deducted. Had the Hungarian received his money in 1916, the amount would have been simply 975 Hungarian kronen. But in 1920, when the 975 francs finally reached him, he received 260,000 Hungarian kronen. The blow that he gave the Swiss customs officer netted him over a quarter of a million!

The constant depreciation of currency seems to have a deteriorating influence upon morality. Newspapers are full of political scandals, public corruption, and the misdoings of bank swindlers, defalcators, and petty thieves. The respect for property is diminishing in proportion to its higher money value; and the amounts in which dishonesty deals are counted in millions. It is not worth while to steal less. The former monetary unit has no value. The absolute worthlessness of it is clearly demonstrated by the Munich brewery which named its bottled beer 'Kronen Bier,' using a one-krone note as a label on its bottles; for it would cost more to have labels printed than to buy one-krone notes. It has been pointed out before, that the purchasing value of the Austrian krone is far below its cost of printing.

Everywhere is chaos, anarchy, and topsy-turvydom. Take the case of the three German brothers, of whom Hans Lichtig, a prominent manufacturer of copper utensils is the eldest, Jacob, a stock-exchange broker, the second, and Adolph the youngest. Adolph was the black sheep of the family — a waster, who never did a day's work in his life. It happened in 1916 that the three brothers inherited from an uncle in Holland 100,000 Dutch guilders each. The two elder and respectable brothers decided that Adolph was not to be trusted with his 100,000 guilders, and they got a court order declaring him a minor, and restraining the executors from paying over his legacy to him. Adolph's money was deposited in a Dutch bank at The Hague, until such time as his brothers should declare him able to manage his own affairs. Thus it happened that Adolph was living on a pittance doled out to him by his two elder brothers, who, being good patriots, invested their 100,000 guilders in war-loans. In 1920, they discovered that their war-bonds were worth next to nothing. The value of the copper-utensil factory was also considerably reduced, on account of the labor troubles and the business depression. The second brother did not do any better. But Adolph still had his 100,000 guilders, now worth six million German marks, though originally they represented only about 200,000 marks. Adolph became the support and the idol of the family.

Money being worth next to nothing, the governments in Central Europe are devising other means of obtaining revenue. The first step in this direction was taken by the Hungarian Government, which takes land-taxes from landlords owning more than a thousand acres. These taxes are paid in kind, that is, a certain percentage of the land is expropriated by the Government and sold to the peasants. The maximum acreage that may be owned by one man is 1000 acres. The object of the confiscation is not only to provide revenue for the state, but also to reduce all holdings to that maximum. Nor does the confiscation extend to the whole acreage exceeding the maximum, at one time; rather, it is distributed over a number of years, until the holdings have been reduced to the allowable maximum.

The incomes of these big landlords are enormous; for the prices of agricultural products exceed all limits, thousands being paid for a bushel of grain. Taking the value of land at 40,000 kronen an acre, the taxes would amount to about a hundred acres a year in cases where estates larger than a thousand acres are involved. The big landowners, most of whom belong to the nobility and clergy, are vehemently opposed to this property tax; but the landless peasantry is only too eager to get a share of the soil that still remains, of 'Crippled Hungary' as the Magyars are fond of calling their disintegrated country, which has been parceled up into four parts, leaving to the Hungarians only one third of their former country.

In Moscow, Berlin, Vienna, Budapest, and, in fact, in every large city in Central and Eastern Europe there are, besides the official stock exchange, money exchanges on almost every corner. Coffeehouses, saloons, or ordinary inns, where business men gather, are recognized miniature exchanges, which often dictate the quotations to the great national exchanges of the capitals. There are in a place of this kind two hundred to three hundred men. They are veritable curb markets, dealing in everything, but chiefly in foreign exchanges. An Austrian clerk, at the end of his tether, discovered by chance two hundred coupons of an English soap-manufacturer, advertising his products in the English language. The clerk took these coupons to one of these coffeehouse exchanges, and offered them to one of the brokers as Berengarian currency.

'What are they quoted at?' asked the broker.

'Twenty kronen the *lotu*,' answered the clerk, giving to the imaginary Berengarian currency the fanciful name, *lotu*.

'Done,' said the broker, and paid the clerk 20 kronen for each coupon.

The next day the clerk's conscience began to trouble him; so he returned to the coffeehouse and said to the broker: 'Look here, sir, I am very sorry, but I can't accept your money for those things I sold you yesterday. Here is your money back.'

'No, no, my dear fellow; I sold them at twenty-eight, and now you could not buy them for less than 40 kronen a *lotu*. If you wait a day or two, they might drop back to 20 again.'

The shifting of values and the greatly unsettled conditions in trade and finance have, as may be seen, totally upset all moral laws. To cheat the state, to rob the treasury, has become a praiseworthy deed; to transact crooked business is not looked upon as unfair; nor is it at all unusual — in Central Europe, at least. Mail robberies, tampering with valuable packages, are matters of everyday occurrence, and, indeed, are part of the routine. A New York foreign-exchange banker, authorized by the Hungarian Government to exchange old Hungarian paper currency against the newly issued bills, states that every package of such newly issued bills that comes to him by mail, sealed, wrapped in several layers of linen, has been tampered with. Thus, from one package three million kronen of paper money was extracted *en route;* from another, only nine one-hundred-kronen notes were missing, each worth about twelve cents. How they managed to open these packages is difficult to say.

'It was quite a mystery,' said the banker, 'why this particular thief stole only nine bills out of that package containing fifteen million kronen. I presume, when he saw they were Hungarian notes, he did n't think it worth while to take any more of them.'

III

The salaried classes and the wage-earners of Central Europe are hardest hit by these conditions. No salary can really be high enough to afford them a bare living — indeed, not even mere semi-starvation. Every wage-earner or salaried worker has to speculate, barter, or steal in order to make both ends meet. The condition of judges, teachers, military officers, postal clerks, letter-carriers, and all other civil servants who receive salaries, is a desperate one, indeed. A college professor in the Central European states receives a salary that is barely equivalent to ten dollars a month, and in many cases to as little as three dollars a month. A postal clerk in Vienna, receiving a monthly salary of 5000 kronen, gets in fact an equivalent of only about 55 cents in United States currency. The letter-carriers are in the same plight, and they deserve great credit for not robbing all the American mail they deliver. It must, indeed, require a heroic effort not to succumb to the temptation of getting at the contents of American letters, most of which contain dollar bills.

But not only unimportant people have to put up with hardships. Great officeholders are hard put, also. The Hungarian Regent, with all his prerogatives of a king, receives only three million kronen a year, — equivalent to $3000, — on which he has to keep up a court not less pretentious than that of the former Emperor Charles. A cabinet minister earns something like $200 a year, and a prime minister has to live on but little more than that. The salary of a member of Parliament varies between ten and fifty dollars *a year.*

Judges of the High Court mend their own shoes and those of their children. Most of them eat a square meal only when they are invited to some rich man's table. Their clothes are ragged, for their yearly salary would not buy them a suit of clothes. And these judges have to sit in litigations involving millions. Does it not seem likely that a starving and ragged judge like this could be tempted by money? Yet corruption of the courts does not exist in Germany, Austria, and Hungary; not a shadow of suspicion has been known to attach to them.

The conclusion from all these facts is plain. The Central European nations are near bankruptcy. Their industrial life, whatever there is of it, is unhealthy and insecure. Trading and manufacturing are impaired by the political and customs barriers of the newly formed small states. A decent living is out of the question for the masses. There is every inducement for graft, corruption, and other forms of dishonesty, to which many must turn their wits for a living which is, in fact, semi-starvation. Conditions get increasingly worse, and this winter will probably see them at their worst; and there seems to be no remedy for them. What will be the end?

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

MY WIFE'S CHECK-BOOK

CYNTHIA tells me that the difficulties I endure in trying to understand her address-book are as nothing compared to the struggles she undergoes in trying to balance my check-book every month.

To me the explanation is obvious, but I shall postpone stating it. Cynthia, being very anxious to save me trouble, kindly suggested that she should make out all the checks for housekeeping expenses, and should even go over my check-book herself, to see that it agreed with the bank. In fact, there was nothing I should have to do but sign my name on the dotted line. Even this slight exertion Cynthia offered to spare me; for she has improved the shining hours she spends sitting at the telephone, while the operator gives her the wrong number, by toying with a pencil and paper, till she has attained a startling proficiency in reproducing my bold signature. When I describe to her the years in prison toward which her clever forgery will inevitably lead if practised in my check-book, she merely tells me not to be absurd, as the president of the bank would understand at once that she was not committing a crime, but only saving me trouble — besides which, no one would find out about it, anyway.

The first of every month there is always just a little question of how much trouble I really am saved. My wife brings her own check-book and mine into my study, and 'goes over them' while I am trying to read. When Cynthia does sums, she looks as if she were playing the piano or manipulating the typewriter.

'This is the only *certain* way of doing addition,' she assures me; 'for, although I am practically certain that 6 and 5 are 11, and not 13, I feel that I should not be doing right if I failed to prove it by ten-finger exercises. Let me see,' she begins, thinking out loud, 'how much out were my accounts in April? I always write down "A. W." for "all wrong," after going over my returned checks, just as you put "O. K." on yours, and I am starting May with $79.13 more than the bank gives me.'

'Well, you must find where the mistake is,' I begin; but she interrupts impatiently, 'Oh, no! I have learned by experience that the bank always wins, just as it does at Monte Carlo, and that saves a lot of trouble. So I just subtract $79.13 from $57.00 (which is what the bank says I have), and that leaves — Oh, goodness! I've got to do it by algebra, because there 's a minus quantity!'

Very firmly I take Cynthia's pen out of her hand and go back over her personal expenditures. 'Look here!' I presently exclaim. 'Why does the number of this check suddenly jump from 29 to 375?'

'Oh, I don't know,' Cynthia rejoins lightly. 'But the numbers don't matter; they are just for one's own convenience, and you were probably talking to me while I was numbering the check.'

'Well, let's look at the bill you paid with that check,' I suggest. 'We may find one of the keys to the mystery.'

But it only made her surplus more unaccountable; for she had paid a bill of $3.75 with a check for $29, and instead of numbering her check 29 had recorded it as No. 375!

'How dishonest of that Chinese laundry not to have told me of the mistake! The Oriental's code, I suppose,' was Cynthia's only comment as I continued my search for similar slips of her pen. A little later, I discovered that she had entered the receipt of a small dividend on April 15, remembering that that was the date it was due, but forgetting that the company had suspended payment six months before. But even this financial liability was deftly converted into a mental asset.

'Don't you think it was wonderful that I should remember the date that dividend was due, and enter the right amount without even receiving the check?' she inquired, piqued by my failure to express admiration. And in view of the checks she *had* received and had neglected to enter, I could only agree that it was, indeed, wonderful.

One of my wife's strange customs is to write little letters to herself on the margins of her stubs — all, I feel sure, perfectly unintelligible even to the recipient of the letters. They run something like this: 'Mem. Paid J. N. $2.00 too much, and she owed me $7.30 already. Take notice May 1st'; and 'Don't forget to pay L. B. $4.50 for the *m*'s and *t*'s she got me.' Then, cramped into almost illegible characters, came the announcement, '$75.00 of this is Children's Hospital money collected from friends. Not to be spent for my personal expenses unless promptly returned.'

Cynthia also has a very confusing system, when making out checks to tradesmen in my book, of entering their names either by initials, or first names, or even a playful nickname. For example, Little & Pettingle, who sell us provisions, are entered as 'Little Pet.' 'I. M. $87.50' is supposed to tell me at once that the iceman's bill was surpassed only by the plumber's, which is entered as 'Plum. $91.00.' Our son's teacher, who happens to be an old friend of ours, with a Dr. before his name and a great many initials after it, receives a sum fit for a king's ransom, under the laconic entry of 'Billy's bill'; while my dentist, with whom — in spite of spasmodic familiarity — my relations are somewhat strained, is merely referred to as 'Edgar.' 'To Edgar, for balancing himself on a crowbar on an exposed nerve, $175.00' was the last cryptic reference to this inquisitor, whose pockets we fill with gold in exchange for his having performed the same office on the family molars.

But the thing that throws out both Cynthia's and my accounts more than anything else is the inadvertent signing of her name on the checks for household bills in my check-book. When the day of reckoning comes, it is a day of rejoicing for me and of sorrowful perplexity for Cynthia; for while my balance looms magnificently large, my wife, who has been scrupulously economical for the last month, receives a courteous note from the bank, informing her that she has overdrawn her account, and will she please, at her earliest convenience, etc., etc. Even in her consternation she remembers to point out to me that the mistake must be a very frequent one, inasmuch as a printed form was used to convey the sad news. But when the explanation of her having signed her name to my checks is discovered, Cynthia's triumph of innocence knows no bounds. 'Was there ever anything so stupid as that old bank!' she exclaims. 'Would n't you really think that, after all these months, they would know that *my* checks are pink and yours are green, even if the signature *is* wrong! What 's the good of having different-colored checks at all, except to prevent just such things as this happening? And what is n't the bank's fault is really *yours*, Algernon,' she continues, 'because, whenever I

come into your study to make out checks, you begin to read aloud to me, and then of course I make mistakes. I remember perfectly that, while I was signing my name to the meat bill, you were reading to me about some bill that Borah was hoping to get Harding to sign; and I remember thinking that I must n't sign Harding's name by mistake, so I signed my own, which was really far more disastrous for me.'

Cynthia has a positive genius for proving that her errors are never really hers, but always other people's; and I generally end by agreeing with her that the bank and I should share the blame. 'But your methods *are* rather sketchy,' I venture to suggest. To which she replies imperturbably, 'Oh, yes, I often call my check-book my sketch-book by mistake'; and she regards that as an unanswerable last word.

But to go back to my own first word: the reason that Cynthia finds my check-book so difficult to make out is a very simple one — *she* makes it out!

AN 'OMNIUM GATHERUM'

I HAVE just been reading what Teresina's mother has to say in the August Contributors' Club about a pet art or handicraft and domestic freedom: how she would like to keep two hours of every morning free in the privacy of her own soul, for the indulgence of her unquenchable desire to 'write.'

No one could understand her apologies and confessions better than I. I, too, have a slightly curly Teresina, who trots away to school every morning and leaves me a little time of potential quietness with myself and my house. I, too, have an X, who says little and understands all. And I, too, have often ached to grab the axe out of its chopping-block and smash the telephone into dumb fragments.

Teresina's mother might be my very *Doppelgängerin* in most material and spiritual ways.

But she has the ethical advantage of me. She yearns for freedom just to 'write'; and in spite of her humility she knows that 'writing' is a proper and honest thing to do. She knows in her heart that she even ought to 'write.' To practise a real art, however imperfectly, is surely an obligation — so long, indeed, as you don't try to impose all your grotesque efforts on other people.

But what would Teresina's mother say to me about what I want to do with those precious hours of freedom? Let me confess, for my mortification, to an *omnium gatherum* of suppressed desires, a 'regular farrago,' — as our dear old doctor described some thundering last-resort dose he was about to administer.

I want, this very morning, this minute, with no least delay or interruption, to make my Teresina a leaf-green coat and a nut-brown jersey dress and a black velvet tam-o'-shanter and a green apron, with two blackbirds pecking at an orange appliquéd to the front. I want to make myself a tailored pongee blouse, and a zinnia-yellow crêpe smock, and a gray velvet tabard-thing with silver threads wrought into it, and wide thin blue sleeves and blue linings and a silver girdle; and a gray-and-blue twisted turban, with peacock feathers swirling gently out behind.

I want to knit X a pair of brown-and-green-heather golf stockings, and make him a very handsome dull-blue dressing-gown instead of the pitiable, Main Street-ish green one he has worn so long. (I really do want to make these things, although he asserts that I would be a more ready seamstress for him if his shirts could have purple lions rampant on the chest, and his socks could be mended with Christmas tinsel.)

I want to paint the kitchen chairs and table bright blue all over again,

and have them dry (two coats) at once, so as to paint orange-and-black flowers on them, and varnish them smartly to last another two years.

I want to dye the curtains in the guest-room, so that the light through them will look like copper. I might dye my Teresina's old white dress too. Copper is a good color for playing in red leaves.

I want to try a new recipe for a cake that has a great many nuts and a great deal of chocolate in it, and to fix a large cold bowl of salad, — because frost is coming and the celery and the tomatoes will never be perfect again, — and to spice some peaches, because they smell so good while they are a-spicing.

I want to make Christmas presents for all my friends, — cheaply and delightfully, — by shaping from modeling clay, which hardens at a merry pace to quasi-stone, beads and pendants manifold, painting them with weird designs in gay colors, and stringing them upon cords, green and blue and orange, and pretending that I bought them for large sums at what my X vulgarly calls a Graft Shop. (But my friends will all know by the bumps and splotches that no one but I was guilty of them.)

I want to learn to play the 'Pathétique' a little less miserably, for my X likes it above all, even in my mangling hands. And there is on the piano a book of old French *Noëls*, far more beautiful than the carols our Sunday School has done to death so many years. If I had real courage, I would try to translate the easiest one, even though it appears to be in Gascon, and something about stars and angels is all I can understand of it at first glance.

I want to open a big box that the expressman has just brought. It has Dutch scribblings and billings all over it, and I know it holds Mr. C. Zandbergen's treasure of bulbs. I want to sort over, in miserly secret, the brown-papery mysteries that in January and February shall be tall golden Emperor, and starry Sir Watkin, and clear-eyed Poeticus Ornatus, and all their shining kin. I want to plant, and plant, and plant, with my pots and dirt and labels spread gloriously, and to save for my Teresina's planting certain evil fancy pots of her admiration, that she too may cherish and adore, all winter long.

Then — then — I want to read the *Atlantic*, too. It lies on the hall table still, beseeching me.

Now, Teresina's mother, do you see what a lost creature I am? Setting down in order all these things that I yearn to do has shown me up very terribly. Not one thing do I desire that is necessary, or progressive, or intellectual, or even common-sensible. They are all (except reading the *Atlantic*, and you notice how lamely that comes at the bottom of the list) silly pleasant things, that my hands want to do far more than my head.

In short, I just want to play — and I, a grown-up woman, with a college education and a cloud of New England ministers witnessing me sternly.

I want to play, and I want my Teresina and my X to play with me. I don't believe I care whether my Teresina learns much at school, or whether my X makes great important sums of money at his job. If they will let me play, and play with me, I am content.

That must be why I resent the telephonings and the committee meetings and the 'drives' and the bazaars and the lectures and the clubs. All these things interrupt my play.

An *omnium gatherum* — a 'regular farrago' — of desires. It is very shameful.

But I have one comfortable thought. When I am old and tiresome, my Teresina will never have to sigh, 'What *can* I do to amuse mother?' I shall never

have painted the kitchen chairs often enough, nor have tried all the recipes, nor have planted all the bulbs.

And there will always be more *Atlantics* to read, to redeem me from utter earthiness.

Shameful as it is, I like my *omnium gatherum*. So good hunting, Teresina's mother! My hands salute your head!

BURGLARS!

Burglars came to our house last night, but they did not get in. My wife is sure they would have gained an entrance in another five minutes, but something frightened them away. I cannot claim that it was I who frightened them. It is never well to act with too great haste, and when Sylvia warned me that they were trying to force the dining-room window, I determined not to be rash but to formulate a plan — a cool, deliberate, comprehensive plan; but before I could mature an entirely satisfactory one, something frightened them away, for we heard nothing more from them; they had time, however, craftily to remove all traces of their presence under the window, for we found none in the morning.

Sylvia had heard them coming from very far away. Our little home is on a very quiet street of a very quiet suburb, and sounds at night carry very far. These burglars were singing when Sylvia first called my sleepy attention to them. I had objected that I did not believe that burglars were in the habit of approaching their toil with songs on their lips like operatic apprentices; but Sylvia said that was just their artfulness, and so it proved: for the sounds of song and footsteps came nearer, and nearer, and nearer, and then passed and died away in the distance. And then, when I had been thrown completely off my guard, — had, in fact, again fallen asleep, — and only Sylvia was alert, just the faintest sound under the dining-room window where the lilac bushes hide it from the street, and then just the tiniest, tiniest whispering sound, — no, not at all like branches rubbing in the wind, — and then a little creaking noise that could n't have been the chirp of an insect; and then something must have frightened them away.

Of course it was the heirloom silver tea-service, which had belonged to Sylvia's grandmother, that they were seeking. Burglars have been trying to get that teapot, cream-jug and sugar-bowl ever since Sylvia inherited them. The silver is pretty enough, and the shape of the cream-jug is, I understand, perfectly fascinating to those who appreciate such things; but their intrinsic value is not so great that I can easily imagine men risking their lives or at least their liberties, in their desire to possess them; and the lust of the burglar after these particular treasures is quite inexplicable to me.

But Sylvia knows much more about burglars than I do. There is the matter of 'locking up at night,' for instance. I used to reason, in my stupid and inexcusably careless way, that, if a burglar felt obsessed with a desire to enter any particular house, he went there at the proper time of night, equipped with all necessary tools, and proceeded to attack the premises from what he had decided to be the best strategic point; and that no ordinary lock or bar entered into his considerations. Indeed, I remember reading of a burglary where the conscientious and hard-working operator had expended much time and ingenuity and a considerable quantity of nitroglycerin in forcing open a large office-safe which, it happened, had not been locked that night, and which he might have ascertained to be empty of valuables by merely turning the handle.

It seems however that you *must* see that *everything* is locked up (Sylvia's father always did); and if you cannot say, when questioned at the moment of stepping into bed, that you are *perfectly sure* you latched *every* window, you might just as well go down at once and see that it is done. It is silly to say it won't matter for once. Do you *want* to have them get Grandma Spicer's tea-service?

I think Sylvia must believe in a kind of thought-transference, by which an unlatched window or unlocked door sends out vibratory messages to all burglars in the neighborhood. I can fancy Mr. William Sikes in the bosom of his family, taking a night off from his profession, his children around his knee listening open-mouthed to the marvelous stories of his adventures, and shouting with glee at some tale of the discomfiture of the police; his good wife mending, perhaps, a professional black mask, and smiling in enjoyment of his unwonted society. But something seems to ail him. His attention wanders, and at last he speaks.

'It 's no use, dear,' he says to the partner of his joys and risks; 'I did hope for a quiet evening at home with you and the kiddies; but something keeps telling me that Mr. Allen forgot to lock the dining-room window tonight. I'm sorry, darling, but you see how it is, don't you? It would be most unprofessional not to go, and I may never again have such another chance for Grandma Spicer's silver. — Never mind, kiddies, papa will bring you home something pretty in the morning.' And he goes out into the night.

Sylvia is still a little uncertain about what to do when burglars have actually entered the house. So far in our married life they have never obtained an entrance; but we have had several rehearsals on occasions when Sylvia thought they had. Sylvia's father, it appears, loves to go down in search of them, armed with whatever weapon he can snatch up at the moment. Sylvia does not wish me to risk my life too rashly, but seems to have little apprehension that I shall do so. I think, myself, that a capital plan is to call out loudly, 'Is that you, George? Hector seems to be a little restless. He is growling dreadfully. I 'll unchain him and send him down to you, and I wish you 'd let him out for a little run.'

Another suggested artifice of mine is to make as much noise as possible with my shoes on the floor, and laugh savagely, as if with the joy of battle. Again, having read that there is nothing a burglar dreads so much as a crying infant, I have proposed that I should learn to imitate one until such time as we shall be supplied with the genuine article, which could be awakened and pinched. But Sylvia seems to think all these suggestions, if not actually unmanly, at least a little undignified, and the last one really horrid.

So we still have no clearly conceived plan of action as to what I shall do if I ever leave a ground-floor window unlatched, and Sylvia forgets to question me; but, gentle reader, if you happen to be a burglar, do not, after reading this, count too much on my unpreparedness. I shall undoubtedly have a most unpleasant surprise prepared for you, and, moreover, I assure you that of that commodity which since a recent constitutional amendment is more desired by your profession than even Grandma Spicer's silver, there is only a little, a *very* little in the house.

GOD'S CARAVANSERAI

The grease from the bacon, stretched on forked sticks, was trickling musically onto an already riotous fire, when my fiancé, that afternoon on the Palisades, suggested that we spend our honey-

moon in the Adirondacks, 'away from everybody and everything.' I thrilled, volubly. It would be one blissful continuation of the Saturday afternoon picnics we had been enjoying all spring; it would be very heaven to get away from people we did n't want to see.

I recalled my desire at fifteen, after reading *Travels with a Donkey*, to emulate Stevenson. Enthusiastically I quoted all the lines in praise of the outdoors which I had memorized — a sure sign, we said, that I was a born camper.

> 'Oh, to be out in the road
> And going one knows not where — '

'That's the idea,' my lover said, 'only we must have a general knowledge of the country. We must know about water and all those things, you know.'

I continued: —

> 'The air was still, the water ran,
> No need was there for maid or man,
> When we put up, my ass and I
> At God's green caravanserai.'

I lapsed into my undergraduate ardor for Robert W. Service: —

> 'The trails of the world be countless,
> And most of the trails be tried;
> We tread on the heels of the many,
> Till we come where the ways divide.
> And one lies safe in the sunlight,
> And one is dreary and wan;
> Yet we look askance at the lone trail,
> And the lone trail leads us on.'

My fiancé looked at *me* askance. 'Do you really mean that you want to go to the deep woods? I'm afraid most of the trails I was thinking of have been tried; but if you want to — '

'Oh, yes, let's get as far away as possible,' I urged.

'You're a good sport!' My fiancé's voice was full of pride. I agreed with him, silently, I thought I was.

We talked further. Why not camp every summer? It would be an ideal life. My lover knew it would be, because he had camped often before. I thought it would be, because I had never camped. Why should I doubt my enjoyment of the existence, when the mere poetry of camping and tramping appealed to me so irresistibly?

My husband thrives on camping. That was clear the first day out. He harnesses a hundred pounds or so of duffel-bag on his scholarly shoulders, tramps twelve miles over an overgrown trail, puts up the tent, makes a fire with wet wood, eats doughy pancakes powdered with ashes, blows up two pneumatic mattresses with what breath he has left, smiles with contentment, and sleeps until dawn. The following day he digs 'ice-boxes' in the ground, builds cupboards on the trees, constructs all sorts of wife-saving devices, and is as happy as a three-year-old with a sand-pile and a spade. By the end of each summer he is tough and brown, and totally unconnected, in appearance, with a pedagogue.

My husband *thinks* I thrive on camping. He has never guessed that through all the first nights in camp, and most of the others, though I ache with exhaustion, I sit up from starlight till dawn, clutching the flashlight in one hand and the hunting-knife in the other. If sleep does begin, finally, to close my rebellious eyes, a cedar-ball falls on the tent and brings me up to military attention, eyes stretched wide for a sight of what I hear. By the end of each summer, if it were not for mid-day naps or pretended laziness in the early morning, I should look as thin and hollow-eyed as I feel.

The first few nights, I accepted this insomnia as natural. I was not even ashamed to mention it to my husband. I agreed with him that, after a night or two, I should not know a thing; that it required a very little while to learn to sleep in the woods. Eagerly I waited for the night when I should not know a thing.

It has never come. I have learned to eat supper, to hear the first sounds of approaching darkness, without working myself into a panic. But I've never

learned to sleep in the woods. I do it, unexpectedly, sometimes for whole nights in succession; then again, I lie as on the first night, tense, expectant, waiting for some vague Horror to emerge from the trees, lurch past my soundly sleeping spouse, and grab me! Back in the forest, on those nights, foxes bark; over the lake, loons laugh; on the bank, beavers splash; at our feet, the field-mice gnaw the food-bags; at my side, my husband snores — and nothing happens. I know nothing will happen. I never wanted anything to happen. And, yet, if one morning I could have pointed out the footprints of my enemy on the damp earth, it would have been with pride.

Once, when I did mention casually having heard footsteps around the tent, my husband said, 'Only the woods animals — they have as much right here as we have.' There was no comfort in that; that was exactly my difficulty. I knew that they had more. For the same reason, I felt hesitant about complaining to the Management. I was an interloper. I could not object to the pastimes of the guests in His hostelry. If I could not sleep to the tune of their merriment, I could at least keep my difficulties to myself. It behooved me to be an humble listener.

So my husband has never known the significance of my matin song,

> 'Oh, to be up and doing
> Oh, *unfearing* and *unafraid* to go —'

He thinks it a bit of self-directed irony at late rising, after *he* has been 'up and doing' for two hours or more.

I love the days in camp. Such household tasks as airing the tent, shaking the blankets, peeling birch-bark for the fire, — and, incidentally, tidying the forest, — washing the pans in the lake, never become routine. I idle away the morning, watching the adolescent fish frisk their tails in the transparent water, or the trim little vireos frisk theirs on a near-by limb. I paddle away the afternoon, or lie in the canoe. Then I forget that night is coming, and believe, after all, that I am all I thought I was. I fairly purr with contentment there in the sunshine. I feel an honored guest — so long as the caravanserai is green. But at twilight, when the woods are dim, I, unlike Rupert Brooke, long for the sound of many human voices.

To-day I came upon our camping outfit, all neatly packed away in the attic of my husband's old home. The woodsy odor it still exhaled made me wish for the sight of sun-flecked forests and tailored vireos; but the worn handle of a hunting-knife and the scratched nose of a flashlight, protruding from the duffel-bag, made me — write this.

I feel like a Tarpeia, or a Benedict Arnold, or both. As I have written, I have had one ear alert for the approaching footsteps of my husband's eldest sister, who gave us two folding camp-chairs, or of his brother, who gave us the pneumatic mattresses, or of his mother, who gave us the roomy tent which folds compactly into a shoulder-bag, or of his youngest sister, who gave us an aluminum cooking-kit, or of all of them together, who, for each Christmas, anniversary, and birthday since our marriage, have heaped upon us khaki wall-pockets, woolen hose, fishing-tackle, books on woodcraft, folding wash-basins, folding lanterns, folding water-buckets, folding broilers and ovens. Perhaps, if I had not been ashamed of my insomnia, they would have given me, long ago, a compact sleeping-draught. Perhaps, if they read this, they will give me one which will fold my tent like the Arab. But I care not. My soul is already at peace. I shall camp no more. I feel again as gay as on that Saturday afternoon when I so innocently thrilled at the thought of life in the woods with the chipmunks and lizards.

ALADDIN'S LAMP

With darning done, and much yet in the basket, I stop occasionally to read 'What Other Women Do.' Then appears the long procession of mothers who write and act and sing, mothers who conduct big businesses, mothers who manage clubs and engage passionately in welfare activities. Suddenly, my own busy, happy life seems meandering futility. After all, what is it to feed and clothe and teach and eternally bring up two sparkling infants? Not five years ago, I should have despised the round of nurse-maiding and kindergartening on which I now spend all my time. My soul momentarily contracts with envy for those others, who, having children, yet possess eyes undimmed for beauty, and minds that can still follow with pleasure the involutions of modern thought.

It is not so with me. Sometimes, in the rare periods when a vacant hour does not coincide with complete exhaustion, I try to read the books that interested me five years ago. It makes my heart sick. Words follow words upon the printed page, but the thought remains buried too deep for my unaccustomed digging; and when I go to the beach with the babies, the sea, no doubt, sings the old silken tunes; but I cannot hear them, and the quivering blue and silver is just wind and water to me. All that world of careful thought, of color and sound, has gone. I stand an exile, gazing toward a vanished shore.

Then my little son comes over, and tries to see what it is that I watch so intently on the distant horizon. His warm and loving hand pulls at me, until I turn and see my new heaven and earth in his two eyes. Trouble enough and pain, and joys so piercing as to press upon the soul like agony, and all woven upon a warp of laughter.

Does the world hold anything like the promise of these buds? Is there anywhere a task rightfully more absorbing than the guidance of that awakening life? In the wonder of children's eyes, the commonest things put on the glory of their creation; little ants hurrying so busily over the concrete walks, and delicate moon riding in the translucent autumn haze, alike shine with the beauty of God's first thought. Is it to my clumsy hands that is entrusted the changing of that wonder into the stare of adult boredom? How pitifully ill-trained I feel!

And the laughter, over nothing, over everything. Just joy in life, just inconsequent happiness. How am I to keep that fountain bubbling, to keep it free from the choking of common foolish cares, and yet not turn my babies upon the world with the talents of the lilies of the field?

No. I do not envy those others. To hold the restless, vulgar adult world, they must pay with an exile more bitter than mine. After all, through the gate of my children's thoughts, I see Paradise Regained.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

The Very Reverend W. R. Inge, Dean of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, is recognized as one of the most rigorous thinkers of present-day England. His better known volumes include *The Church and the Age*, and *Outspoken Essays*.

Alexander Kaun is a member of the Slavic Department of the University of California. He bases his paper on a sheaf of unpublished documents recently released from the secret archives of Soviet Russia. For the first time we have a translation of the last pages of Tolstoy's diary, revealing the explanation of his flight. Students of Tolstoy will find in the *Living Age* for January 14 and January 21 highly interesting papers dealing with the last episodes of the master's life. The essay on 'Poverty,' by **Countess Vera Tolstoy,** curiously supplements the thought and experience of her great kinsman whose adventures with poverty were so much more deliberate than hers. **E. Barrington,** who loves to interpret the most elusive personalities of bygone centuries, has brought the mystery of Stella back again. The thesis is novel and, we think, most interesting.

Hans Coudenhove, hunter and student, has shifted camp from Mtonia Mountain, which, it seems, was too little removed from civilization to be entirely to his philosophic taste. To the lovers of **Fannie Stearns Gifford's** poems, it will seem significant that the first one to be published in the *Atlantic*, in 1906, was called 'The Moods.' Ever since, at intervals, the varied moods of varied seasons have been delicately suggested in her expressive verse.

* * *

No citizen is better fitted to speak of a warden's province than the warden himself. **Brice P. Disque** writes in the light of actual experience. Trained as an army officer, his views are unaffected either by politics or by sentimentalism. In the spacious days of *McClure's Magazine*, if 'S.S.' was the man of genius, **Miss Roseboro'** was the woman of taste. Always the best of 'readers,' this first *Atlantic* essay of hers reveals a writer such as she herself might have loved to discover in those other years. **Arthur Pound** is cutting his own path in this vigorous series, and students, as well as the general reader, will do well to follow the blazed trail. **Miss I. L. Mudge** is an English writer unknown to our readers unless they chance to be acquainted with one of her volumes, *Impressions of Warsaw*, or *London Then and Now*. **Roger Wray** is the pseudonym of an English writer new to the *Atlantic*. **A. H. Singleton** has gathered folk-tales from the traditions of a familiar Irish countryside. There is no sudden invention here. The tales just grew.

* * *

Only a few of **Professor Tinker's** delightful chapters can appear in the *Atlantic*. His book *Young Boswell* will appear shortly, for the enduring pleasure of every reader who cares for an evening's holiday in the pleasantest society that the eighteenth century produced. It is a dull year at the *Atlantic* office when the postman brings no news of the work of **Jean Kenyon Mackenzie. Elizabeth Choate,** daughter of the distinguished lawyer Charles F. Choate, comes of a family which has seldom lacked for talent. **Arthur E. Morgan,** a progressive engineer of Dayton, Ohio, has, during the past year, assumed the presidency of Antioch College, where he is carrying on an experiment in education which we hope to describe in a later issue of the magazine. **Samuel W. McCall,** long a distinguished representative and afterwards thrice Governor of Massachusetts, has been following the Disarmament Conference for the *Boston Post*. This paper embodies his more deliberate reflections.

* * *

Mr. E. Alexander Powell's last paper on Japan brought from a schoolmaster in Korea this interesting bit of personal history: —

Only last week thirty-nine boys from my school were arrested for calling 'Mansei' for the inde-

pendence of Korea; fifteen are being held for further examination, while the rest were released and are back at work. Students from the girls' school demonstrated the day before, and twenty-three of them are being held. The afternoon of the demonstration a machine gun was mounted to cover the approaches to the school grounds, and we are still being guarded by armed police.

You can understand, therefore, with what interest I am reading the articles in the *Atlantic* on Japan and on the Disarmament Conference. The latter was, according to the testimony of the boys, the immediate occasion of their demonstration.

* * *

Before coming to this country, **Joseph Szebenyei** was on the staff of the *London Morning Post.* Accustomed to carrying on his literary toils in five different languages, he writes to say: 'My editors make a point of remarking, in time and out of it, that my English sounds French and my French German, not to mention that my German rings particularly Hungarian or Russian.' We need not add that the 'Dollar in Wonderland' rings particularly true.

* * *

To those critics who have accused Mr. Tannenbaum both of radicalism and of excessive sentiment in his treatment of prison reform, we commend this sober estimate of Mr. Tannenbaum's constructive programme sent us by the President of the American Prison Association. In brief compass, he says much.

Dear Atlantic, —

I have read with interest Mr. Frank Tannenbaum's article entitled 'Facing the Prison Problem.' I find 14 points with which I agree: (1) that 'properly conceived, the prison should be our special means of redemption . . . a healing ground for both the spirit and the body'; (2) that the first need is 'to take politics out'; (3) that 'no man should be a warden unless he is a certified and trained professional'; (4) that the present 'mechanical structure, the instrument, the technique, the method which the prison involves . . . must go by the board'; (5) 'the abandonment of the idea of punishment.' The conception of the prison as a place of punishment is based upon the idea of revenge. This idea is justified by the theory that the prisoner is receiving a just recompense for his wrongdoing; but a very little study will convince any thoughtful person that it is impossible for human agents to prescribe a penalty exactly, or even approximately, proportioned to the ill-desert of the offender. (6) The necessity for 'the disintegration of the prison population'; (7) the importance of the 'problem of health — using the word in its broadest sense'; (8) the fact that 'work . . . is an unsolved problem in prison,' (9) that 'the men need and . . . the prison needs . . . something new in educational work'; (10) that 'work in prison should be made to have intellectual value,' and that we should 'give it an intellectual and scientific setting'; (11) that 'the indeterminate sentence is essential to prison reform'; (12) that 'there should be a much broader development of the parole system'; (13) that 'self-government is necessary for the men and for the officials'; (14) that 'there is nothing in the programme here outlined which the present generation cannot accomplish, if only it has the will and the interest.'

I cannot agree with Mr. Tannenbaum's sweeping condemnation of the prison warden, when he says: 'The small henchman, from which the average warden is recruited, is not an expert in anything'; that 'he is usually ignorant'; and that 'there is hardly a college man among the wardens of our penal institutions.' I recall instantly six prison wardens, within my acquaintance of recent years, all of whom, I think, were college men, and six more, who, while not college-bred, were men of high intelligence and competent for their job, both in training and in spirit. I believe in education and in college training for prison wardens; but I have known those who would have been better wardens if they had less college education and more common sense and human spirit.

Mr. Tannenbaum is absolutely right in his view that there should be systematic training of prison wardens; but he makes no mention whatever of the need of systematic training for the subordinate officers of the prison. We have successful training schools for police officers, but, except in two states, no organized plan for the training of prison officers; and, thus far, we have seen no suggestion of the need of special training for jailers, who meet the prisoner at the most critical point in his criminal career.

It is unfortunate that Mr. Tannenbaum's paper on 'Prison Facts' could not have been printed in the same issue with this paper on 'Facing the Prison Problem.' The former article, taken alone, makes an unduly pessimistic impression, which is relieved by the present article.

Hastings H. Hart.

* * *

Recent liberties that the *Atlantic* has taken in discussing the press found many echoes. The following shows that Mr. Allen's suggestions are reasonably practical.

Dear Atlantic, —

'I should like to see lectures on "How to Read Newspapers" given in colleges and schools and elsewhere.' It will be of interest to Prof. Allen — and perhaps to others — to know that, here in the heart of the City of New York, we have felt the problem of newspaper-reading to be of such importance that in this high school a course in *newspaper-reading* is an integral part of our curriculum. In fact, in one of our senior classes all of the work for a month centres about the reading of one of the evening papers.

The pest we are fighting is not so much distorted news as the 'tabloid illustrated.'

Sincerely,
JOHN M. AVENT,
Chairman, Dept. of English.

* * *

We quote from another letter touching on the same subject, by a man well known in recent American history.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

There is in the popular mind a tremendous presumption in favor of the veracity of the printed word, and, so far as I know, neither our secondary schools nor colleges undertake in any systematic way to teach people how to read newspapers. That is to say, how to make a proper discount for political, personal, racial, or class prejudice. If there could be set up in the secondary schools classes in comparative newspaper-reading, the body of instruction consisting of having the pupils read the accounts of the same piece of news in several newspapers, the professional and admitted bias of which was known, as, for instance, a Democratic paper, a Republican newspaper, a Socialist newspaper, and an Independent newspaper, and the students were then required to discover and comment upon the effect which such predilection had upon the publication of the news, it would lead to an analytical approach to all newspaper-reading forever after; and after a while we should have a population educated in newspaper-reading, which would in turn react upon the newspapers themselves and make them feel that their constituency was not clay in the hands of the potter, but an exacting and critical audience.

* * *

One further comment, this time on Mr. Moorfield Storey's point of view.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I have just been reading Mr. Moorfield Storey's article in the January *Atlantic* on 'The Daily Press.' Such a title, to me, is particularly enticing, for I was a newspaper man for a good many years.

Mr. Storey's article is essentially sound and true. Some of its details might be questioned, indeed, but that seems to me, at the moment, neither needful nor helpful. Yet, with his legal mind and his wide observation and experience, Mr. Storey could now proceed to write with equal strength and accuracy upon the shortcomings of lawyers and doctors and clergymen — of merchants and statesmen, and whom you please.

Very well — and what then?

The fact is that, on the whole, there has been a slight — but by no means unimportant — advance in journalistic standards in this country in the past fifty years. Newspapers used to print things that they do not print now. Newspapers used to do for pay what they will not do at all now — that is, they used to publish advertisements unhesitatingly, and as a matter of course, that would now not even be offered to them. Their mere tender would be considered an affront.

The clock of human progress must tick off a few more seconds, that is all. As this takes place, many things will be seen and done that are not now seen and done.

The present truth is that Mr. Storey's indictment is not against the newspaper business: it is against all mankind.

Yours truly,
ARTHUR ELLIOT SPROUL.

* * *

The Age of Innocence is always alluring. We are sorry that this is not a bantling for the *Atlantic's* brood.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I have a story manuscript which I should like to submit to you. The manuscript contains approximately seven thousand words, and it tells the story of the birth of a boy, and gives his life-history up to the time he learns to walk, at about eight months of age.

Ned is his name.

Ned is in some respects unusual; but taken all together, he is about the same as others of his kind with perhaps a few extra degrees of that 'sameness.'

No plot, no intrigue; nothing sensational.

Would you be interested in such a manuscript?

Yours truly, —— ——

* * *

Mr. Bertrand Russell calls attention to a printer's error for which we sincerely apologize.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Would you kindly correct a misprint on p. 774 of your December number? You make me say: 'The Government had just spent nine million dollars in corrupt payments to three teachers who had descended upon the capital to extort blackmail.' Instead of 'teachers,' it should be 'TUCHUNS,' *i.e.* Military Governors. I am afraid that, if you do not correct the misprint, China will be flooded with impecunious members of the scholastic profession, under the impression that it is an Eldorado.

Yours, etc.
BERTRAND RUSSELL.

* * *

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Last Sunday a group of young people raised the question as to whether the *Atlantic Monthly* would publish Paul's Letters if they were written to-day, and various answers were given. If you can find time to give me an authoritative answer to this question from one of the staff of the *Atlantic Monthly*, I would greatly appreciate it.

Sincerely yours,
A. S. BURWELL.

What do our readers think? For ourselves, we hardly know. Certain of the Epistles could hardly have slipped unnoticed into the rejection pile. Secretly the editor be-

lieves that he would have experimented with one of them — and he thinks he knows what would have been remarked of the *Atlantic's* lack of reticence and conservatism.

* * *

The national conscience is uneasy over America's treatment of returned soldiers. It is patent from the multitude of letters called forth by our recent narrative by a victim of shell-shock. The particularity of this letter is worth noting.

San Diego, Calif.,
Jan. 16, 1922.

Dear Atlantic, —

Saturday is 'clean-up' day at our house. Rugs had been swept and dusted and were on the porch railing. As I sat resting, I read 'Shell-Shocked and After' in the December issue. A young man came up with writing tablets for sale. This sheet of paper is out of one. He was an ex-service man, — so his story went, — trying to make his way back to Brooklyn. He was courteous, well-spoken, had been in the marines.

Before concluding the reading of the article, another ex-service man appeared, with photograph-coupons for sale. He had walked from Los Angeles. 'Lots of work up there, but too many men to be employed.' He did not look equal to hard physical work.

Within a half-hour a third ex-service man came by, with a vacuum-cleaner, demonstrating its merits. Though I stated I was not in the market to buy a cleaner, he cleaned a 9x12 rug for me. He was a college-trained electrical engineer. Left a $60 a week job in N. C., to go to the front. Was gassed, and his wife died of 'flu' during his absence.

Does it overtax your credulity when I write that a fourth ex-service man offered silver polish for sale within an hour? All over the land Memorial Funds are being raised, with which to erect stadiums, monuments, etc., and yet many ex-service men are wandering over the country, out of employment, or in casual work far below their abilities. The disabled are suffering still more. When will a fair balance be found?

F. E. Lahmer.

* * *

We knew it was so when we published Miss Gibbs's charming chronicle of 'Cunjur and 'Suasion.' But for the willfully incredulous we adduce further testimony.

Dear Atlantic, —

When I read of the 'mare-maids in the 'Tomac river,' in your December issue, I sent right away to the plantation for Aunt Scylla. She came up as soon as she 'got my answer,' and here is her testimony.

'Yas 'm, I sho is seen er maremaid. When wus it? Lemme see. Hit wus when my Dave wus er baby, en dat ain't so long ergo. I ain't kilt out wid age, but jes' hard work.

'Yas 'm, I seen it down to 'Mopolis. Er man had her in er tent. I paid fo' bits (50 cents) to see her. Hizaah down to de ferry boat cot her in his net jes' as she wus comin' out de water goin' to her den in dem bluffs. Her hair wus long an' black, down to her feet. Hit wus so long she wrop herse'f up in it. She got er face like folks en she 's white — white as you are. She jes' beg pitaful to 'em to turn her loose. I wonder er had the heart to er kep' er.

'Tail? Yas 'm, she had er tail to er, lak er fish, en feet — Mam? Yes 'm, she got feet, good es you is. She people lak you.

'Nome, she died. Dis air ain't her climaty, en she pine to be turn loose.

'Dey ain't no harm in 'en. Dey ain't go hurt you. Dey 'proaches folks fer company.

'In de big ocean dey call yo' name's if dey know'd yer, en dat man gwinto throw you off, 'cause dey turn de boat over ef he did n't. Nome, dey ain't gwine hurt yer. Dey jest craves company.

'Now lemme quit my mouf — you-all jes' projerkin' wid me. Miss, ain't dey no coffee left frum de table? I ain't had er drap terday.'

Are not the rivers of Alabama as great as those of 'ol' Ferginia'!

I have quoted Aunt Scylla verbatim, for she is much too wise for my ignorant help. Has she not seen a 'maremaid,' and in addition to that 'er flyin' fish comin' down the river soundin' lak er train er roarin'?'

I am surprised that this news had not traveled as far as Mars Jeems's plantation, for Livin'ston is n't far from 'Mopolis.

Mary Winn W. Colebeck.

* * *

In Massachusetts we have always known that the strong silent men come from Texas. But the strong vocal ones come from there, too. From the Bryan, Texas, *Daily Eagle* we quote this burst of lyric emotion.

> Comrades, why are you so silent?
> Does n't the world with you smile?
> This is no time for moaping,
> But thank 'God' that you live.

Stanza after stanza of this solemn and resonant music, and then, —

> Look how you were so welcomed
> By your darling Mother and Sister Sue
> Now you know if you were n't here
> You would be shipped in casket, too.

But, though emotion may grip the Texan, it may not subdue him. His final thought transcends even his devotion to his loved ones. His country is ever his first or his ultimate thought.

> I hope our dear countrymen
> Will always remember well,
> That while they slept in comfort
> We were having supreme hell.

ATLANTIC SHOP–TALK

A LANDSCAPE architect once remarked, with the worldly-wise melancholy characteristic of the expert, that the only really adequate way to lay out the footpaths across a public park was to wait for a good fall of snow, and then observe the short-cuts, thoroughfares, and cross-town runways that the footsteps of the people would gradually wear down across the snow. He said that such paths were always more direct, more useful, more generally representative, than any theoretically constructed routes. The quickest way from skating-pond to subway, the best 'long path' across lots from river to shopping district, and the easiest curve around the hill, would be surveyed in a few days by those whose errands would take them along those paths forever after.

The *Atlantic Monthly* this winter has had an experience that is something like this. All winter long, the readers of the magazine have been making a direct path along the snow, straight toward one particular corner in the December number. Orders for extra copies came in until the spare supply of the issue was sold out. Then came request after request for reprints; and the object of all this search turned out to be the article called 'Consolation, a Spiritual Experience,' by Albion Fellows Bacon.

Pathways on snow sometimes become so deeply worn that the coming of spring reveals a well-marked trail across the grass. Such a route indicates a permanent need. Therefore, with the coming of the Easter season, the Atlantic Monthly Press is bringing out a reprint of 'Consolation,' in a lovely and permanent form. It is a quiet little gray-and-purple book as it lies on the table before us; and its message, like Gladstone's 'Prayer for the Dead,' which Mrs. Bacon quotes as one that helped her most, has made its way straight to the minds of many whom grief has visited.

* * *

For the last hundred and fifty years, more or less, readers of books and lovers of character have been making a path across literary fields toward one busy district of the eighteenth century, the district covered in a large and portly biography, Boswell's *Life of Johnson*. Most of these pilgrims make their way to this district, not with the idea of reading the volume completely through, but to get a bit of gossip about Oliver Goldsmith, or a snatch of David Garrick's conversation, or a moment at Fleet Street, with Dr. Johnson himself to answer questions. The world is perennially retracing its steps to the haunts of the hero whom Boswell worshiped.

But there has been no such easily accessible record of Boswell's preliminary search for a hero. Professor Chauncey B. Tinker has been tracing out the itinerary of young Boswell, as he skirmished busily over Europe and the British Isles in search of two objects of a most persistent quest: a great man to adore and a woman to marry. The reader of these revelations must laugh as he reads, quite as the members of The Club used to laugh at their Bozzy so many years ago. But the fact remains that Boswell's letters to the giants and ladies of his day are sure and sufficient proof that, whatever Boswell did or did not do, he certainly followed punctiliously one bit of advice that he received from the great Johnson. Boswell had asked him whether he approved of the courting of great men. And Johnson answered: 'Sir, you are to calculate and not pay too dear for what you get. You must not give a shilling's worth of court for sixpence worth of good. But if you can get a shilling's worth of good for sixpence worth of court, you are a fool if you do not pay court.'

Nobody can read Professor Tinker's book, *Young Boswell*, without being convinced that everybody concerned has received a full shilling's worth for every sixpence.

* * *

Speaking of shillings and values, it is a matter of record that David Garrick in 1760 bought for himself a 'fine copy, very scarce' of the First Folio Shakespeare for the sum of £1. 16s. He 'picked it up' near Charing Cross, where fashionable book-collectors visited the stall of Thomas Payne, at Mews Gate. The price of the First Folio has risen since that time. A hundred years raised the price to eight hundred pounds, and another fifty years sent it up to five thousand American dollars. But this striking boom in the market cannot compare with the increase that has doubled and redoubled around the subject of Shakespeare in those years. An old newspaper of the seventeen hundreds deplores a bit disparagingly the 'immenſe & voluminous comments on this Shakeſpeare, under which the preſs has groaned for ſo many years.'

The twentieth-century presses run more easily, with far less groaning of spirit. And no press ever pounded with more Shakespearean briskness than the Atlantic Monthly Press as it printed the

pages of a new and different volume, *A Glance toward Shakespeare*, by John Jay Chapman. A critic of Dr. Furness once said that he considered one of the most remarkable facts about the Variorum edition to be the spirit with which its editor treated certain insoluble mysteries of text. Every student will remember the dark passage where Antony is described as preparing to mount his 'arme-gaunt steed.' After adducing for the curious all the ingenious interpretations of scholars, Dr. Furness gives up the problem, with the remark that it does not matter much what kind of steed an arme-gaunt animal might have been; and that it did him good, in any event, to think that Antony was brave enough to mount such a hippogriff at all.

In something like this broad-minded spirit of profound enjoyment, Mr. Chapman discusses the plays as poetry, the plays on the stage, the individual plays, and a dozen other phases of lifelong study. The book will be immensely stimulating, not only to students and teachers, but to that vastly larger body of people who read Shakespeare for their own enjoyment.

* * *

Not for children alone, but for readers of every age, a real story about a real bear is almost sure to be interesting. An after-dinner speaker of no small repute once said that three subjects of conversation that never failed to start the ball rolling were burglars, matrimony, and snakes. The perennial appeal of these three, perhaps, cannot be entirely eclipsed by bears; but the fact remains that, beginning with the days of interest in Big Bear, Little Bear, Middle-Sized Bear, and Ole Br'er B'ar, there is always a sort of fairy-tale fascination about the creatures. At any rate, there is one little girl in the North Woods who has no fear of bears. The story of the life of little Ursula's foster-brother bear is delightfully told by Mr. Underwood in his book, *Wild Brother*. The volume is full of portraits of little Bruno busy about his daily pursuits, Bruno up a tree, stealing jam, playing football, chasing toads, playing owl in a hollow tree, playing with the hose, climbing an unsteady old ladder — everybody knows how wise and pert and human a little fat black bear can look.

One of the directors of the New York Zoölogical Park writes: —

'*Wild Brother* is a beautiful specimen of bookmaking; and what a joy it is to get a wild-animal story that is wholly and incontestably *true!* For truth is stranger than fiction — in spite of the many writers who will not believe it.'

Finding Youth, the true story of a man sixty years old, who, having been jolted out of his rut, made a fresh start, and learned the secret, not only of a 'green old age,' but also of a never-dying sense of creative achievement, is now ready for all good citizens of 'Youthland' to enjoy. 'Youthland' is the home-region of those from sixty to ninety years of age, who intend to keep their eager responsiveness to situations, and their ability to mobilize all their resources at a moment's notice. If the book were not so distinctively of a homely American flavor, the motto of the whole energetic little story might easily be the crisp French word, *Alerte*.

* * *

In the spring of the year it is fitting to remember, not only the colleges, but also the preparatory schools and junior high schools. Especially adapted for the junior high schools and for first-year college preparatory courses are the stories used in a new book to be brought out in April, *Famous Stories by Famous Authors*. This book is full of narratives, chosen from all sorts of sources, all suitable for reading and discussion in classrooms, and for 'outside-reading' groups. The Famous Authors are really famous — Dickens, Jack London, Bret Harte, Mark Twain, and twenty others; and the stories selected are among their best.

* * *

While we are on the subject of Youth, the two educational books that seem just now to be running neck-and-neck in the race for college adoption, are *Shackled Youth* and *Youth and the New World*. The first is being used in departments of education, and the second in English courses as supplementary reading. Of his ideas on the topic of education, Mr. Yeomans says: —

'I know and you know that the scientific and mechanistic systems that sharpen the mind, but compress and starve the soul, are illusory, as far as actual social welfare goes, and individual welfare, too. It seems to me that to have a wonderful mental equipment and organization, and an untrustworthy emotion at the bottom of it, is exactly like having a fine ship with a drunken captain and wooden compass. All this effort at Washington now is really to get a superior *emotion* started so that we may get a superior national conduct.

'If this *Shackled Youth*, as he makes his rounds, helps to make that idea clearer to the people who are starting children on their voyages, you and I can feel that we have contributed something in the nature of light — *lux benigna*.'

The modern [illegible] soup making to trained spec[illegible] gains just that much time and energy for other things. Every time she serves Campbell's Soup she knows it will have the same delicious quality and richness. As it comes hot and savory to the table, she takes real pride in her soup.

Campbell's Vegetable Soup

is a delicious, highly nutritious blend of fifteen different vegetables, hearty cereals, strong, rich beef stock, herbs and spices—thirty-two distinct ingredients in all. The very best that money can buy goes into this soup and it would be very difficult indeed to duplicate it in any home kitchen.

21 kinds **12 cents a can**

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

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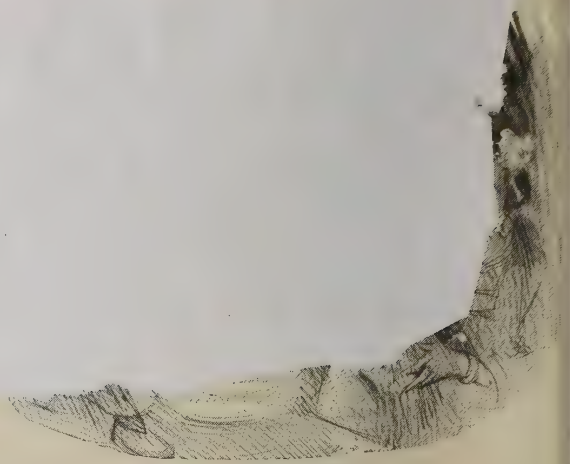
aw its
series.



By [illegible]

Paintings by
HAROLD DeLAY

"GIVE IT TIME," said Confucius to an impatient disciple. "Every day cannot be a Festival of Lights."

Twenty-four centuries before the age which we fondly call modern! Yet the disciple of present-day Efficiency may find food for thought in the way the great Chinese philosopher planned out his daily life.

Confucius, in his wisdom, took Time to *save* Time.

His was a far-visioned schedule. "At fifteen," he wrote in his latter years, "I entered on a life of study. At thirty I took my stand as a scholar. At forty my opinions were fixed. At fifty I could judge and select. At sixty I never relapsed into a known fault. At seventy I could follow my heart's desires without going wrong." Confucius cherished the broad life-vision of which Li Po, China's greatest poet, sang thirteen centuries after—

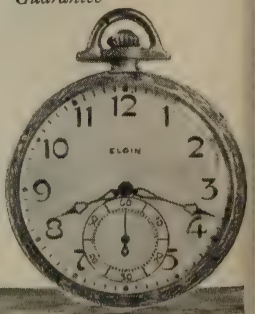
"The universe is but a tenement
Of all things visible: Darkness and Day
The passing guests of Time!"

In timekeeping devices, as in so many other inventions, the Flowery Kingdom apparently anticipated other nations by thousands of years. Even our "modern" daylight-saving system was introduced by Duke Chan a trifle over three thousand years ago. He divided the floating index of the water-clock into one hundred *kih*, or parts. In winter he allotted forty *kih* to day and sixty to night. *In summer he reversed this.*

The tranquil, leisurely routine of the high-caste Chinese is a constant challenge to Americans, who see it as a deliberate waste of life's most costly commodity—*Time*. Yet the Chinese gentleman of today keeps watch repair shops working overtime by carrying *two* watches, which he is anxious shall run harmoniously!

A quaint procedure, eloquent of the Orient's real appreciation of *the value of Time*, but happily unnecessary among the fortunate owners of America's timekeeping masterpieces—

Material, construction, adjustments and service fully covered by Elgin Guarantee



© 1922 ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH CO.

FORTY-THREE years ago Alexander Graham Bell, the inventor of the telephone, wrote this inspired forecast: "It is conceivable that cables of telephone wires could be laid underground or suspended overhead, communicating by branch wires with private dwellings, country houses, shops, manufacturers, etc., and a man in one part of the country may communicate by word of mouth with another in a distant place."

At the right, an old print of Bell lecturing on telephony, 1877.

Foresight

More than forty years ago, when the telephone was still in its experimental stage, with but a few wires strung around Boston, the men back of the undertaking foresaw a universal system of communication that would have its influence upon all phases of our social and commercial life.

They had a plan of organization capable of expansion to meet the growth they foresaw; and their wisdom is borne out by the fact that that plan which they established when telephones were numbered by dozens is efficient now when telephones are numbered by millions.

This foresight has advanced the scientific development of the art of telephony to meet the multiplied public requirements. It has provided for funds essential to the construction of plant; for the purchase of the best materials on the most advantageous terms; for the training of employees to insure skilled operators; for the extension of service in anticipation of growth, with the purpose that no need which can be foreseen and met will find the Bell System unprepared.

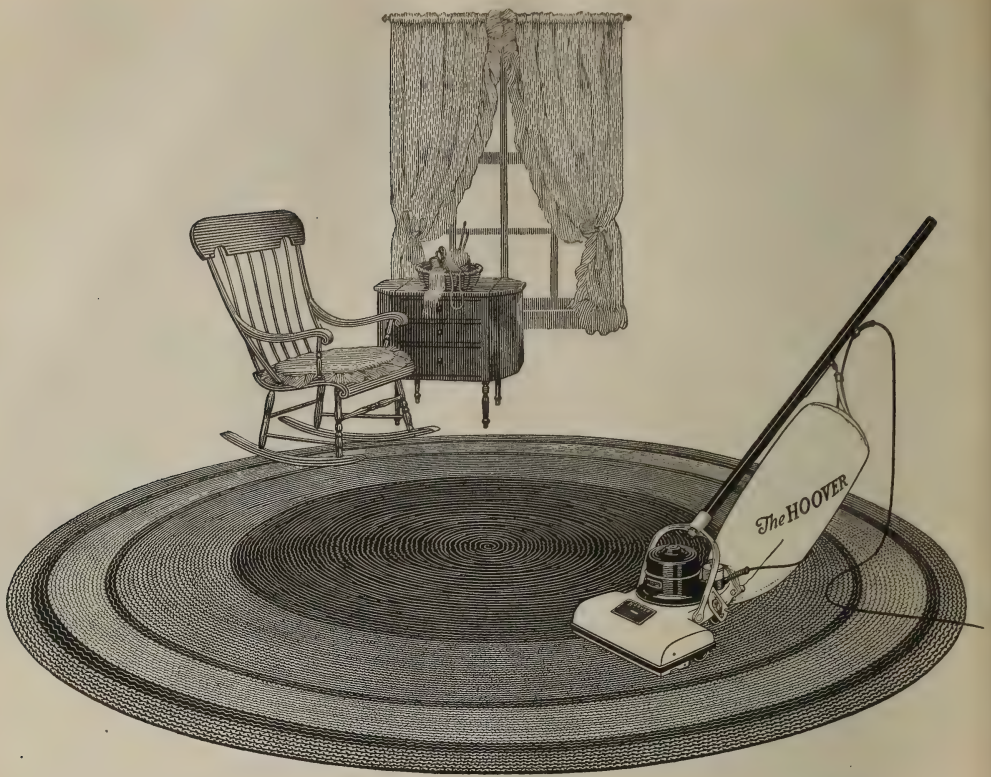
The foresight of the early pioneers has been developed into a science during the years which have elapsed, so that the planning of future operations has become a function of the Bell System. This is why the people of the United States have the most efficient and most economical telephone service in the world.

"BELL SYSTEM"

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY

AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy, One System, Universal Service, and all directed toward Better Service



Clean Your Rugs *Clean* at Home

Save yourself the cost and inconvenience of having your rugs taken up and cleaned twice a year. Don't let them remain dirty between times. Get a Hoover and enjoy the pride of ever clean rugs.

Dirt gets into your rugs every day. Much of it sifts in deeply to cling and stay, immune to hand-sweeping. Rapidly it accumulates. Germs swarm in it.

Shoes press the soft rug nap upon this dirt, largely sharp grit. The nap is thus ground off. Your rugs grow threadbare.

The Hoover electrically beats out all such germ-laden, nap-destroying dirt from rug depths. By thus safeguarding health and preserving your rugs from wear, over and over it pays for itself.

In addition, The Hoover electrically sweeps up stubbornest litter, erects crushed nap, freshens colors and cleans by air—in one rapid, dustless operation.

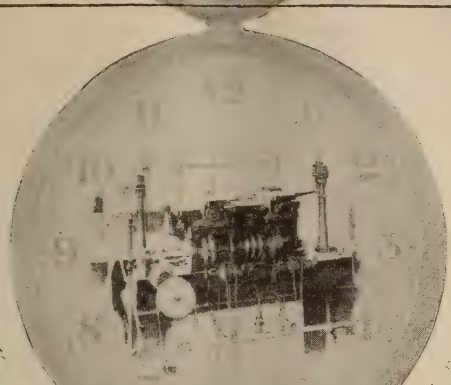
Have an immediate free demonstration in your home of The Hoover and its air-cleaning attachments. Backed by the Guarantee Bond of the oldest and largest makers of electric cleaners, The Hoover is obtainable in four sizes, all moderately priced, on easy terms. Phone any Tel-U-Where Information Bureau or write to us for names of Authorized Dealers.

THE HOOVER SUCTION SWEEPER COMPANY
The oldest and largest makers of electric cleaners
Factories at North Canton, Ohio, and Hamilton, Canada

The HOOVER

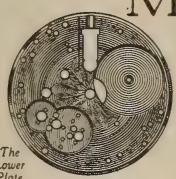
It Beats — as it Sweeps — as it Cleans

THE SCIENTIFICALLY BUILT WATCH



MECHANICAL

PERFECTION



The Lower Plate

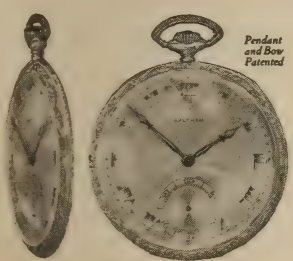
MAN'S achievements are intensified by machinery. We travel by machinery on land and sea and in the sky. A machine makes possible your morning newspaper. Would you know the correct time, a marvelous machine informs you, instantly.

For nearly three quarters of a century Waltham has been inventing and perfecting machines for watch-building. Machines that have no counterparts elsewhere in all the world. Machines that perform true miracles of accuracy—turning and drilling and fashioning beyond the scope of any man's hand.

The machine illustrated builds the lower plate of a Waltham watch. Upon that plate it locates the foundation for the movement. One hundred and forty-one automatic operations are made by it with care beyond human brain and hand. Visitors never tire of watching its wonder working. And no other lower plate in any other watch is made like this Waltham plate.

When you buy a Waltham watch this machine is related to the famous Waltham accuracy. Its exclusive invention helps to make a Waltham watch exclusive. Its mechanical perfection is included in the purchase price. One more reason why the Waltham movement leads everywhere in true watch value.

Write for a valuable booklet that is a liberal "Watch" education. Sent free upon request. The Waltham Watch Company, Waltham, Mass.



Pendant and Bow Patented

Waltham Colonial A

Extremely thin at no sacrifice of accuracy
Maximus movement 21 jewels, Riverside movement 19 jewels
$200 to $350 or more depending upon the case

Makers of the famous Waltham air-friction quality Speedometers and Automobile Time-pieces used on the world's leading cars

WALTHAM

THE WORLD'S WATCH OVER TIME

Where you see this sign they sell Waltham Watches

A pleasant place to be

THERE are a few spots in New York which never lose their charm. Madison Square is one of them. Its trees, winding walks, grass plots and cooling fountains are a welcome oasis in a desert of business.

Lying at the intersection of two world-famous streets, Broadway and Fifth Avenue, its great open space is a relief to busy New Yorkers and a restful sight to visitors. This delightful breathing spot is virtually the front yard of The Fifth Avenue Building.

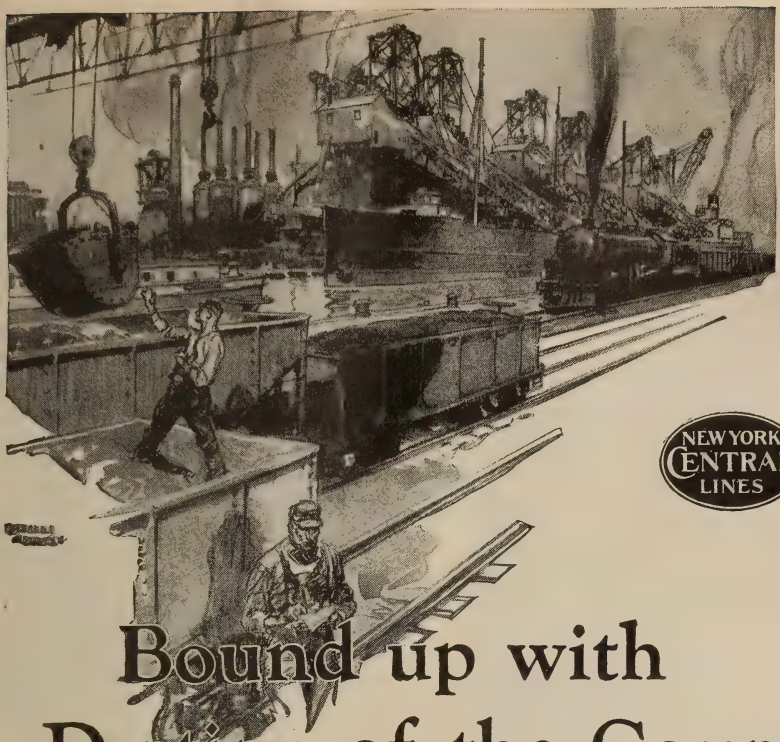
Besides the enjoyment of such a picturesque setting for their New York offices, clients of The Fifth Avenue Building value the association with conspicuous success. Here they are in company with leaders.

The out-of-town buyer profits, too, by this association. For, the salesrooms of many manufacturers, grouped together under one roof, form a convenient buying center, equally accessible to railroad terminals and hotels, and the retail and wholesale business districts of Manhattan.

THE FIFTH AVENUE BUILDING

Broadway and Fifth Ave., at Madison Square, New York

"More than an office building"



Bound up with the Destiny of the Country

"THE road with a destiny bound up with that of half the country," says the Boston Commercial, reviewing the development of the New York Central Lines.

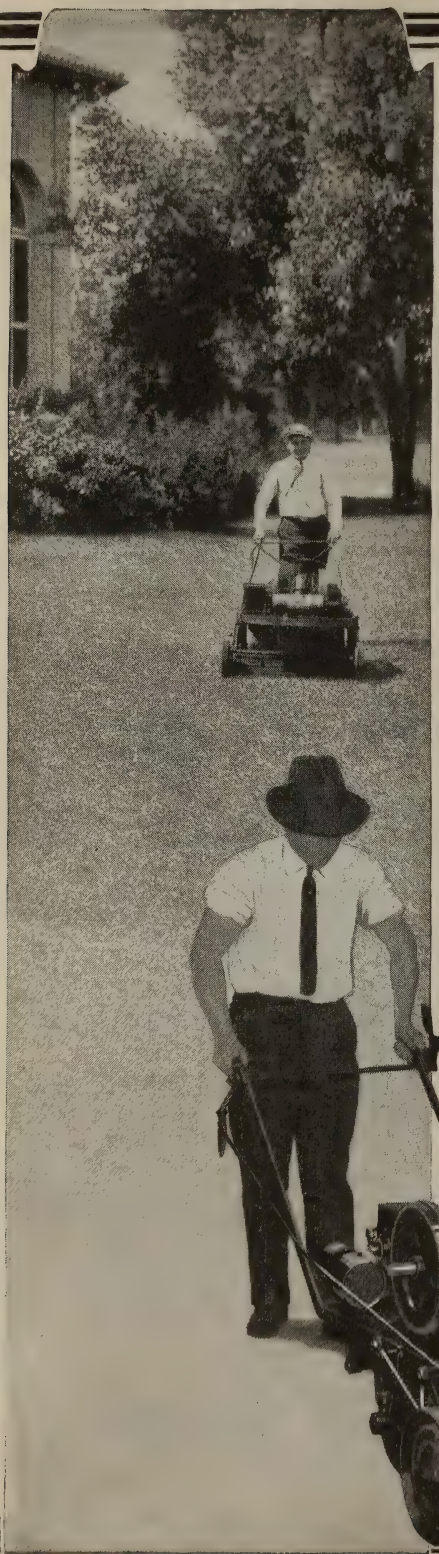
This railroad system stretches from the North Atlantic ports of New York and Boston, across the rich manufacturing states that have given America its world leadership in industry—reaching the center of the automobile industry at Detroit, and the heart of the iron and steel district at Pittsburgh; and its western terminals are at Chicago and St. Louis, the Mississippi Valley gateways to the granaries of the West.

Within the territory served by the New York Central Lines are 50 million people, producing 65% of the manufactures of the country. Over these Lines is carried a tenth of the railborne commerce of the country—a traffic greater than that of all the railways of England and France.

From the first courageous railroad experiments of nearly a century ago, to the modern achievement of the *Twentieth Century Limited* service between New York and Chicago, the New York Central Lines have been not only carriers of commerce, but essential factors in the upbuilding of American communities and industries.

NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES

BOSTON & ALBANY ~ MICHIGAN CENTRAL ~ BIG FOUR ~ LAKE ERIE & WESTERN
KANAWHA & MICHIGAN ~ TOLEDO & OHIO CENTRAL ~ PITTSBURGH & LAKE ERIE
NEW YORK CENTRAL ~ AND ~ SUBSIDIARY LINES



A Moderate Priced Power Mower for Medium Sized Lawns

Here is a Power Lawn Mower that will be welcomed by thousands of home owners who have large lawns to care for.

We call it the Ideal "Junior." It is a machine that fulfills a greater need than any power mower ever built. It is surprisingly moderate in price, absolutely dependable, easy to handle, and costs but a few cents per day to operate.

In general principle, the Ideal Junior is exactly the same as the larger Ideal Power Lawn Mower which is giving universal satisfaction upon thousands of the best-kept lawns in the country. It is smaller and lighter in weight, having a 22-inch cut. It will mow from 3 to 4 acres of grass per day. Just the machine to use when there is too much grass to economically cut with hand mowers, yet where the lawn is hardly large enough to warrant the purchase of a larger power mower.

Also used by golf clubs for work on putting greens, and by parks and cemeteries for close cutting, trimming around shrubbery and as an auxiliary unit to the larger power mowers.

The Ideal Power Mower for Large Lawns

For larger lawns the standard Ideal Power Lawn Mower has no equal. It cuts from 5 to 6 acres of grass per day, doing the work of 6 or 7 men. There are thousands of these machines in use on private estates, public parks, golf courses, college grounds, industrial grounds, cemeteries, etc.

They are wonderful labor savers and stand up year after year with just the ordinary attention that any good machine requires.

For Large Parks and Golf Courses

For large parks and golf courses we build the Ideal Power Triplex Mower which cuts from 25 to 30 acres of grass per day. Write today and get details of the complete line of Ideal Power Mowers. If you want our recommendation, tell us the size of your lawn, condition of grounds, etc.

IDEAL POWER LAWN MOWER CO.

R. E. OLDS, *Chairman*

440 Kalamazoo St. LANSING, MICH.

World's Largest Builders of Power Lawn Mowers

CHICAGO, ILL., 11 E. Harrison St.; NEW YORK, N. Y., 270 West St.; BOSTON, MASS., 52 N. Market St.; PHILADELPHIA, PA., 709 Arch St.; LOS ANGELES, 222 N. Los Angeles St.; NEW ORLEANS, LA., 130 Camp St.; PITTSBURGH, PA., 108 West Parkway; CLEVELAND, OHIO, 1500 Lakeside Ave.; DENVER, COLO., 18th and Wazee Sts.; ST. LOUIS, MO., 412-414 N. 4th St.; MINNEAPOLIS, 114 S. 3rd St.; TORONTO, CANADA, 17 Temperance St.

IDEAL Power Lawn Mowers

The rolling feature of the Ideal is a great help to better lawn care. Keeps the sod smooth and firm.

Tel-U-Where Information Bureaus will direct you to our dealers

You Will See

Prettier teeth—safer teeth—in a week

We will send for the asking a new method tooth paste. Modern authorities advise it. Leading dentists everywhere now urge its daily use.

To millions of people it has brought whiter, safer, cleaner teeth. It will bring them to you and yours. See and feel the delightful results and judge what they mean to you.

Removes the film

It removes the film — the viscous film you feel. No old method ever did that effectively.

Film clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays. It dims the teeth and leads to attacks on them. It is the cause of most tooth troubles. Those troubles have been constantly increasing, because old methods failed to combat film effectively.

Film absorbs stains, making the teeth look dingy. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Also of internal troubles.

Ways to combat it

Dental science has now found two effective film combatants. Able authorities have amply proved them. Now dentists the world over are urging their adoption.

These methods are combined in a dentifrice called Pepsodent — a tooth paste which meets every modern requirement. And a ten-day test is now supplied to everyone who asks.

These effects will delight you

Pepsodent removes the film. Then it leaves teeth highly polished, so film less easily adheres.

It also multiplies the salivary flow — Nature's great tooth-protecting agent. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva—the factor which digests starch deposits that cling. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva — the factor which neutralizes acids.

Every application brings these five effects. The film is combated, Nature's forces are multiplied. The benefits are quickly apparent.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence af the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

Compare the new way with the old, then decide for yourself which is best. Cut out the coupon now. This is too important to forget.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF. REG. U.S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, whose every application brings five desired effects. Approved by highest authorities, and now advised by leading dentists everywhere. All druggists supply the large tubes.

10-Day Tube Free 740

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 705, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

.....

.....

.....

ONLY ONE TUBE TO A FAMILY

Refinement

EXTREME lavishness in the dress of both Miladi and her dashing beaux marked the latter Colonial days. Indeed their graceful dress and polished manners were provided with a brilliant background by the luxuriousness of the appointments in their homes.

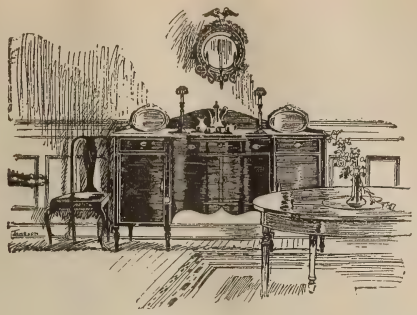
ASSOCIATED with this era of brocaded elegance was the usage of fine linens, which then, as now, were a mark of refinement. Today *Handwoven* Fleur-de-lis IRISH LINEN damask table cloths and napkins are woven by hand in the same manner as were those splendid linens, which became heirlooms of the gentility of other days.

On sale at the better stores in the principal cities of the United States and Canada. An illustrated catalogue on request.

For finer use also are Fleur-de-lis linen towels, linen sheets and pillow cases.

IRELAND BROTHERS
INCORPORATED
102 Franklin Street
New York City

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.



Your Dining Room—and Mahogany

WHEN you ask your friends to "gather 'round the Mahogany," it isn't the expense involved, it's the good taste of your furniture and appointments which wins their approval.

—and is there any furniture which radiates cheerfulness, refinement and true hospitality as much as Mahogany?

Is there any furniture which translates your hospitality so surely? Your taste may lean toward quaint Chippendale, characteristic Hepplewhite, or severe Sheraton. Or you may like the formality of the Adam period or the sturdiness of early Colonial, but—remember this—each and every one of these examples of approved styles had its origin in Mahogany *and is made today of Mahogany,* if it is made right.

Recollect this when you select your dining room furniture, or furniture for any other room in your home—buy Mahogany and your good taste is unquestioned, just as it is when you buy Sterling silver, old lace or any other article on which good taste has placed its approval.

Genuine Mahogany lends dignity to any room in which it appears, and its beauty and value grow greater with each succeeding year.

Ask your dealer to *guarantee* that your purchase is Genuine Mahogany and, in order that you may appreciate the beauty of Mahogany to the utmost, insist upon the light finish, the finish which brings out the full beauty of the grain and figure.

Good style, good taste and a keen appreciation of what is best in furniture is always shown by the possession of Genuine Mahogany.

After all—there's nothing like

MAHOGANY

MAHOGANY ASSOCIATION, 347 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK

THE RUMFORD PRESS
CONCORD, NEW HAMPSHIRE

An Imprint that Travels Around the World Every Month in the Year

This is not an advertisement. It is a commemoration. It is also an appreciation of a group of important patrons, one of whom is The Atlantic Monthly Company. The Rumford Press makes *The Atlantic Monthly*, *The House Beautiful* and *The Living Age*.

March first, 1922, the Press will be installed in the new building illustrated above. It is a completely fireproof structure of cement and steel, four stories in height, 80 by 180 feet, equipped with every possible improvement that skill and experience can suggest for convenience in electrotyping, printing and binding.

In 1909 the total value of products of the Press was $67,000. In 1920, $988,000. In 1909 the payroll of the Press was $850 per week. In 1921 it averaged over $11,000 per week.

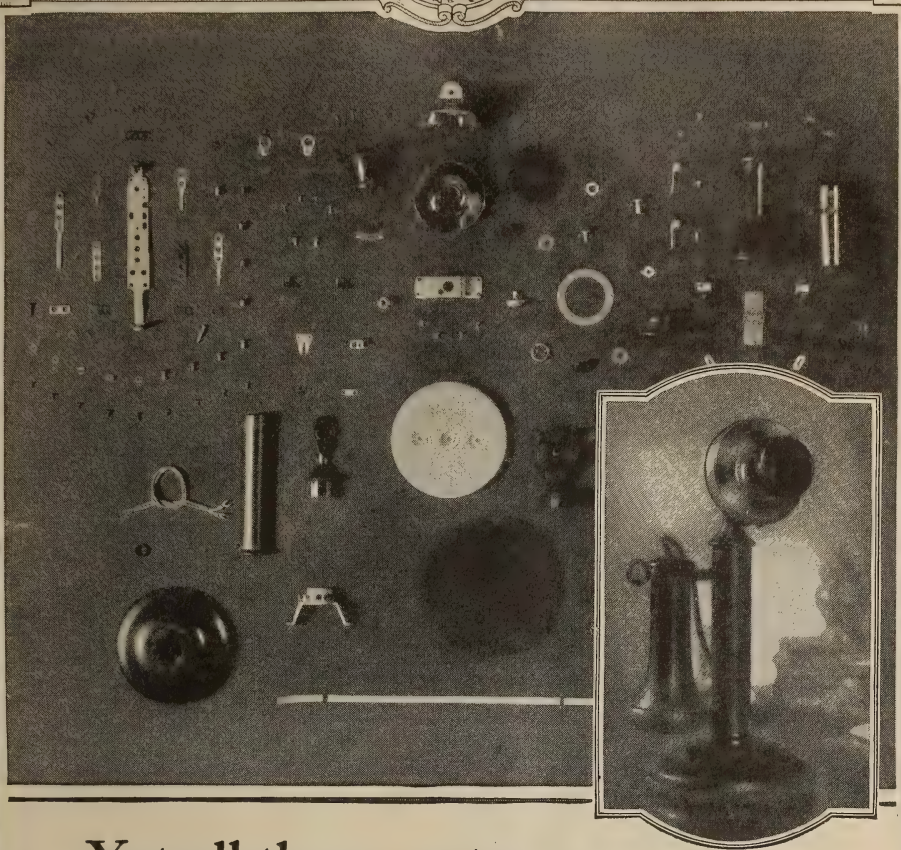
Within the brief space of twelve years The Rumford Press has become a leader in the production of magazines of national reputation. The imprint of The Rumford Press is now an evidence of class and stability. It is becoming a publishers' asset.

In addition to its select and remarkable company of magazines, the Press produces a large number of pamphlets and books, numbering among its customers a dozen great universities, colleges and institutions and also many important interests.

In twelve crowded years The Rumford Press has made the capital city of New Hampshire an important publishing center and has effected a noteworthy advancement for the printing industry in New England.

The remarkable record here suggested is the result of utilizing skilled American labor to secure the finest product, of annihilating distance by intelligent and painstaking observance of promises, by patient consideration of the wishes of customers and by furnishing the best city product at reasonable prices and without city disadvantages.

If you desire to publish a magazine, or pamphlets, or cloth-bound books, you may share in these advantages by communicating with the Press, but you will be told frankly if your requirement cannot be produced to mutual advantage, or if prior engagements make it impossible to complete your work promptly and exactly as you desire.



Yet all these parts make just one telephone

To most people a telephone is merely a place to talk into and a thing that you hold to your ear. As a matter of fact two hundred and one separate parts are needed to make one telephone.

This complexity calls for an accuracy in construction comparable with that demanded by the finest watch. Remarkable precision is necessary because your telephone must catch a most elusive thing—the subtle differences in inflection of the human voice.

To build such an instrument takes skill. The ability to make it better and better as the standards necessarily became higher was achieved only through years of accumulated experience. The Western Electric Company has been making telephones since 1877—one year after the telephone was invented.

Western Electric

Since 1869 Makers of Electrical Equipment

Have all the color you want

A bed room to be happy in is pictured here. The warm tone of the Klearflax rug is the foundation for the decorative scheme. The panelled walls are painted cafe au lait with moldings of a bright, soft blue, the color of the painted bed and table and the lacquered mirror. The armchair is upholstered luxuriously in ashes of roses velvet with sides of striped taffeta. Crisp rose organdie makes the bed-spread and lampshade, and sharp notes of contrast are given by the clear jade of the small bowl and lamp.

KlearflaX
LINEN RUGS
Registered U. S. Patent Office

KLEARFLAX LINEN RUG CO.

DULUTH MINNESOTA
NEW YORK CHICAGO BOSTON

THE happiness that comes from living in the midst of color is so easy to acquire and yet many women are afraid of it. They are haunted by unhappy memories of Aunt Abigail's front parlor—a terrific riot of reds and blues, yellows and greens, with the flowers on the curtains fighting with the fruits on the furniture, and the fruits on the furniture swearing at the figures on the carpet.

But that nerve-racking confusion wasn't really the fault of the colors. It was the fault of the figures. With a plain background, you can have as many bright and joyous shades as you want—striped and figured hangings and gaily painted furniture blooming with decalcomania flowers (they're in vogue again, you know)—so long as you cover your floor with a single-toned Klearflax rug.

A catalog in color, giving essentials of and suggestions for correct room decoration, will be sent free on request.

A Clean Rug That Improves With Wear

Pile fabrics hide and absorb dirt. Klearflax resists dirt. Its firm tight weave prevents spots and dust from penetrating and becoming imbedded. Easy work to keep Klearflax clean with broom or vacuum. Surface soil and spots vanish when rubbed with a cloth wrung out in Ammonia or Carbona and all the time you know your rugs are clean. And fresh too! For as the yarn is dyed before it is spun, vigorous brushing freshens the surface and up comes the inimitable flush of Klearflax color.

No wonder, then, that many love their old Klearflax, if anything, better than new, for Klearflax actually improves with wear—becomes softer and more silk-like. Professional cleaners re-bind and, if desired, re-dye Klearflax even after seemingly hopeless abuse, and this is only possible because of the age-old enduring pure linen of which Klearflax alone, of all floor coverings, is made.

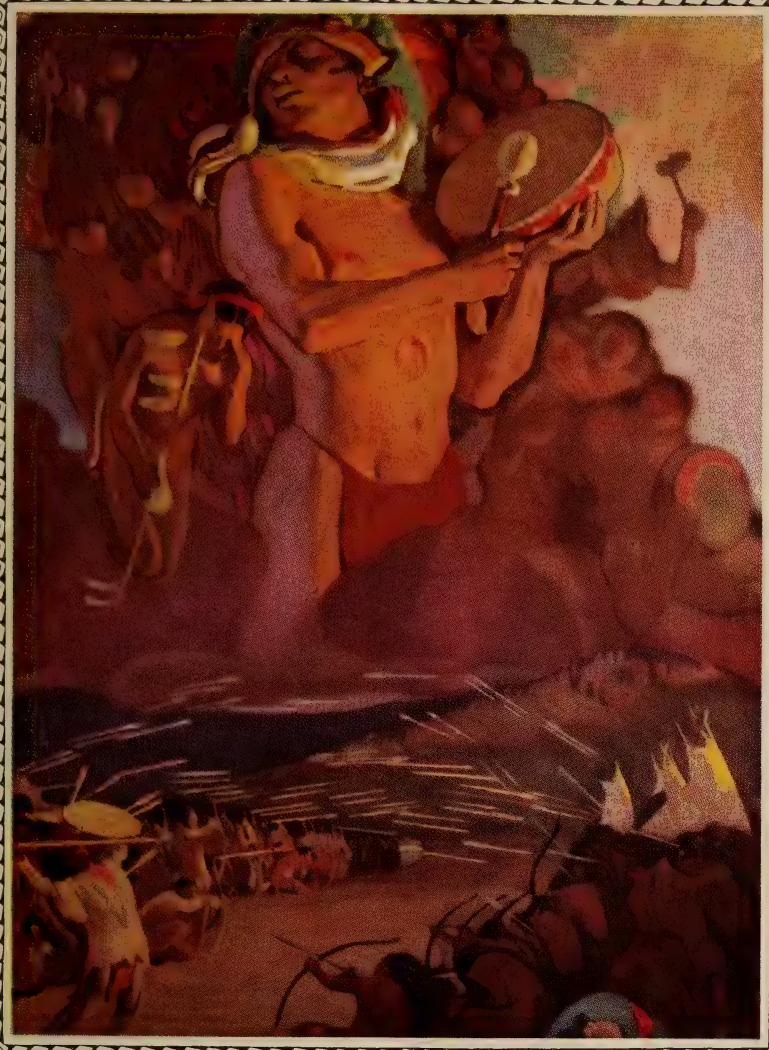
WHAT KLEARFLAX IS

Klearflax is a beautiful, thick, heavy, reversible, long-wearing floor covering made entirely of pure (flax) linen. This linen (flax), the sturdiest of all textile fibres, is stiff when new, for unlike the individual strands of cotton, silk, or wool, flax fibre is composed of bundles or grouped strands. This characteristic stiffness of new linen makes Klearflax endurance and beauty inseparable forever, for new beauty comes as use and wear work their softening and refining magic in separating these grouped strands.

A small quantity of these unseparated fibres are purposely retained in the yarn for stiffening. Only with your hand can you detect their seeming harshness, and though the Klearflax surface soon wears smooth, the reinforcing fibres still remain buried in the yarn to give that sturdiness and flat-lying quality so essential in a good rug.

Klearflax weave and color are being imitated with yarns of dead wool, hemp, jute, grass, or paper, which cover an even poorer warp substitute. For years we have pioneered in the development of an all-flax linen yarn, fostering the culture of American grown flax for textile uses. Our efforts have produced the only rug that improves with wear—one that you can always tell by its sturdy feel. To protect you against the cheap unsatisfactory substitutes which have sprung up as an inevitable result of Klearflax success, you will find our trade-mark in the binding or on the guarantee label attached.

In rugs or by the yard. Also any size or shape on special order.



An Interpretation of
MACDOWELL'S
Indian Suite

Painted for the
Steinway
Collection

by Ernest Blumenschein

STEINWAY

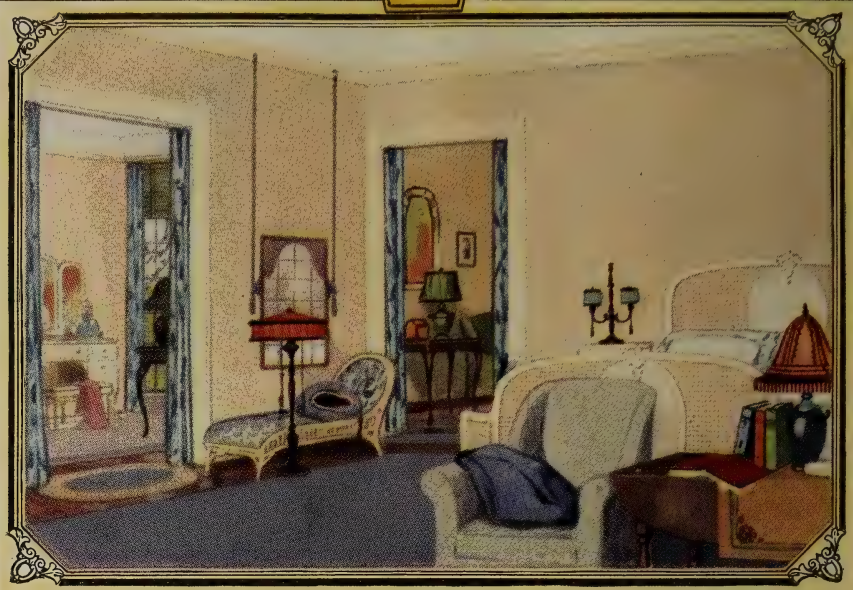
THE INSTRUMENT OF THE IMMORTALS

IT IS the way with art that once we know and love the best we cannot be satisfied with any other than the best. You who find your deepest satisfaction in the music of the immortals—men such as Wagner, Liszt and our own MacDowell—surely when you buy a piano, you can be satisfied only with the instrument which these men used themselves, the Instrument of the Immortals. Once your fingers touch the keyboard of the Steinway—once you know the eloquence of its response—once you drink the beauty of its tone, for you there can be no other piano. You would be just as unwilling to own another instrument as Paderewski would be, or Rachmaninoff, or Hofmann. Each time you hear the Steinway its voice means more to you. With each new year it grows into your life. Is it any wonder the Steinway is the piano chosen by the great composers, pianists and teachers? Is it any wonder so many people say: "It is the dream of my life to own a Steinway"?

Steinway & Sons and their dealers have made it conveniently possible for music lovers to own a Steinway
Prices. $875 and up, plus freight at points distant from New York.

STEINWAY & SONS, Steinway Hall, 109 E. 14th St., New York

ESTABLISHED 1823 INCORPORATED 1895



Colors that invite repose

IN the bedroom, whether the furnishings are simple or sumptuous, good taste demands a background in complete concordance. Walls tinted with Nature's Harmony of soft colors merge into a pleasing composite that appeals to the eye and invites repose.

KEYSTONA is a flat linseed oil paint which comes in a variety of shades from the most delicate of tapestry tints to the rich, full hues of velvet hangings. Easily applied and dries with a smooth, dull surface resembling wall paper.

KEYSTONA may be washed repeatedly with soap and water — the colors remaining bright and the walls sanitary.

There is a KEYSTONE Finish for every interior purpose, in a wide variety of colors.

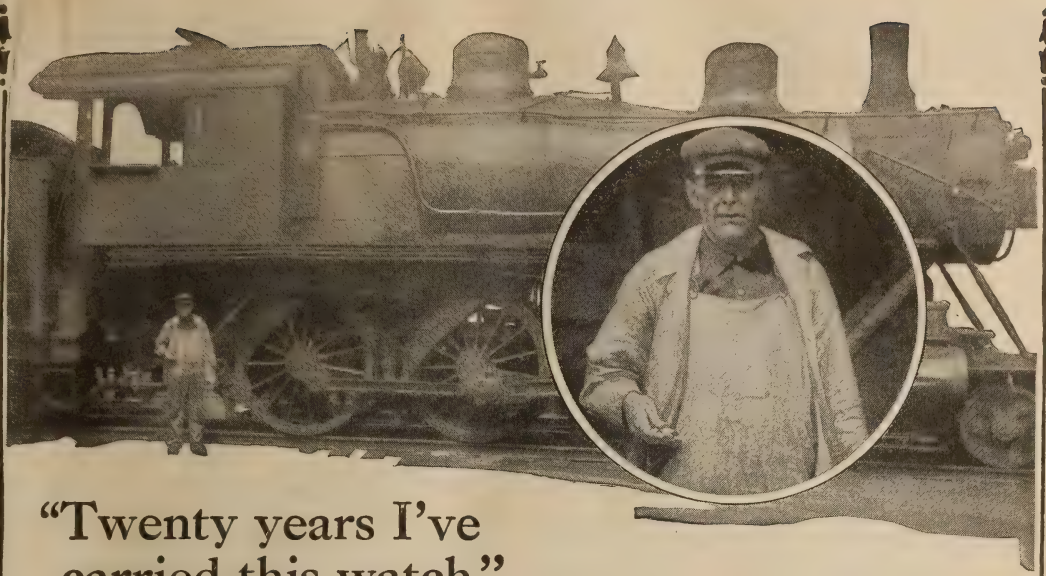
Booklets and color charts are sent gladly upon request.

KEYSTONE VARNISH COMPANY

Hull, England — Brooklyn, N.Y.

KEYSTONA

FLAT FINISH



"Twenty years I've carried this watch"

ENGINEER Charles Monk of the Erie Railroad is proud of his Hamilton. Twenty year companions they've been, and the Hamilton has been a faithful, reliable comrade.

Even Engineer Monk wouldn't estimate the enormous number of trains he has brought in "on time." He does say that in the ordinary day's work he must consult his Hamilton dozens of times.

Dozens of times a day, multiplied by three hundred odd days a year and by twenty years—that would make a figure which in itself spells "service." Through it all, his Hamilton has given accurate time.

You may not be an engineer or a railroad man, but you have need for accurate time dozens of times a day. And besides the pride of ownership in a good, beautiful watch, there is the insistent demand of modern business upon every man's time, which makes an accurate watch an essential part of his equipment.

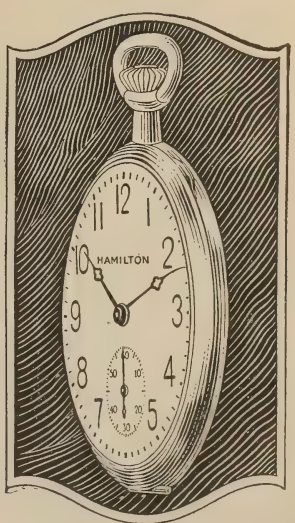
Get this "railroad accuracy." You can find in the Hamilton booklet, "The Timekeeper," the model and size that pleases you most. It shows ladies' beautiful wrist watches and thin models for men. All of them make worth-while and appreciated gifts. Write for a copy. It tells how to care for a fine watch.

Hamilton Watches range in price from $40 to $200; movements alone, $22 (in Canada, $25) and up.

HAMILTON WATCH COMPANY, *Lancaster, Pa.*

GIFTS THAT LAST

Everyman's watch—railroad accuracy with beauty of appearance. Write for descriptive booklet.



The Watch of Railroad Accuracy

Hamilton Watch

Will your safe *stay* safe?

Here is a safe that will keep its protective power for its lifetime

WHEN you twirl the combination of this "Y and E" safe at five o'clock, you can forget it till tomorrow!

There is no moisture in its insulation to rust or dry out and leave its contents unprotected.

If your fire comes tonight, or twenty years from tonight, your papers will have the same sturdy protection. *And, remember, nearly every business has a fire sometime during its lifetime.*

If you are not sure about the permanent protection of your present safe, call in a "Y and E" man today and let him explain about the safe that protects permanently—or write for our free safe booklet.

YAWMAN AND ERBE MFG. CO.

Filing System Service, Equipment and Supplies

383 ST. PAUL ST. ROCHESTER, N.Y.

Branches, Agents or Dealers in all principal cities

In Canada:
The Office Specialty Mfg. Co., Ltd.
Newmarket, Ont.

Seven reasons why this safe gives better protection

1. Dry insulation. Corrosion-proof.
2. Best interlocking between door joints and jamb. More steps.
3. Radial door bolts. Extra reinforcement against door buckling in case of fire.
4. Yale combination lock with safety trigger.
5. Heavy angle-iron frame work with extra heavy channel iron base.
6. Each safe is "Systematized" with standard "Y and E" wood or steel sections to meet your individual need.
7. Has earned the Underwriters' B Label without the aid of moisture.

Aiming at a Common Bull's-eye

Starting from the rough glass, the Kodak Anastigmat is Eastman made. The organization that makes the camera also makes the lens. Obviously, then, the lens expert does not have the generality "camera" in mind but rather a specific model of known capabilities in a specific size and with a specific shutter. The camera builder and the lens maker are aiming—not at a common target—but at a common bull's-eye.

As a result, on the camera to which it is fitted, any Kodak Anastigmat at its indicated speed is *at least* the equal in depth, sharpness and flatness of field of any anastigmat made, regardless of price.

The better you understand your lens, the better will be your pictures. You will find our little booklet "About Lenses" interesting—and worth while. It's free—and we should be glad to mail you a copy.

The KODAK ANASTIGMATS *f*.7.7 *f*.6.3 and *f*.4.5

Eastman Kodak Company
Rochester, N. Y.

A FINANCIAL MEETING PLACE

¶ In the pages immediately following, THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY groups the announcements of banks and bankers, with particular reference to those which offer a service in Commercial and Investment Banking. We believe it is to the interest of our readers to present such advertisements in this manner and, on our part, we undertake to accept, for this Department, only such announcements as, in our judgment, are submitted by firms and institutions which, through their character and experience, are worthy of the confidence of our readers.

"They say that—"

GOSSIP in odd corners seldom supplies reliable investment information.

Ask the successful investor of long experience and he will say, "Get the facts."

Investment facts are no longer hard to get. Any one of our 50 offices will gladly give you investment information that represents the efforts of a great organization which, with its 10,000 miles of private wires, is almost instantly apprised of activities in every investment center in America.

Let us send you our Current List.

The National City Company

National Bank Building, New York

Offices in more than 50 leading cities throughout the World

BONDS : SHORT TERM NOTES : ACCEPTANCES

A symbol of satisfactory service

There is a personal touch in the handling of transactions through this bank that indicates a thorough understanding of what is required and a keen interest in promoting the business interests of our clients.

Extensive connections in this country and all foreign countries enable us to carry out your wishes and our own in giving you the best of service in any part of the world where banks exist.

Correspondence is invited.

THE NATIONAL SHAWMUT BANK *of* BOSTON

Capital and surplus, $20,000,000

The First National Bank of Boston

The leading financial institution of New England

Foreign and domestic commercial banking of every nature

Correspondence solicited

K. N. & K's World-Wide Facilities

are placed at the disposal of all who are engaged in international business and foreign travel.

—Buying and selling exchange.
—Remitting abroad by sight drafts, cable transfers or money orders.
—Collecting drafts on Foreign countries.
—Issuing Commercial Letters of Credit.

Travelers Checks—Letters of Credit

Knauth, Nachod & Kuhne
120 Broadway New York

EVERYDAY ADVENTURES

By SAMUEL SCOVILLE, JR.

"By all means, read this book if you love birds, flowers, or the woods. The chill of winter and the heat of summer are in it. The joy of sitting at home and coming unexpectedly upon a woodland treasure is a joy not lightly to be foregone, and a joy that comes to you over and over in these pages."
—*Chicago Evening Post.*

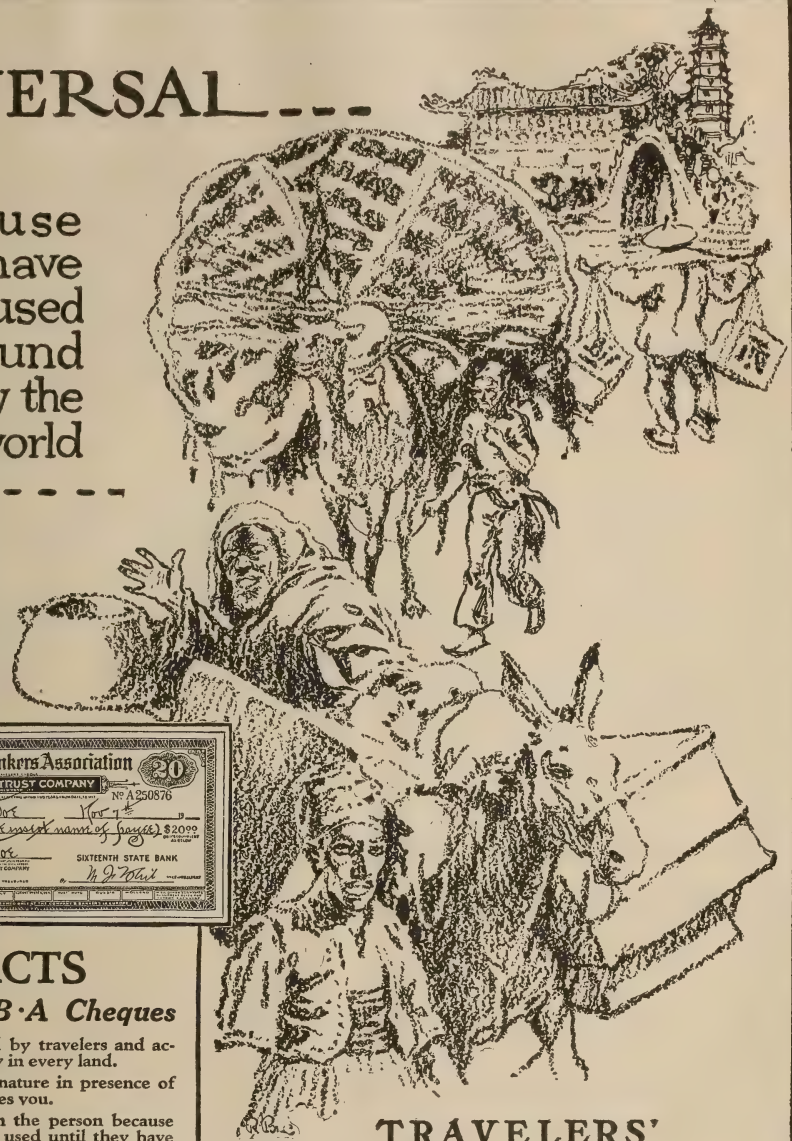
Profusely Illustrated, $3.00

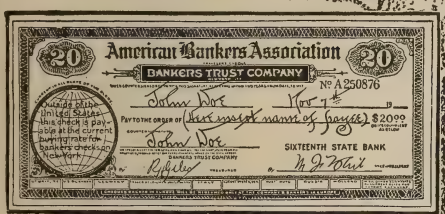
At All Bookstores, or

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS
8 Arlington Street Boston (17), Mass.

UNIVERSAL---

---because they have been used and found worthy the wide world over - - - - -





FACTS

About A·B·A Cheques

—universally used by travelers and accepted as money in every land.

—your countersignature in presence of acceptor identifies you.

—safe to have on the person because they cannot be used until they have been countersigned by the original holder.

—safer than money, and frequently more convenient than Letters of Credit because the bearer is less dependent on banking hours.

—issued by banks everywhere in denominations of $10, $20, $50 and $100.

—compact, easy to carry, handy to use.

TRAVELERS'

A·B·A American Bankers Association Cheques

Ask for them at your bank
or
write for particulars to

BANKERS
TRUST
COMPANY
New York City

What's Back

of the Bonds You Buy?

Investors should ask two questions about every Bond they buy: (1) What security is behind this Bond? (2) What kind of house offers this Bond?

67 Years' Proven Safety

All Greenebaum Bonds are First Mortgage Real Estate Bonds—the safest form of investment known. Each one is approved and recommended by the Oldest Banking House in Chicago. For over two-thirds of a century every *Greenebaum Safeguarded Bond,* principal and interest, has been promptly paid. Whether you have $100, $500, $1000 or more to invest, the current Greenebaum Investors' Guide will prove of great benefit to you.

Greenebaum Sons Investment Company

67 Years' Proven Safety
Correspondents in 300 Cities

Stockholders of this Company are identical with stockholders of Greenebaum Sons Bank and Trust Company

Oldest Banking House in Chicago
FOUNDED 1855

----------USE THIS COUPON----------

Greenebaum Sons Investment Company
La Salle and Madison Streets, Chicago

Please send without charge and without obligation, a copy of current INVESTORS' GUIDE which explains how to invest savings at *highest interest rates* consistent with *safety,* to

NAME .....

STREET .....

CITY ..... STATE 43

Surety BONDED FIRST MORTGAGES

Full Payment of all interest and principal guaranteed you by the Fidelity and Deposit Company of Maryland, with resources of more than $13,000,000.00. This protection available on our First Mortgage Bonds of $100, $500, and $1,000 denominations secured by improved farm or city real estate.

Our mortgages yield the highest interest rate consistent with security of principal. Send for free folder and illustrated booklet giving complete details.

LEONARD & BRANIFF *Bond Dept.* M-1, *Oklahoma City, Okla.*

The Right Bank In The Right Place

The Continental and Commercial Banks are situated at a point from which they can serve American business interests to the best advantage.

The CONTINENTAL *and* COMMERCIAL BANKS
CHICAGO
More than $55,000,000 Invested Capital

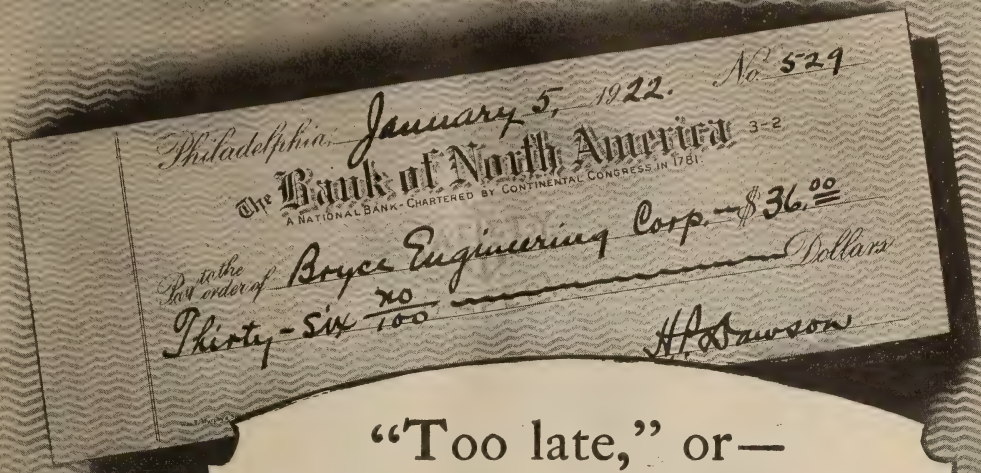
William Lloyd Garrison

By JOHN JAY CHAPMAN

"A second edition of a book that has as its text the life and times of William Lloyd Garrison, a great American who blazed the way for the abolition of slavery in America. An admirable, sound biography."
—*Portland Oregonian.*

$1.50

The Atlantic Monthly Press
8 Arlington Street Boston (17), Mass.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Checks on plain paper are so easily altered that it frequently requires a magnifying glass or photography to detect the change. Consequently, the crime is often discovered only *after the money has been lost.*

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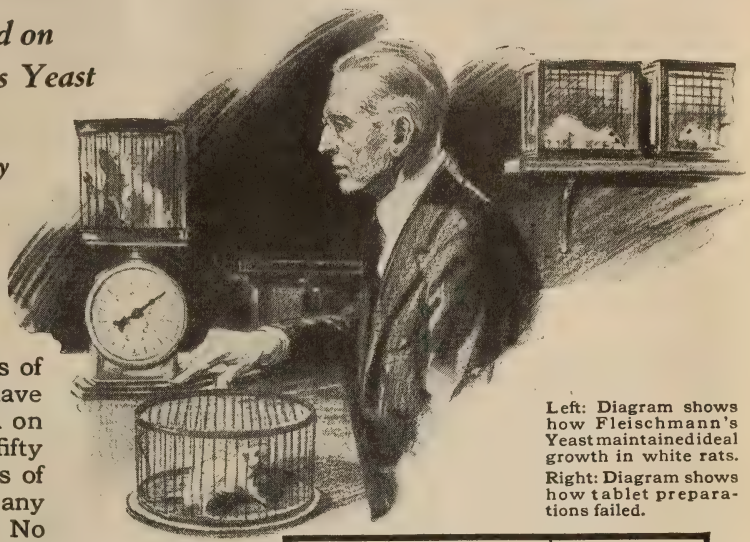
Ideal health maintained on diet with Fleischmann's Yeast

White rats chosen because they eat and thrive on the same kind of food as man



FEEDING experiments of profound significance have recently been completed on yeast. One hundred and fifty white rats were fed meals of the same food value that any man or woman might eat. No element was missing except vitamin B. The rats, which were young and sleek, at once began to lose weight and strength.

When the loss in weight had progressed to a definite point, Fleischmann's Yeast was added to their diet at the rate of .2 gram a day.

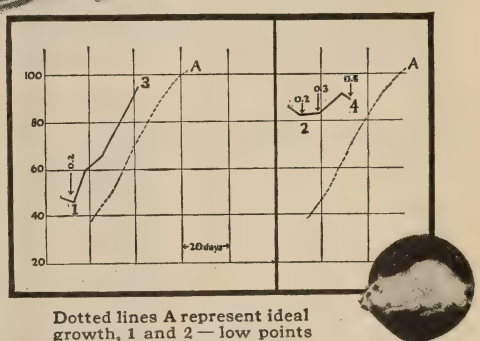
The white rats ate the yeast greedily. Immediately they began to pick up and soon reached normal weight. They maintained normal growth from then on as long as they ate Fleischmann's Yeast.

Identical feeding experiments were made with a number of yeast preparations in tablet, capsule and other forms now on the market, and also with a different kind of yeast from Fleischmann's. In every case the rats lost weight steadily until the dose was increased to as many as two whole grams. In two cases satisfactory growth was never attained.

Just as a white rat cannot maintain normal vigor and health without the vitamin B, neither can a human being. Yet many of the meals we eat every day lack this food factor. The result is a gradual lowering of health until the body loses its resistance to disease. Indigestion, chronic constipation, lack of energy, are the first and most important symptoms.

Fresh yeast is a food which supplies the vitamin we need in order to preserve vigor and health. Fleischmann's Yeast as a food is doing for people what medicine cannot do naturally or permanently—keeping them vigorous, protecting them from unnecessary disease and premature old age.

Left: Diagram shows how Fleischmann's Yeast maintained ideal growth in white rats.
Right: Diagram shows how tablet preparations failed.



Dotted lines A represent ideal growth, 1 and 2 — low points reached on diet without vitamin B and where feeding with Fleischmann's Yeast (left chart) and tablet preparation (right chart) began. 1-3 and 2-4 represent growth of white rats after being fed Fleischmann's Yeast (left) and tablet preparation (right). Note how closely the Fleischmann's Yeast line, 1-3, follows the ideal line and how tablet preparation line, 2-4, fails to follows ideal line.

Add Fleischmann's Yeast to your regular diet. Eat 2 or 3 cakes daily before or between meals. *Place a standing order with your grocer. 200,000 grocers carry Fleischmann's Yeast. If your grocer is not among them, write to the Fleischmann agency in your nearest city — they will supply you.*

Send for free booklet "The New Importance of Yeast in Diet." Address THE FLEISCHMANN COMPANY, Dept. 803, 701 Washington, St., N.Y.

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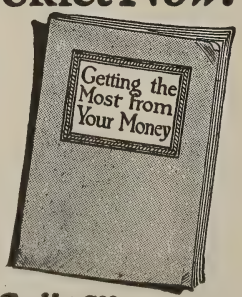

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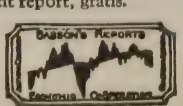

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Investors' Library

THE search for information on the part of individual investors is one of the encouraging signs of the times.

The *Atlantic Monthly*, in connection with its Financial Advertising Department, wishes to encourage this by the publication of the following list of booklets, which, it is believed, should prove useful to those readers who are concerned over the problems of the investment of their surplus funds.

It is recommended that readers write directly to the Investment Houses, making request for such booklets as seem most likely to be useful, or for such information as the booklets may suggest. Our banker friends will be glad to be of service to *Atlantic Monthly* readers.

"Building With Bonds." A booklet dealing comprehensively with familiar forms of investment, especially First Mortgage Real Estate Bonds. Offered by the American Bond & Mortgage Company, 127 No. Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

"Shawmut Service," an interesting booklet setting forth the many-sided service rendered by a present-day big-city bank. Of much interest to business men. Offered by the National Shawmut Bank, Boston, Mass.

"Common Sense in Investing Money and the Current Investment Guide," well-prepared booklets explaining the investment of money in improved real estate, as developed by S. W. Straus & Co., specialists in real estate mortgage bonds, Straus Buildings, New York and Chicago.

"Washington—The Heart of America." A descriptive booklet of the City of Washington and its investment opportunities. The F. H. Smith Company, 815 Fifteenth St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

"Getting the Most from Your Money." Investment involves method. Some follow one plan, some another. This booklet sets forth plans and suggestions useful to men and women who take more than ordinary interest in their investment problems. Offered by Babson's Statistical Organization, Wellesley Hills, Mass.

"A Booklet Describing Equitable Service"; Equitable Trust Company, 37 Wall Street, New York City.

"Trust Service for Corporations," a brief presentation of the services rendered to corporations as transfer agent, registrar, disbursing agent, trustee, agent under financial adjustments, and custodian of securities. Offered by Guaranty Trust Company of New York, 140 Broadway, New York City.

"Investment Recommendations," a monthly list and description of securities offered to meet the various requirements of investors, together with a mortgage map of one of the leading railroad systems of the country. Offered by Guaranty Company of New York, 140 Broadway, New York City.

"Choosing Your Investment Banker," a worth-while booklet for investors, giving them an idea of what to look for in their investment banker. Offered by Halsey, Stuart & Co., 209 So. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

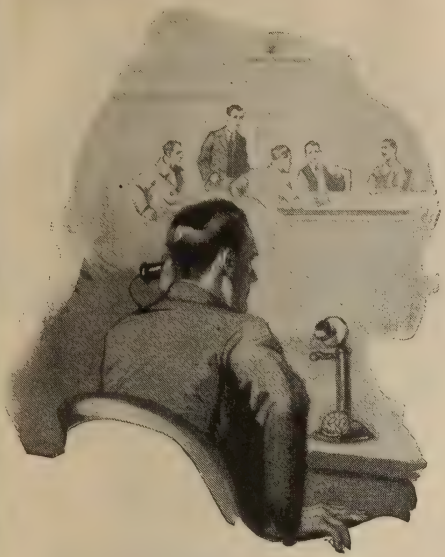
"Systematic Savings Plan," a pamphlet which discusses the partial payment method of buying real estate mortgages. Offered by Greenebaum Sons Bank & Trust Company, La Salle and Madison Streets, Chicago, Ill.

"Income Tax." A pamphlet considering Federal Taxation of income, as provided by the Revenue Act of 1921. Offered by the National City Company, 55 Wall Street, New York City.

"Safeguarding Your Family's Future," a booklet of interest to men and women in the careful making of their wills and particularly to present the idea of a corporate executor as compared to the individual acting as executor. Offered by American Bankers' Association, Trust Company Division, 5 Nassau Street, New York City.

"Digest of the Federal Revenue Act of 1921."—For income and excess profits taxes for 1921, 1922 and subsequent years with tables for calculation of tax and for comparison of taxes. A pamphlet confined to a consideration of Federal taxation of income, as such taxation is provided for by the Revenue Act of 1921. Published by the National City Company, National City Bank Building, New York.

"Hides and Skins and the Manufacture of Leather," a booklet giving information of interest to investors in connection with one of our great industries. Offered by the First National Bank, Boston, Mass.



Getting the Heads Together

(The Conference Wire)

Sloush—sloush—sloush!

Pete, line rider of a Caney-Augusta pipe line, jogged along hardly less stolidly and dripping than his tired pony. The steady rain had poured down for 20 hours, and the country was a veritable lake. It was not imagination that told him that the ravine, 100 yards ahead, was a torrent—he could already hear the rush of the water.

It was no surprise, either, for him to discover when he finally reached the brink, that the six-inch pipe that normally spanned the narrow gorge, was washed out, and the 6-inch stream of oil was flowing into the creek.

Tapping the telephone line that paralleled the pipe line, he reported the facts to headquarters, and then sloshed wearily down the creek toward the bridge, half a mile away.

* * *

At the Company's headquarters things began to happen with orderly swiftness.

"Washout at the ravine between mile posts 23 and 24, Caney-Augusta line," comes the word, and immediately the customary conference was called, via *P-A-X*. The office of the superintendent of pipe lines called the repair foreman, the storekeeper, the garage foreman and the oil dispatcher, and in half a minute each man had dialled "5"—the "conference number"—on his automatic telephone.

"Washout at the ravine between mile posts 23 and 24, Caney-Augusta line," the superintendent announces to the invisible gathering. "Three joints are gone."

"Arrange to put in new pipe," he continues, "and meantime re-route that flow by way of ————————."

"Have a two-ton truck ready, Mack," the superintendent instructs the garage foreman.

"The road won't stand it."

"Very well, use a one-ton, and have the gang go in a lizzie. Charlie [to the storekeeper], they will need the usual bunch of tools, and four joints of 6-inch pipe. And George [to the foreman], better send two extra men along, the water is pretty high there."

"Can the gang start in five minutes?"

"Yes—yes—yes," comes back the reply.

Every man concerned has been consulted and advised. Each one knows what he is to do, and is at his post, ready to start the wheels turning at once. No chance for misunderstanding, "buck-passing," delays.

* * *

This is simply one of the many ways in which the "Conference Number" of the *P-A-X* is being used to co-ordinate action and speed up results. The two-person telephone call is expanded into round-table discussion with every man at his own desk. There is no need to defer action until the next regular staff meeting, no tedious calling one man and then another. All are brought together at once. The matter is explained, discussed, decided, and action starts at once.

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With its very high content of protein (40%), the soya bean has been characterized as a "modern manna." Among its many uses the Department of Agriculture lists these:

Food Products: Flour, Bread, Cake, Macaroni, Milk, Cheese, Casein, Confections, Coffee Substitute, Soy Sauce, Soups, Roasted Beans, Boiled Beans, Baked Beans, Breakfast Foods, Diabetic Foods, Lard and Butter Substitute, Salad Oil.

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The development of a world market for Manchuria's chief product has resulted from the activities of the South Manchuria Railway in improving the quality of the soya bean and exploiting new uses for it through its agricultural research laboratories, and in systematizing the transportation and merchandizing of the crop. The growth of the industry has provided employment for hundreds of thousands of Chinese, who have been attracted to Manchuria from the neighboring provinces.

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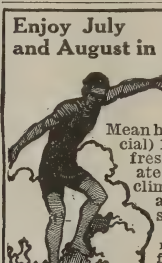

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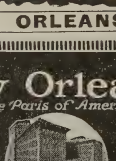

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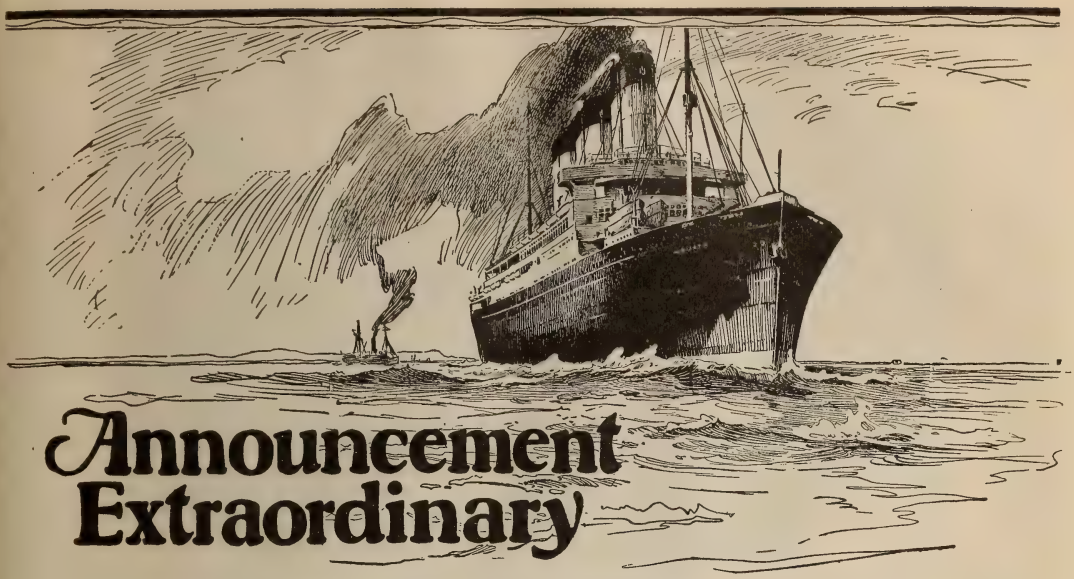

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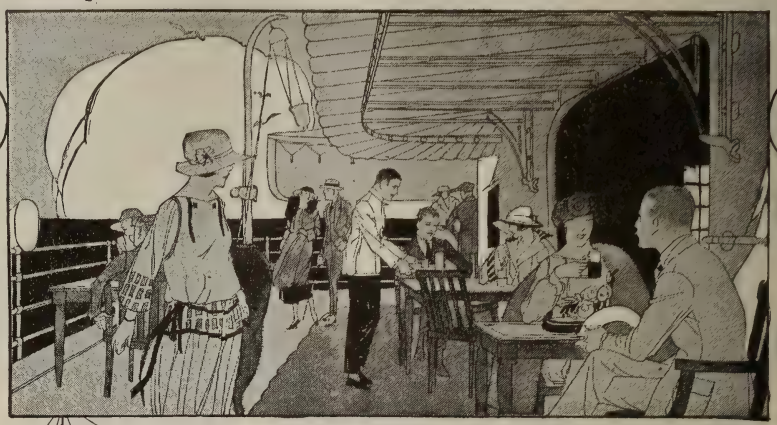

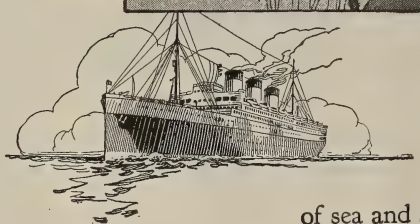

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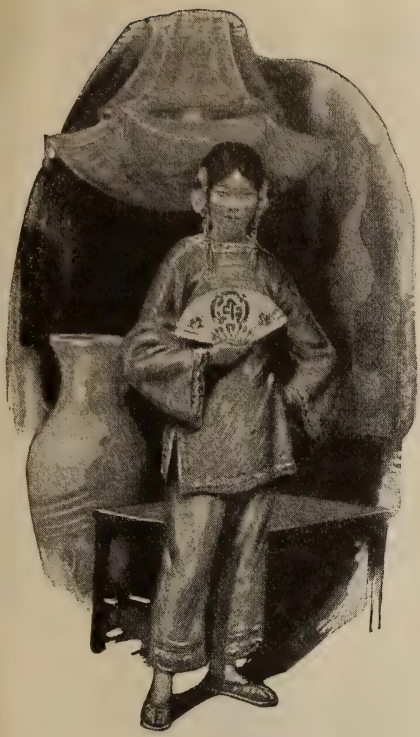

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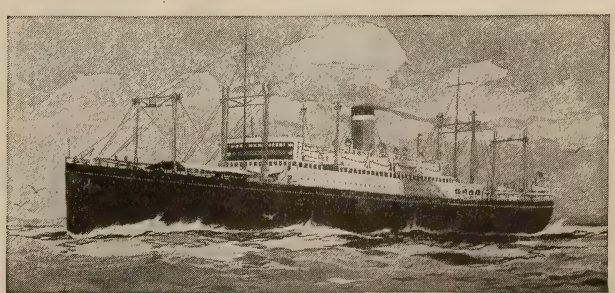

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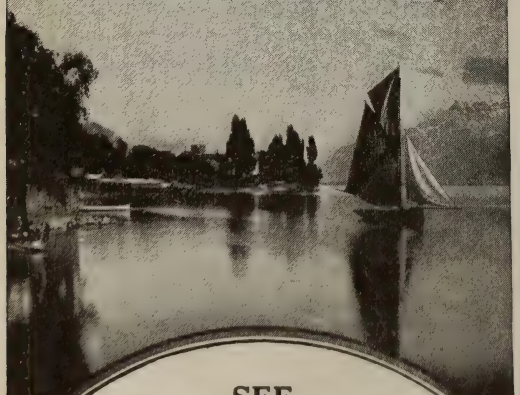

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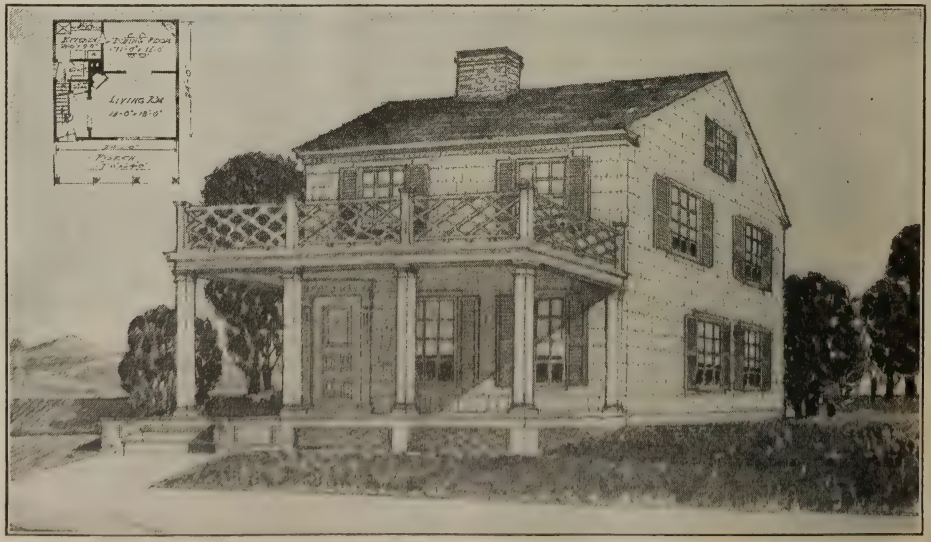

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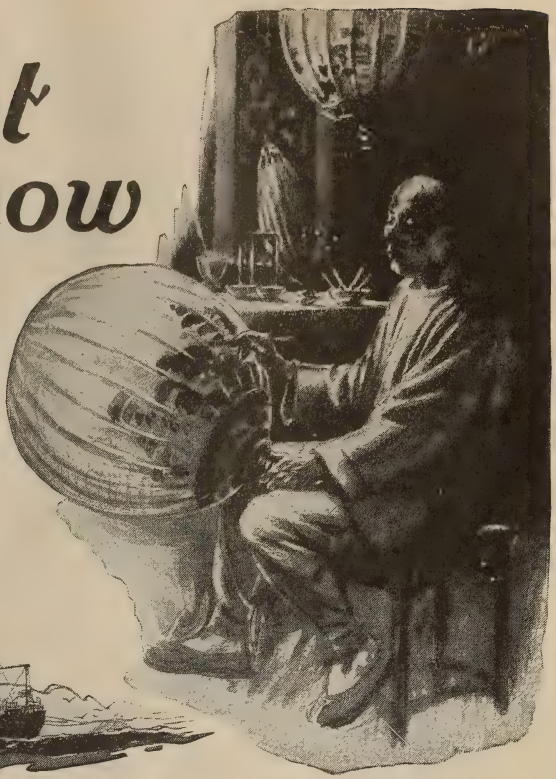

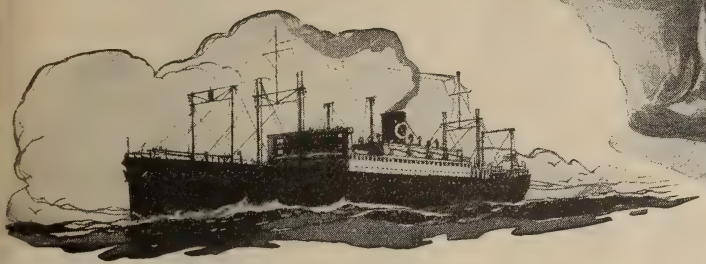

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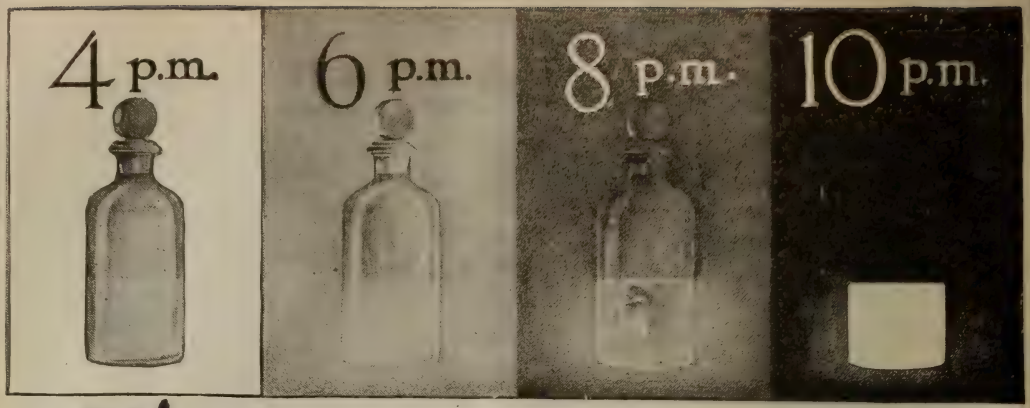

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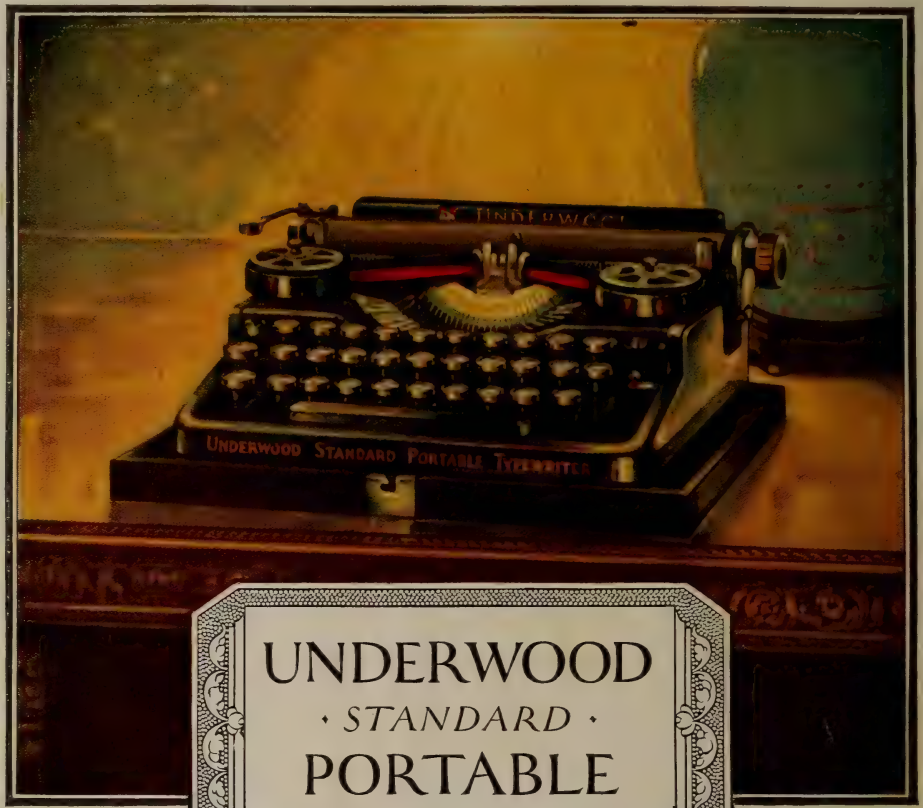

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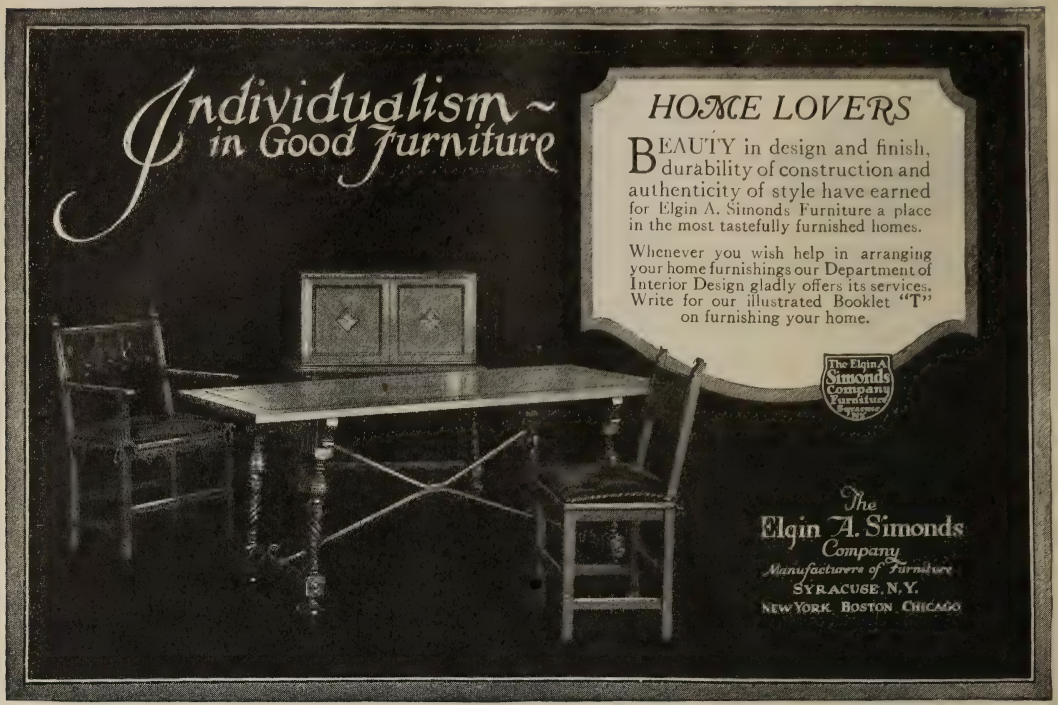
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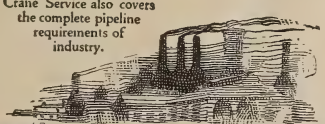

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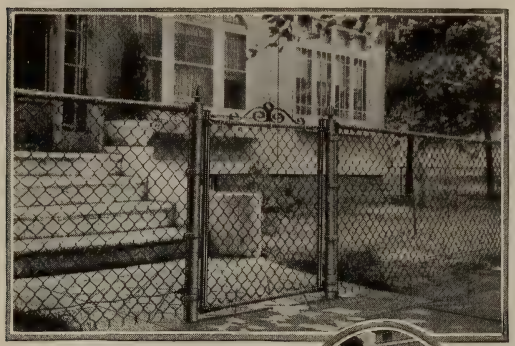

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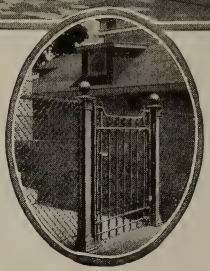

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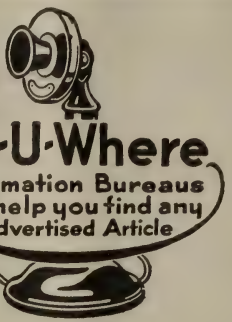

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Such manufacturers subscribing to Tel-U-Where furnish us a list of all dealers. Immediate information can thus be given all inquirers for these listed products. If the product is not listed—(the manufacturer is not yet a subscriber) information will be obtained for you just as cheerfully but this may cause an unavoidable delay.

A list of all Tel-U-Where Bureaus with phone numbers is shown in this advertisement. Check off your local bureau, jot down the number and use it.

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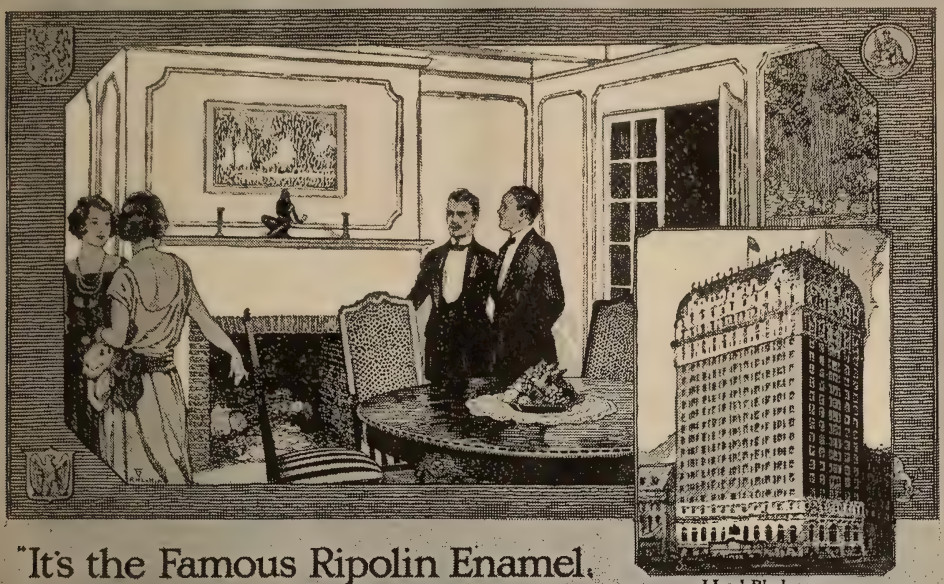

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"Isn't it a lovely white finish! So rich, soft and velvety. Yes, and not costly either because it goes so far and lasts so long!

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This wide use of Ripolin has been made possible by country-wide distribution. There are Ripolin dealers now in nearly every locality.

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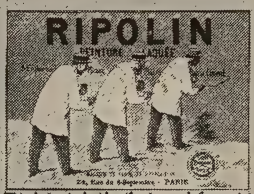

This design is the identification mark for *genuine Ripolin Enamel*. All Europe knows this famous Ripolin trade mark. The secret process of making Ripolin was discovered in Holland thirty years ago. Since that time Ripolin has become known throughout the civilized world.

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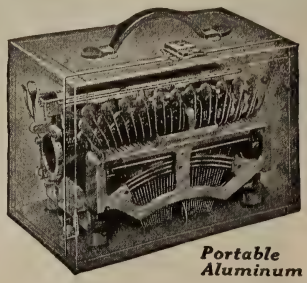

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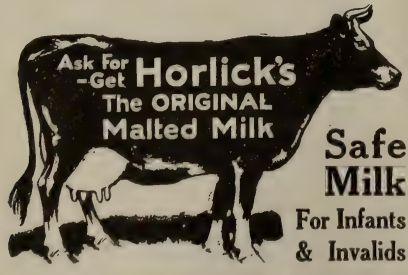

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We might almost say that HOOD Tires are built for those men who have run the gamut in tire buying, and wish to settle upon a tire which year in and year out, under all conditions, will give honest, dependable service.

Hood Rubber Products Co. Inc. HOOD Watertown, Mass.

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HERBERT PAUS

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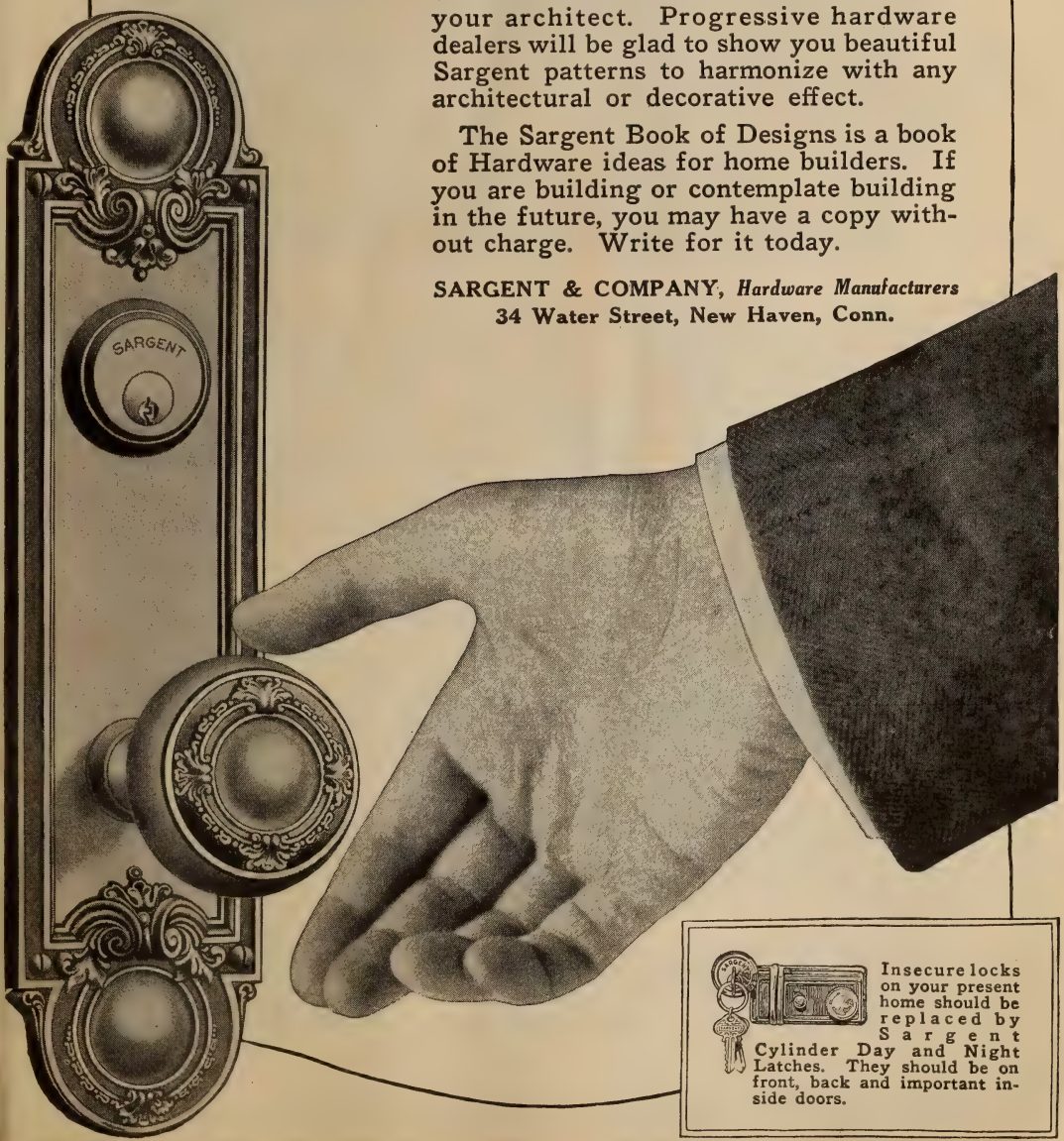

Insecure locks on your present home should be replaced by Sargent Cylinder Day and Night Latches. They should be on front, back and important inside doors.

ARE YOU, TOO, THINKING OF YOUR HOME IN THE COUNTRY?

Illustration from April House Beautiful

THE reason why Horace, the old Roman poet, took to his Sabine Farm, was that he "wished to find the peace of quiet days" far from the "smoke, wealth, and tumult of the great metropolis." Just the same reasons that we give to-day! Like him, our country house, our orchards, flocks, and bee-hives provide us with happiness and recreation. This is the time of year when our thoughts turn lovingly to the out-of-doors, and to the particular corner of the brown earth which we call our own. We remember the long slant of the afternoon sun when it falls through our western windows, we think longingly of budding trees, pushing daffodils appearing through the brown leaves, furrows lying after the plough in our garden, and all the packets of seeds which we have been smuggling into the house for the past month. If you have not a country house already this is surely the year when you will build or remodel one. If it is built, there are always a few improvements to make.

The APRIL NUMBER of THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL

Is Full of Suggestions for Owners of Country Homes

There are pictures of exteriors, and interiors from work by the best architects, which will be most helpful to you. Plans for the prospective home-builder are also featured. Chief among these is the *House Beautiful's* latest house which is appropriately named, "The Compact House," as you will see when you study its design.

Among the many good things in store for you are:

A House in the Country.
Lighting an Old Colonial Home.
A Farm Group by Alfred Hopkins.
A Country House with Italian Feeling.
Editorial: "How Mr. and Mrs. Whitehouse Financed Their own Home."
The House in Good Taste.
The All-Year House of the Suburbs.
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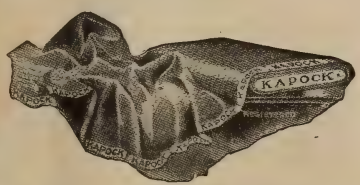

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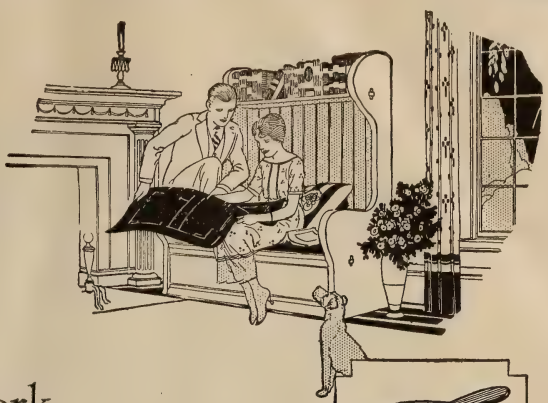

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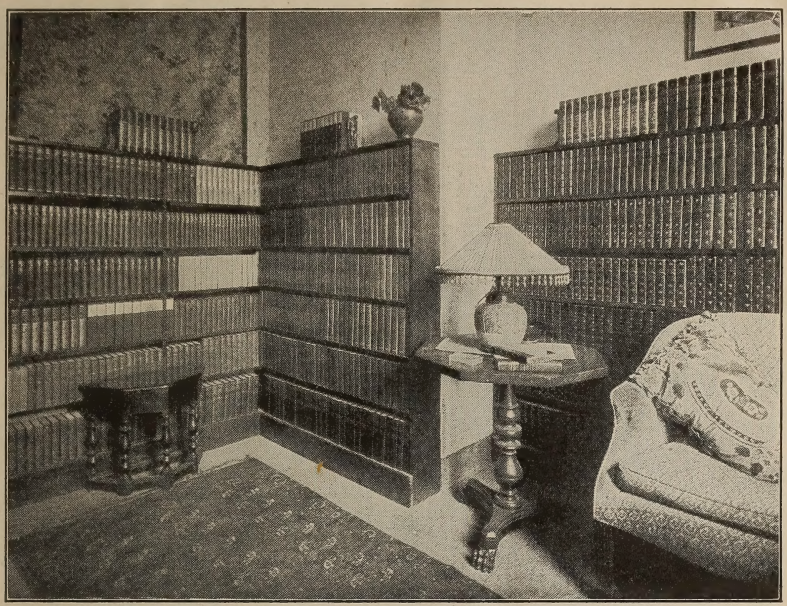

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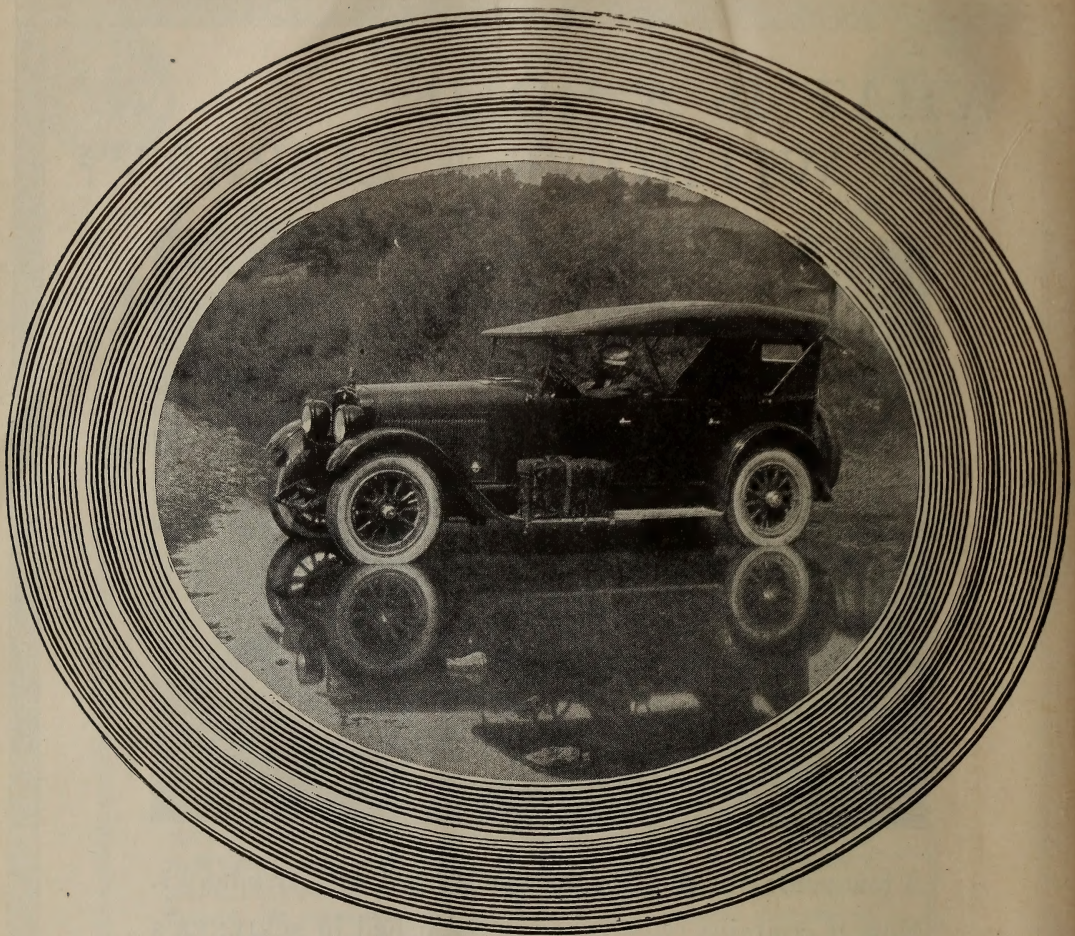

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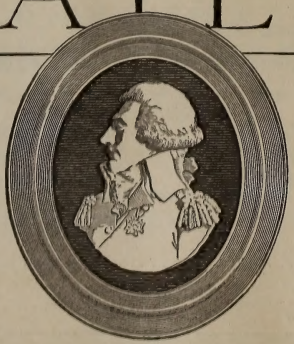

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